

QUIET SPLENDOR

When I may wander where I will,
I head far from city crowds
To watch the shadows of the clouds
Dance over plains and hills.

The lullaby hush of brook and breeze,
The rumble and roar of surf on sand,
And echoes when they meet the land,
I hear as simple melodies.

The silhouetted trees
Against a moon lit sky,
And patterns on a butterfly
I read as nature's poetry.

How precious are these to me!
For I count wealth not in legal tender,
But in the quiet splendor
Of all there is to see.

By: Dolores Wood