



Texture of Life

Taste the dew on leaves with your tongue
Savor the lushness of grass beneath your feet
Inhale the redolence of fresh morning air
Touch the textures with tender fingers

Time to forget when your body failed
and your emotions were dragged under
that heavy mantle of darkness
When only your mind escaped hell
And you turned cartwheels on the lawn

Time to move forward with face turned to the wind
To hear the music in the trees
To feel the warmth of sun upon your skin
And leave behind those nagging doubts
The residue of a battered self-esteem
It's time...
The texture of life is found deep within