Lorrie

Morning mist summer lake,
Up before the children wake,
Wood porch swing open door –
Never a time like this before.

Somewhere suns softly rising,
Daylight growing quietly surprising –
Must have spent some time with elves,
Given the ways of being herself.

Possibilities make up her real,
Half dozen secrets more to reveal –
Could have been your favorite aunt,
Whatever asked never says can't.

Warm inspiring river sworn,
Picking a rose encountering thorns –
People got troubles problems severe,
Hope she's strong and persevere.