

The Sun

The Sun. Helios.

Pouring forth bounty upon its creatures.

As we pass through the orb.

The light is everywhere calling.

Grow. Grow. Grow.

Clouds away. Insects out to play.

Annoying our sun starved bodies.

It's temporary and a pleasant influence.

Elsewhere a fierce hot dry desert of sand.

Causing men to think. Who are the gods?

As the planet soars round the majestic centre.

Dividing the days and years.

Bernard Lawrence. 9th August 2008.