

A Day at the Park



The wind blows freely, nice and cold,
The leaves are crunchy beneath my toes.
The sun is low, the sky so light,
I smile bright, for Fall's here.

The squirrels call, the breeze is light,
The leaf's crinkle, brown and yellow.
With every leaf, my heart feels free,
The central park is where I love to be.

The day drifts by in cloudy rays,
A perfect time, a perfect place.
Close my eyes the lake is near,
And in this moment Happiness is clear.