

The Precious Gift



*A young maid stood in the garden,
Filled with wonder in the sun;
That shone down on the brilliant flowers,
As she studied everyone.*



*Why do I tell this simple tale,
Of things so common place?
A night of stars, a garden gay,
Or the rapture on a face.*



*She bent and picked a blush pink rose,
And as she held the stem;
She gazed upon the dewdrop there,
Shining brightly like a gem.*



*These things we take for granted,
Often unnoticed you will find;
Unless by someone like this maid,
Who until today was blind.*



*She scanned the purple heather hills,
The valley lush and green;
And shining like a silver band,
The sunlight on a stream.*



*The skill of a surgeon gave her sight,
And brought this thought to me;
Just how little we appreciate the gifts,
The ones we are given free.*



*She looked up at the fleecy clouds,
Skimming o'er the blue;
Butterflies all fluttering round,
Was fascinating for her too.*



By Eila Webster

