

Lemonade

Life gives you lemons, grateful you are for a plentiful harvest
Every day spent in the shade of the lemon blossoms
Morning to night, gazing up in the canopy, searching for sour stars
Only to be lost in the dark green sea, the leaves shade your eyes
Nocturnal, you become, trying to pick out the stars with a net
Adamantly swinging aimlessly hoping to get a catch
Discouraged, when the net seems empty
Entangled in the net, you do not realize, is a sweet sour surprise