

BEAUTY UNKNOWN

At the morning light, little birds take flight.
They whistle and sing, excited for what the day may bring.

The world seems so quiet and still
As the sun peeps up over the hills.

I watch the squirrels on the ground, digging up nuts they have found.
They seem so happy just to live, not knowing to this world the beauty they give.

Suddenly, I see something move; why, it's a deer,
And I wonder, "How long have you been standing here?"
She seems nervous, as she keeps looking back at her little spotted twins following in her tracks.

Then, I notice a big red-tailed hawk, sitting high on a limb.
But he'd seen me way before I'd seen him
He looks so wise and proud, as if he didn't have a care.
Then, he leaves his towering perch and soars high in the air.

Then, again, I notice the sun. It's never made a sound,
As this world keeps turning around,
Always bringing us light on this earth below.
Why God gave us such beauty, I'll never know.

Against my face, I feel a cool, gentle breeze.
And I watch as it moves along, rustling the summer leaves.
And way off in the distance, I hear the cooing of a lonesome dove,
And it reminds me that we have all this because of God's love.

--Nicky Canter 7-21-01