Trees 2-24-15

Lying in bed so close to sleep

The winds they whipped the sound so deep

The view outside my window near

Did fill my heart with trembling fear

Tall pines they swayed outside the room

In which I laid safe from the gloom

Near five years old I clutched my bear

His muzzle snug against my hair

Tucked in tight by a mother’s love

Safe from the terror perceived above

The sleep did come as it always must

All I needed was . . .

My mother’s . . .

Fairy dust . . .