

Happiness

A nurse
My first being,
I frequently wonder
What is it making me happy
It is not about the treasures we possess
The beauty of gold or silver
Materials of price
We own
It is
Not the Money
That really makes it be
Determining the great difference
Or the flowers in the yard
Groomed houses
Which will
Bring a bright smile
Generate happiness, laughter
Making the world a more intimate place
It is the solid virtues I admire
Those people inspired
To love
And Truly Care
Promoting Genuine Joy
Tasting the flavors of selfless giving
Priceless warmth of donation
Without getting
In return
We sometimes visit
That keen place of our heart
Feeling the compassion and will to help other
And we can sense our great values
Soothing us like no self-care
We know this well
Like a nurse



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