

# HAPPINESS

Lewis Rojas

*H*esitating in the wind  
a small child clears his mind seeing the  
passing by cars on the highway his  
present state is well he sits down  
in the patch of hay on the hillside a  
never ending lawn of green so calm he can  
even hear the stars talking amongst themselves  
so brightly so beautifully talking in the night  
so ready for nighttime to start