

## The Sun

It starts the day, bright and early,

Creating its path across the sky.

It gives life to all things, slick and furry,

Tall and short, slim and wide.

Shining bright, it reaches the top,

At its peak, where it is most might.

Because of the warmth that it gives off,

The corn and rice grow and thrive.

It begins to fall, slowly down,

Seeming tired from the long day.

The lower it goes, the more it frowns,

As it finds its place in the bay.

The sadness, however, is a lovely sight,

For the sunset for one, is another's new day. ` `