



The Journey of the Sun

I arose from the peak of the horizon,
I lifted from my dark, dank hiding spot,
I illuminated, I gleamed, I swayed to gentle music drifting
in the air,

I stretched my twinkling tinsels that are hugging joy,
I hid behind a white, marshmallow soft cloud,

I lazily hung over the rushing river,

I peeked over the snow-capped mountain,

I glowed with all my might, on top of the world,

I was like a torch in a dark, powerless room,
I shined, shimmered and sparkled, waiting for it to get
dark,

I gloomed as I closed my eyes, wondering what I'd see
tomorrow,

I vanished as clouds passed by.