

The sun shines brightest on Wednesday,

When God painted the azure sky to distinguish
Day and night.

Lightly sweeping a paint brush
With shades of white to crowd the open space.
But not even the clouds could hide her beaming rays
Which poured light onto earth.

The sun shines brightest on Wednesday,

When she wraps her golden fingers
Around verdant grounds.

Infant seeds harvest her encouragement
To sprout.

Roots burrow paths, into the warm soil
And flowers mature to bloom.

The sun shines brightest on Wednesday,

When she stretches her arms
To hug the shivering terrain,

That lays lifeless under sheets of white.

As a new cycle begins

She greets those at their dawn
And mourn those whom withered away

The sun shines brightest on Wednesday

When the April sky achingly sobs
For love lost.

She dries her grief

And breaks through her clouds
And allows her tender light to waltz with fallen tears
Reflecting the vibrant hues of the world.