



Coats

Shoots and blooms, or frigid ice

Lack of allergens for some, is nice

External trappings make no difference

Interior fluid altered by experience

Background of blue sky or gray

Only purpose matters at the end of the day

Sustenance, habitat, shade, fuel

At any stage of existence, everything is a jewel

Let fear of winter's blast not restrict the tiniest of growth

Changes flavor Nature, and humans both



Courage

Born on rocky crags

Fearless of heights

Little protection from elements

Fed Mother's milk and spring grass

Leaping from ledge to boulder

Trusting in their feet and ability

Traveling where there seems to be no path

Cliffs or meadows, all is the sheep's home.

What would the human experience resemble

Should our fears be few

Most circumstances inconsequential

Following a trail marked just for us?