

Haiku World

Fog rises early
to lay its angel breath on
humble, sleeping grass

Delicate wings of
Butterflies gently touch my
tranquil, rose petals

Birds fly civilly
to reach seed, in full feeders
As they chirp, songs fond

I am a fragile
dewdrop, delicate upon
each speck, of nature

While I observe all
Thanks, I give for blessings, true
As God, calms my heart