

On a December Day

As I wake up in the morning, a lion out of its cage
Crystals evenly placed on freshly groomed grass
I open the window, and smell the fresh air
Like a new born child, taking his first breath
I hear the chirps of baby birds
Playing a tune so it can be heard
On the morning of December.

I fear the temperature of a chilly day
Banning all the ones who want to play
The sun is bright, the temperature is falling
Deep inside my heart is bawling
On the morning of December.

The sun, fiery red, fighting the morning's chill
Begging, to head to its final will
The sun is moving, over millions of heads
Taking turns, to which it never ends
I feel the sun taking over
But then it becomes colder
On an afternoon December day.

The sun is leaving taking its heat



I can not feel my frosty feet
Like a mother calling its child
I head to my covers and think awhile
Something I forgot I can not remember
I must try, but then I surrender
I remember now, the window left open
I can not sleep, I continue moppin'
On a frigid night of December.

My eyes are closing
The forceful night keeping them dozing
I snooze to sleep not making a peep
I wake up, observe my surroundings, like a dog in its new home
It is a new day, musty and gray
On the morning of December

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