

## **Admiring**

Nothing compares to a fresh summer breeze  
Whispering to trees; tickling their leaves  
Or when the wind cools sending shivers up the spine  
Letting the snow fall off of a tall, sturdy pine  
Some days water simply mirrors red fires  
Fire made of flowers on a small briar  
And when the rain falls carving the hills  
It lets the grass shine through its chills  
Today the sun simply sets on the valley  
The trees rustle softer, but never with finale  
But as the moon finally breaks through the night  
Nature's at rest to merely admire the sight