

Exact Euphoria

Dark red, seed like, the tiny buds appear on the cherry tree, protected and waiting.
A whisper of wind tousling my hair, as a honey bee searches so eager for the blooms.
Stretching branches are like a maze of thin twigs, fragile, yet holding strong, to bear fruit.
A ray, shining through the maze, as my eyes twinge at the beam.
They say emotions cannot be exactly perfect.
They say you cannot measure glee, delight or joy.
Yet I know joy has been fulfilled for me.