Simple Miracle
By Joy Yagi

My mind wracked by worry,
living a world caught in a flurry.
Each day part of me lost,
Growing up carries a blowing cost.
The magic of childhood flees,
to return is innocent’s plea.
Cold with a bite,
darkness like night,
but through the storm,
something enchanting takes form.
A simple miracle filling the air,
suspended gracefully with magic to share.
A rainbow materializes with hope to last,
stirring within something from the past.