

The Perfect Day

White puffy clouds randomly placed
in a brilliant blue sky
float lazily across the sky.

Perching high in the tree tops
or lower to the ground on the fence posts
the hawks watch for the slightest movement, hunting prey.

Gaggles of geese eat the grains of corn
remaining in the fields after the fall harvests.

Kettle ponds reflect and enhance
the vivid colors of the azure blue sky
the snowy white clouds
and the multi-colored leaves of the trees.

In the meadow close to the edge of the woods
graze the deer that melt into the forest
like phantoms, if threatened
hiding among the trees.
A flash of white rumps gives warning
to the rest of the herd
to run farther into the woods.

The crops ripe and ready for harvest
are fields of amber grain waving in the wind.

Black and white cows in a field of green grass
pensively chew their cud
under a stately maple tree
with golden orange and yellow leaves
brightened by the sunlight.

And the trees, oh the trees,
their vibrantly colored leaves
in multi-shades of reds,
oranges, golds, rusts, yellows
and the greens yet to photosynthesize
provide a picture
of nature's magic, beauty and wonder.

The many hues of colors dot the landscape
like an artist's palette of paints
representing all shades of the rainbow.

The sights and scenes are absorbed
imprinted, appreciated and relished.

The Widow Lyons