

MY GRACE

TONI SCORSESE

The smell of dawn on my warm cheeks kissing my face, my nose, my lips;
brings a meek smile to the new day.

A wink off the pond greets my designs tentatively like a thousand, million
diamonds draped over my collar. Not heavy, the stones cool the breath in my
chest.

The mellow wind slips behind my ears, spilling into my view onward; brings a
mild grin to the new day.

A wisp off the sky meets my fancies cautiously like a thousand, million wings
draped over my shoulder. Not weighty, the lift slows the beating in my chest.

The belle of night cradles my head, easing the ballet of my survival; brings a
muted laugh to the new day.

A wish off the moon delivers my dreams securely, like a thousand, million
truths draped over my mind. Not shady, the gift deletes the burden in my
chest.

To lend this to your eyes would be my grace.