

The Day

**With the coming and the going
Of the day's sun,
Moments of promise and peace
Bring my soul and land
To meld as one.**

**With the coming and the going
Of the morning dew
Spider webs dripping diamonds,
Soft grass and sparkling mists,
Give the land a greener hue.**

**With the coming and the going
Of the sun on high
Shadows once long now shortened,
Then lengthening again
Transfiguring beneath the sky.**

**With the coming and the going
Of a softly fallen rain,
I feel the land quench its thirst
As the soil drinks deeply
Waters for life to sustain.**

**With the coming and the going
Of the summer storm,
Arrows of lightening flashing
And thunderbolts roar,
Violence part of the natural norm.**

**With the coming and the going
Of a newly fallen snow,
The land is cloaked in virgin white.
Trees bowing with enfolded beauty
As the world's softened by the glow.**

**With the coming and the going
Of a starry night,
I rest and dream of life and love,
Which way's wrong
And which way's right.**

Gene W. Wood

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