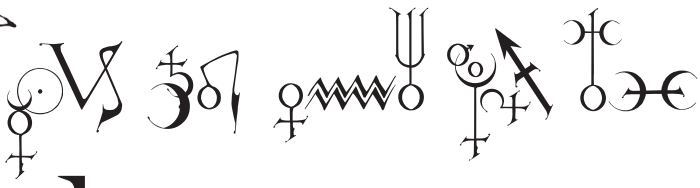
Union



In this story it's wintertime,
Quiet snowflakes silver chimes –
Roof edge icicles windswept drifts,
Steep mountains mesas cliffs.

Place night skies sparkle afar,
People wish on shooting stars –
Sometimes hurt on our way,
So help each other everyday.

You're a friend there's no denying,
Another thing you keep on trying –
Kind to others you do your tasks,
Nothing too hard ever asked.

In his cocoon the caterpillar sighed,
Just like us he had to decide –
What to look like who to be,
What he would really like to see.