

Ninety-Five Years Young!



*As February comes to an end,
Tears just fill my eyes;
On the 20th of this month,
I turned... Ninety Five!*

*I never thought I'd cope so long,
I've known some bad times now and then;
But after a rest I battled back,
More than ready - new rhymes to pen!*

*Lately, I seem to be slowing down,
But I still hope to carry on;
With some assistance from above,
Thoughts come 'I'm not alone'.*

*As we go forward into March,
Temperatures may rise a degree or two;
Let's go on out and find fresh air,
A walk is really good for you.*



*I'm a pencil
in the hand
of God.*

Mother Theresa



*Unseen the earth is waking us,
As seeds sewn begin to grow;
Pop their heads up through the soil,
As snowdrops put on a show.*

*But winter isn't over yet,
It could change to ice and rain;
March month is unpredictable,
It can really be a pain.*

*But some years it can surprise us,
Let's hope this is the one;
That chases all the blues away,
To bring joy to everyone.*

By Eila Webster



WRITE
until it
BECOMES
as natural as
BREATHING
→→→
WRITE
until
NOT WRITING
makes you
ANXIOUS

