

# REFLECTION

Sonia Weitz

Oh how I wish that spring would last  
With all its promises and hopes  
Like blue horizons reaching past  
The distant mountain slopes...

When the night is fading to dawn  
When the stars melt away  
And a gentle touch, greets the morn  
Of an unborn today...

A languid symphony of sound  
Faintly roused and hazy  
Drifting softly underground  
Delightfully lazy...

The trees stretch their limbs to the sky,  
And awakened stand tall-

Their leaves whisper and sigh,  
And with longing recall;

That when the sun is bright and warm,  
The world reflects its golden beams,  
And soon forgets the raging storm –  
That nearly shattered their dreams...