

# Miriam Stockley, Perfect Day

The rain has moved on  
And left a new day  
Nothing seems to move everything is still  
Its just a perfect day

The shadows and light  
That move with the wind  
Hidden violets grow splashed with summer spray  
Just another perfect day

On the wild and misty hillside  
Fear is natures warning  
Hunger here is never far away

And all of this world  
Is for children who play  
Days that never end  
always should remain  
Another perfect day