Where Happiness Hides

Anthony Bertini & Jennifer Goldsmith
Happiness hides in little things.
A ladybeetle tickling your arm.
Buds on twigs.
The last raspberry.
Finding a letter.
A chair for everyone.
Warm soup full to the brim.
Candles that light the way upstairs,
Shadows dancing.
Warm sand that sticks to toes.  
Ripples at the water’s edge.  
Crabs running over rocks.  
The first bite.
Secret tunnels.
The smell of rain.
Grass and wild flowers
as far as you can see.
An animal hiding in a cloud.
Mushrooms hidden amongst the roots.
Buried treasure.
A box of shiny things.
Boats bowing to the wind.
But sometimes ice-cream melts.
Dark clouds block the sun
Rain spoils picnics
And luck runs out.
Petals drop
Paths crack
Bridges creak
Wind howls
Rivers flood
Still, happiness is found in little things.
Storms pass.
Puddles beckon and,
arm in arm, rainbows come with rain.

For my children, Antia and Timothy, whom I have watched find happiness in small things — AB

For Scott, Harry and Freya, where happiness always lives — JG