

## **The days**

Days run away  
We can't keep them forever  
They stay in our hearts  
And our souls together.

Days live always true  
For always of us often happy  
Sometimes sad and blue  
They will hurt at times.

Days can be so alive  
Full of energy and more  
Making us strive  
Full of spark galore.

Days can be slow  
Dreary and dark  
Without beautiful glow  
That we seem to crave.

Days mean we are here  
Held in this world  
Days raise a cheer  
With love and gratitude.

By Ria