

## A Zephyr's Kiss

A gentle breeze, so it is called,  
Or wafting wind, or breath of air.  
Or whispered kiss upon my brow  
Informing me that it is there.  
In dawning moments, it appears,  
Nudging the flowers, 'Come alive!'  
At times it bows to strong-willed winds  
But yet has the grit to survive.

Comes blazing heat of highest noon,  
Its welcomed kiss upon my face.  
Anon! Anon! It drifts away  
Unto its secret, wind-swept place.  
At eventide, its world at rest,  
It cedes its reign of cool relief.  
Embracing the edges of night,  
How cunning it, this gentle thief.

Henry W. Gurley

