An Ode To The Sun

An inheritance from the past.

Reminding us what we’ve lived for,

encouraging us to be the vibrance of our own life.

Rising once you hear the rooster’s crow

to wake up those who enjoy the moon.

Though they might detest the light for a moment,

the feeling will pass if they face the rays.

Remembrance of being a child.

hiding from the sunlight under blanket forts

crafted by our young hands

and created by our glowing minds.

We can visit our history at the pond

if we look down into our reflections.

Our wrinkles stare back, telling us stories

like the tales we would be read before sleeping.

And right above our graying hair,

will be the shining sun

ready to accompany us

when we become a star.