Morning Gift

Billy Gilman

Don't you love the mornings
When you go outside and there on the ground
Is a fresh perfect green leaf
A leaf floating from the quiet summer trees
just resting on the grass and waiting to be discovered

Touch the treasure
And pick it up gently
And feel the excitement
Of a new leaf with no tears
No marks no holes
It is the sign of healing and future

Don't you just love the mornings
When you're reminded of the special gifts of life

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