



### The Mists of a New Day

There bides a charm, hidden magic,  
In the mists of a brand-new day.  
Dew-kissed, the flowers all shimmer,  
The mists bringing subtle display.

Embracing everything in sight  
For but short time, the briefest spell,  
The mists announce to softened clime:  
'Today has come and all bodes well.'

Will that charm, that hidden magic,  
Remain when the mists slowly fade?  
Indeed, they will in full beauty  
Because this new day God has bade.

Gone the mists of this brand-new day.  
Selfishly, I wish they would stay.

Henry W. Gurley