



It Was A Rare Day

The breeze swept throughout
Shaking the leaves, rustling about
Not one problem, not a bit of drought
Filling the air with a presence
Not well known
For the way it moved, the way it was blown
Was indeed rare
Capturing your attention, much like a snare
The way the sun shined, Filling your mind
A pleasant sensation, perfect to unwind
Many would dream, of such a time
Longing for the reminder, of their prime
When times were simple
When times were sublime
Everything was perfect, no trouble in any way
Not much more to say, it was a rare day.

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