

For The Sun Gives Us Life

Avelyn B.

Old Donation School, 8th Grade

The sun rises above the horizon,
The night welcoming the morning dawn,
Waking the doves and the swans and the geese.
The sweet old dove cooed to the young one in her nest,
“Go fly, my love, for the sun gives us life.”
And so the baby dove flew, high above the trees, as far as the sky.
The dove went so far, it was almost as if she could touch the stars.
Her wing grazed the ocean of the sky,
Space painting her feathers with galaxies.
And the words her mother sang rung in her ears,
“Go fly, my love, for the sun gives us life.”
And she did.

She flew, and rode the clouds until the sun dipped deep below the mountains,

Until it was night once again.

She flew high, up beyond the clouds, to reach the stars once more,

And she reached out her wing,

Stretching it out to the sky,

But she lost her balance,
And fell.

It was almost peaceful,
The way that the dove descended on its back,
Looking up at the stars it once touched.
Holding the night in her wings,
Her soft gaze studying the moon,
Longing to reach it again soon.
And the grass caught her body in a bittersweet embrace,

And the flowers wailed,
And the trees mourned,
And the sky cried,
The smile she bore was eternally frozen in place.
And as the sorrowful sun finally set once again,
Through the rough weeping of the clouds,
One could almost make out
The sobbing of the old dove,
Grieving her poor child
That flew,
For the sun gave her life.