

The freshly fallen leaves  
Crepitate beneath my feet,  
As if mother nature is to say  
'Tis the morning of a brand new day,  
Dew drops land upon my nose  
In sequence as they plummet in prose,  
Trickling down my rosy cheeks,  
Which now are numbed  
By dint of baltic breeze.

I sit beneath a willow tree  
Assiduous as the wind whispers to me,  
*"No need to reach the mountain tops,  
No need to conquer the highest peaks."*  
I smile as the whispering wind reassures me,  
*"You're mightier than a lion, brighter than the sun,  
And even in you don't reach the mountaintops,  
Think of everything you've overcome."*

*"Your words are far more powerful than  
The roar of a mighty and fierce lion.  
More powerful than the roar of the wind.  
There's no comparison between the sun and the moon,  
They shine when it's their time.  
You are enough."*

*By Ava Ellenberg*