

## Poetry

### Friends



How good to lie a little while  
And look up through the tree!  
The sky is like a kind big smile  
Bent sweetly over me.

The sunshine flickers through  
the lace  
Of leaves above my head,  
And kisses me upon the face  
Like Mother, before bed.

The wind comes stealing o'er  
the grass  
To whisper pretty things;  
And though I cannot see him  
pass,  
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle friends are near  
Whom one can scarcely see,  
A child should never feel a fear  
Wherever he may be.



**Abbie Farwell Brown**