

The Sun and the Ground... A Love Story **by Steve Schatz**

The sun was shining
 one sun shiny day
it gleamed so high in the sky
 “Oh I love to look down
 at the rich brown ground!
As I go sailing by.”

The ground looking up at the beaming sweet sun
 Was filled with a joyful glad calm.
 “I love you my sun, My beamer, my one.
 I’d wave but I have not an arm.”

Both could not express
 and dared not to guess
 those feelings of love shared for years
Put off ‘til tomorrow
 Love faded to sorrow
And clouds filled the skies with their tears

The clouds blocked the view of the sun from the ground
The ground didn’t know what to do
 It decided to part with a piece of its heart
 And there, a small flower grew

The flower’s sweet smell filled mountain and dell
I love you, the smell seemed to say
 And the rain clouds soon parted
 a romance was started
 that lasts from then to this day

Now what I have found
 as I walk the rich ground
 with the sun shining joy on my face
It’s essential and healing
To state what I’m feeling
 Else love goes away with no trace.