

CATHERINE

Every raindrop that touches your face is blessed -

Would that my hands could be as soft –

Brushing your hair, touching your cheeks,

Glistening on your eyelids like unshed tears.

No dewdrop sleeping on an early morning rose

Could know such beauty as I see in you.

Truly I am blessed.

Raindrops and dewdrops can only reflect heaven,

But I hold it in my arms each time I hold you.

Katrina Relf