

This is the time
you must listen and look.



For it's found in the branches,
the puddle, the nook.



n the branches,
, the nook.



You'll find it is fleeting
- a whisper, a wink.



It tiptoes in quietly,
is gone in a blink.



It bursts on your tongue


and it sings in the spring.



spring.

It flickers like sunshine and lifts up a wing.





Sometimes it's a glimpse,

a picture you take.

The moment you treasure,



the magic you make.



It's a night in a tent in a faraway land,





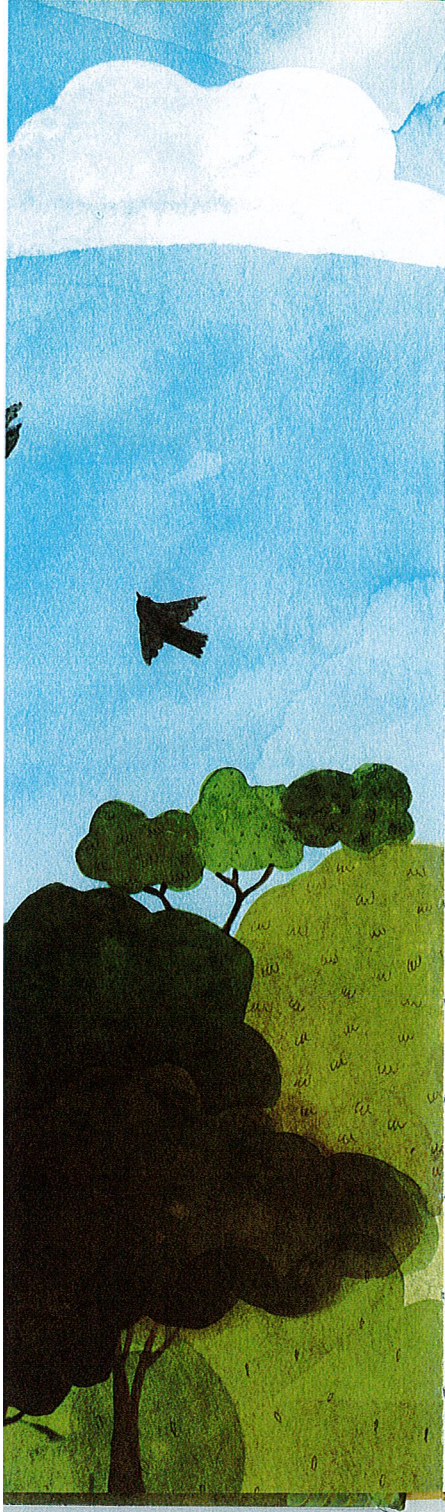
curled up together, hand upon hand.

It's soaring with birds

to the top of the trees.



It's feeling the kiss of a cheeky cool breeze.



It's staying out late
for a spine-tingling show,



the wonder and awe



of a golden moon's glow.

