

HEAVEN

by Katrina Relf

*Every raindrop that touches your face is blessed,
Would that my hands could be as soft –
Brushing your hair, touching your cheeks,
Glistening on your eyelids like unshed tears.
No dewdrop sleeping on an early morning rose
Could know such beauty as I see in you.
Truly I am blessed.
Raindrops and dewdrops can only reflect heaven,
But I hold it in my arms each time I hold you.*