

Of all the weather toil and teather,
Coming here, going there and deciding whether;
A sunny day has come as time passes by,
Where laziness is desired without having to try.

A book or two to pass the time,
A poem to read or write a rhyme;
A sunny day when most stay indoors,
But really should be out forgetting there chores.

A sunny day, a relaxation to enjoy,
A time to sit and think not to destroy;
A sunny day, I know is better,
Than a walk or wait for mans debtor.

Some will say a good day for the beach,
A game of golf or a drive to reach;
A picnic in a park or a long time apart,
A drifting boat sailing until it's dark.

A sunny day of all past and gone,
A sunny day, now still for how long;
A sunny day that knows tomorrows end,
A sunny day, time spent with a friend.

As time goes by so many things left unsaid,
The day goes by as it all were dead;
A sunny day I dare ask not why,
But still my head is held high up to the sky.

Signed,

Nothing to do