APPRECIATION

Browsing breeze with mockingbird;
The musician fingered his flute.

Pastel petal and polished pine;
The artist dipped his brush.

Warlike waves on broken beach;
The poet put it to rhyme.

Moonlit mountain silhouette;
The lovers lived a sigh.

Old Eve saw all and was inspired

To paint, to write, to play!

Sadly she lacked the means for these
And her love was yesterday.

She looked and humbly bent her knees;
She had learned how to pray.

Jil hum