

“July”

The weather is calm and nursing on the month of July.

There is barely any horror to be found in the sky.

The clouds float lazily high above,

As the mid-summer wind brings kisses of love.

The weather is calm and nursing in July.

Nature is wonderful on the month of July.

All the little critters come out, from the squirrel to the fly.

The lily and the daisy from the ground begin to grow,

While the oak goliath provides shade for all below.

Nature is wonderful on the month of July.

Many things happen on the month of July,

Such as red and blue sparks that bring many to cry.

Families and friends gather around on amber nights,

To eat and share stories for their own gleeful delights.

Many things happen on the month of July.

I was born on a Tuesday on the month of July.

In a Virginia hospital is where I made my first cry.

It is from that day on that I began to live,

Completely unaware of what life would soon give.

I was born on a Tuesday on the month of July.