

The Cycle of Sunshine

The earth has soaked in sunshine
Water evaporating to mist
Flower petals extending outward
Preparing for their daily golden kiss

Tiny luminous spheres of sunlight
With energy buzzing since the dawn
Nestle into flowers' faces and
Slurp down the stem- like boba in a straw

Come the end of our dark slumber
When our dreams have reached their shore
The birds are first to stir in trees
To the fresh smell of petrichor

Soaring high from treetops above
With beaks protruding down
Each flower's face is rudely breached
By beaks as sharp as crowns

But up and up those balls of light
Stored from the day before
Are sucked up through the flowers' straws
And into birds once more

So when you hear birds singing loud
And soaring way up high
Remember that they have the job
Of lighting up the sky