

Soft

I have long wondered,
as I've gazed upon the brittle blue skies
how gently does the wind rock,
those frail white clouds?

And as the sun shine upon
their fluffed up gown,
does it caress with a gentle warm,
or scorch and burn into flames?

And what about the stars that look down
upon them,
they want to touch their innocence,
and rest in that warm softness to breathe calm.

And as she is captured,
that frail white cloud,
can she remain soft?
Or will she be turned into,
a hard rugged shell?

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