

## The Meadow

A gentle breeze caresses the trees,  
Scattering flowers thru the meadow.  
Tiny dew drops were on the leaves,  
A sign of a fresh new day.

In a branch a bird was calling,  
Summoning others in the air.  
A cricket with its gentle chirp,  
And a bee just looking for food.

The meadow was alive with life,  
From the hunter to the hunted.  
This was a domain of the creatures,  
That shared in its protection.

Life is simple and abundant,  
With each cycle that passes by.  
Others pass thru without noticing,  
The smaller universe that unfolds.

From the ant to the bird above,  
Things that crawl and fly below.  
It is their home from day to day,  
This is the life of the meadow.