

Blessed

*I am blessed with these things,
The roots I would pick in the summer,
Doused in oil, we ate like kings,
It brought a smile to mother,
Who dances and sings.*

*I am blessed with these things,
We as friends jumped from the cliff,
And flew as if held by wings,
Like the Jedi from myth,
We enjoyed the small things.*

*I am blessed with these things,
Your soft hand in mine,
They shined with golden rings,
And we walked that sacred line,
Your fingers tighten, your hand clings.*

*Blessed I am with these things,
The gifts and life you have gave,
They form my life in soft and gentle strings,
In your light, I will always be brave,
Until the wasp of death stings,
And I fall to my grave.*

By Lexiconus Qor