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Look Up

Pasco Rowe

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Look Up

Pasco Rowe

Up above my worries,
hangs

A peaceful morning
sky of blue

Where the wind softly
caresses my face,
And the sun gently
warms my skin.

Gently my thoughts
turn to laughter
Towards the shackles
that filled my head
with rain

As they vanish with
borrowed victory
To a world full of
the same.

When the day prepares
to end its shift,
Renewed mood must
maintain its light.

For twinkling starlit
skies smile,
When brilliant orange
dawn turns to night.