

Perfection in Nature

Jeffrey Yates

A pure, clear droplet of skywater true
On a lofty flower petal, velvety blue.

Both smooth and soft, human touch would destroy
Sleeps in perfect creation, the meaning of joy.
Dropped on this leaf, surrounded by color;
Born out of harshness, now the world's lover.
Magnifying the canvas of God's greatest painting,
Just a piece of the puzzle, beauty sustaining.
The menace of the storm rumbles far away,
Left behind a present, for the young new day.
Created from sorrow, a cloud's demise;
Her simple perfection, never despised.
Fireball surging, warm in the distance,
As dazzling beauty reflects in an instance.

Sparkling, shining, evaporation sets in
Leaving us wishing for perfection again.

