

Fleeting Tenderness

A soft yellow hue
A swift chilly morning
A robins egg blue
A cozy sweater

A dolls little rocking chair with the broken leg that keeps getting glued back on
Curling up for her nap is a small sleepy fawn

Bees buzzing in their hive
A wild meadow with flowers
The smell of my Grandma's basement after a long drive

A pair of worn out mittens
And the sound a person humming their baby to sleep who was singing earlier
But has gotten sleepier themselves and drifted into humming

Now is the time to be happy and kind
To forget your worries
To breathe slow breaths
And sip your hot chocolate
Knowing that I am proud of you