

Season of happiness

By John Crossey

Age 12

To whom do I owe the honor, the privilege, the right to stand where I stand,  
The wondrous feeling,  
the feeling that I am invincible,  
that time is but a mere grain of sand in the mighty wave of reality,  
I feel like I am in a dream,  
I am in a bubble, blown by the feeling of joy and nurtured by the waves of happiness,  
I am drowning in a sea of emotions,  
I know that my time here is limited,  
The sand passes through the hourglass, millions of grains at a time,  
reminding me that this world of perfection,  
This season of happiness that goes without despair,  
Is confined to mere weeks, the next season approaching, rising like the tide  
Until my life gets tossed around like a piece of glass in the sea,  
But I mustn't despair, for through time and patience my jagged edges become rounded,  
To form next year's perfect summer.