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Category: Poetry

An Adventurer's Rest

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Over the mountains, into the valley,
Close to the meadow, far from the galley
The lady looks and sheds a tear.
She sees all is calm and peaceful here.

She's had her share of pain and sorrow.
She's learned to not expect tomorrow.
Her hands are burnt and cut and bruised.
Her face declares all she's been through.

Her bravery saved her fellows' fleet.
Her noble resilience revived the weak.
But war took its toll and stole her peace
Until she found it again beneath those trees.

The skies are never lacking blue.
Birds fly in two by two.
The river that flows is clear as day.
The air is flavored endless May.

The roses are tinted sweet cerise.
The fields are with dandelions ever kissed.
The carmine posies house sweet bumblebees.
The butterflies fly through hoary milkweed.

Willow maidens prance and birch ladies caper.
Oak lasses shake leaves thin as paper.
Damsels of linden prance through the leas
While misses of rowan gambol all the day.

Waterfalls fall rumbling like thunder
While still as soft as the grass asunder.
The diaphanous drops fall into the river
Of cerulean water that twinkles and quivers.

So as she breathes new destiny
She opens her eyes as blue as sea
And realizes her past was mere overture.
For simple joy is true adventure.

