**Morning Has Come**

As I sit here writing poems, as I sit here in the day, I remembered something special so just listen while I say...

Dewdrops on bluebells,
fresh morning breeze,
only the wind tells
the secret of the trees.

Smell of crisp bacon
coming from inside.
Scrambled eggs and coffee
can't lure me from outside.

The sun rays are dancing,
as their light,
runs, prancing,
from the dark, dark night

A rainbow set in the mist
The little flowers gay
But what makes this day so special is that it's my Birthday today!