

Pine Needles

By: Corabelle Tally

The pine needles glided in the breeze.
They whispered into the cold wind
all the secrets of the world.

In my mind there was a click.
Staring into the window, I took notice.
Everything has a place, a time, a purpose.
Even the pine needles gliding in the breeze
so insignificant and small
float among the wind
to whisper the secrets of the world