

Ode To A Sun Beam

By Sharon Buchan

This is for unrequited love.
Written for the one who got away.
I ask myself why you?
Then I ask myself
Why I always have to know the whys?

I was floundering when you came into my life.
Not searching or hunting.
But needing and wanting.

People like you are very rare
And must be treated like a Sun Beam
That darts in and dances for awhile
On the wall or ceiling.

And you know even if you sit
In the same place at the same time tomorrow
It may not dance for you again.
And if it does not,
You will not cry or search for another
Because it brought you colors.

Lights, hues and yes even some shadows
You had never known before.
And now I know the why Dear One.
How many have ever touched a Sun Beam
Long enough to hold and feel its warmth?