

The Druid's Tale

I am the moon, who guards your dreams with care,
And I'm also the sun, who keeps you warm.
When happy, I'm the soft breeze through your hair,
But when angry, beware; I am the storm.

I am Nature; thus, I am everywhere:
The proudest rock of the highest mountain;
The liveliest leaps of the tiny hare;
The coolest splash of a river's fountain.

I am a Mother; the milk of my breast
Is the rain that nurtures the farmer's field.
My quilt is the snow's flakes, tenderly dressed
To cover the fallows and keep them sealed.

I have given birth to each blade of grass,
And guided the paths of each new flower.
I bring sleep to souls when it's time to pass
From Life's minute to Eternity's hour.

This world is my cradle...treat it with care,
And it will sustain you all of your days;
With rain for abundant harvest to share,
A moon's gentle beams and a sun's bright rays.

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