

Feel

Something to feel

That's what I long for

Like a drop of water

In the scorching desert

Watching the lightning

Thunder through the clouds

The sun dazzles us

After the midnight darkness

The flowers spring

Through the earth beneath

The leaves on the trees

Reborn with the warmth of spring

The warmth of the fireplace

After the first freeze

These are feelings

That come from my very depths

To always be reborn

Renata Dawidowicz

Published in: "The Poet"

On page 47 – Winter 86/87

