



My favourite month of May by Maria Francis *(from the internet)*

Each and every morning, in my favourite month of May,
I try to be awake in time, to usher in the day.

To sit outside, and listen, to birdsong all around,
Their voices sweet and true, the loveliest of sounds.

The sun not fully risen, a chill hangs in the air,
Yet still, I sit and watch, in silence from my chair.

Before too long, the sun appears, and colours in the scene,
The daisies white as snowflakes, on grass of emerald green.

This time alone, I cherish, it means so much to me,
I languish in the solitude, and let my mind run free.

I need no one to talk to, no one to lend an ear,
Nothing to confess to, no secrets to be shared.

No one to tell me what to do, or influence my decisions,
No one to whisper in my ear, or try to cloud my vision.

The day ahead, lies in wait, full of the unknown,
I use this time to prepare, I prefer to be alone.

Days like these, remind me, of all in life that's good,
Remind me not to take too long, to do all that I should.