White

White is a color not quite like the rest.

Some say it’s pure light while others suggest

It’s a mix of all colors when they are compressed.

But to show you what white means to you and to me,

I'll describe it in things we can touch and can see.

White is the foam of the waves rolling in

Bringing in sand dollars pale, round, and thin.

Dandelion fluff sails a soft gentle breeze

While a wish rides the wind with the greatest of ease.

It’s a snow covered yard on a cold winter day.

The second star to the right where Peter Pan plays.

White is paper before creative juice flows.

It's the soft fluffy clouds that the wind gently blows.

A swan on a lake, vanilla ice cream,

The sun glinting off of a small trickling stream.

A full bright moon on a clear dark night

Dispelling the shadows and creatures of fright.

The tip of the iceberg alone and upright

While the bulk of it all lurks just out of sight.

White is a pillow and freshly cleaned sheets

Beckoning me to stop writing and sleep.

White is a bride on her most joyful day.

A potter’s fresh lump of unmolded clay

But the thing about white that I like most of all,

It reminds me of happiness, laughter, and love.

After all, white is the first thing I see

When family and friends are smiling at me.