

## Days

Yes

This song of evening's light would charge my memory to flight  
The trees that listen  
Swift wings do carry on through constant gardens they offer delight  
It is the evening

In deepest woods and fern young deer step light through morning  
's mist  
Ascend the swallows  
First light streams through the treetops bouncing as the flowers illuminate  
The breath of morning

This day of days I thought I lay in peace midst grass so green  
To reach to skyward  
Where larks do sing such high delights do pour into my senses  
The days are blessings