

What's the first thing you see when it's day,

It's sunshine off course to light forth your way;

Some fear with their lives for what this may bring,

But really it's natural and a quite happy thing.

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Sunshine is bright from dawn till it sets,

To get those jobs done and to steer clear of debts;

We go to the beach to acquire us a tan,

And no matter what weather it's sunshine we plan.

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Now I don't know as much as where it began,

But I do know it's source will burn all it can;

For what would happen if one day it was no more,

Would the sunshine re-group or just tally up the score.

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Life's quite strange when we sit down at night,

Without all that sunshine we're use to as light;

So I suppose there's some trouble or kind of despair,

To understand why it hides or to even know where.

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But worry not yourself about the sunshine up high,

For it will be concerned with what's hiding or dry;

So look to the future and days all ahead,

Where the sunshine is brightest and surely not dead.

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So you think there is an end to this poem about sunshine,

And that this poet has written his last rhyming line;

But resourceful is he, who has faith in tomorrow,

And will use his time wisely and live with sunshine not sorrow.

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Signed,

Brighter days ahead.