

Moments (An acrostic poem)

The star atop a Christmas tree
Holds a special magic for me
Every time.

Our days
 are
 like
 stepping
 stones

Rituals we all share
Never thinking this might be the last
A forgotten lifetime in the past
Moments are like ornaments there for us to treasure
Every new day a precious gift
Not to be dismissed, wasted or forgotten
Try to live each day as if it is your last.