

WRITING

Pockets

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TYPE**POETRY****GENRE****GRADE 11**

A small pocket of sunshine peeking through the
clouds.

So small, not a lasting impression but an impression
nonetheless.

Warmth on my back as I lay in a field, sun cascading
on me

from above.

Small moments, quiet moments, moments of joy.

Still they are passing, fleeting, just as the sun will be
covered by

clouds again.

Shade sweeping over and hiding the blissful heat.

Still the sun will shine again, I will feel it again.

Even if it is just another passing moment.