

Do we ever stop to hear?

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The wind whisper through the trees

Do we slow down to see

The world around us, its majesty

Flowers return each new spring

Bees swarm to them with greeting

Trees grow tall when its warming

The rain subsides without warning

From sandy beaches to great rockies

In the biggest scheme of things,

We are but small, you and me

Take the time, slow down and see

-Teresa Schapansky