

A really good day – a poem filled with appreciation about the smaller things part of the
human experience

Cape Town, December 2018

My head feels clear, maybe it's the air, maybe it's just me,
But every ray of light around me points to something I wish to see,
Every sense that tingles seems to smile with pleasure,
Everything about today is a long-forgotten treasure,
And everything I haven't yet been, is waiting patiently to be seen.

Euphoria, I feel a warmth and a glow so loud, I feel the people that make me proud,
I feel the wavelength that I may share, I feel my neighbours loving stare,
We are but people, we are one team,
A lovely and dysfunctional pillowcase, old and ancient, bursting at the seam.

I smile, for today is just a really good day,
Why you may ask, I cannot quite say,
But I feel it in my bones, a heaviness so weirdly pleasant,
I spread out non-existent wings and feel as glorious as a pheasant.

I breathe, funny, such a simple yet elegant thing,
The birds flutter, the breeze is light, I open my mouth and start to sing,
Oh how lovely, what a day, oh how lovely come what may,
I have no worry, I have no fear, my insides are bubbling full of cheer,
My eyes start to water as I feel quite so right,
These are the days' worth every single fight,
This day is lovely and sweet and great,
This day smiles on me, it must be fate.

This is a good day, a really good day.