

Quiet Hero

From the window she watches, as the day unfolds, the sun creeping through the sketched clouds, casting silhouettes of hope.

Breathing easy, she contemplates her being. She observes without recognition; a deep thinker, with a smile that opposes to ideas, eloquently.

She stretches her arms, feeling the pull of life. She understands her purpose, reacts with innate care, a trait she cannot lose.

Strands of hair escape, caressing her cheek as they fall, for a delicate finger sweeps them away.

Silent poetry swirls through her, leading the beats of her heart. Shadows of the early morning filter away as the day's light tip toes into the room, reflecting thoughts.

To sit and be still, allowing time to be. Just be.

She connects to herself; a treasure she values.

She goes forth. Leit, leit.

The clouds disperse.

A quiet hero lives.