**An Easter Poem, 2023**

In the early morning light,

The world awakens with delight,

As the Easter bunny brings his gifts,

And the springtime blooms begin to lift.

The air is filled with sweet perfume,

As the daffodils begin to bloom,

And children giggle with delight,

Hunting eggs throughout the night.

The sun is shining bright and clear,

And joy is everywhere you hear,

For Easter is a time of love,

A time to thank the Lord above.

So let us celebrate this day,

In a most special way,

With family, friends, and all we hold dear,

For Easter is a time to spread cheer.

Let's feast on chocolates and treats,

And dance to the rhythm of our heartbeats,

For Easter comes but once a year,

To bring us all so much cheer.

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**Sonnet on Taxes**

Amidst the paperwork and forms to fill,

The tax season brings us great distress,

For many it's a bitter pill,

To pay the government no less.

We curse the day we earned our wage,

And bemoan the deductions made,

The endless rules that we must gauge,

As we struggle with the tax trade.

Yet, taxes fund our schools and roads,

Our public services and defense,

Without them, our society erodes,

And our standard of living immense.

So though we may grumble and moan,

We pay our taxes to build a better home.

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**Three Haiku on Daylight Saving Time**

**#1**
Clocks spring forward fast

A lost hour of sleep, we mourn

Sun stays with us longer

**#2**

Daylight Saving Time

A bittersweet springtime shift

More light, less restful sleep

**#3**

Time jumps forward, but

Nature keeps her steady pace

Sunshine guides the way

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**Ode to Oklahoma Tornados**

In Oklahoma's plains, so vast and wide,

The winds of nature often collide.

A land of beauty, but also of strife,

Where tornados bring both awe and fright.

The sky turns dark, the air grows still,

A distant rumble, a warning shrill.

A twister forms, a giant's dance,

As nature's fury takes its chance.

It spins and twirls, a deadly force,

A sight that fills both awe and remorse.

It tears apart all in its path,

A mighty storm's destructive wrath.

The people of Oklahoma know it well,

The fearsome power of this weather spell.

They brace themselves and hold on tight,

As tornados rage with all their might.

Yet even as they tremble and fear,

Oklahomans know they must persevere.

For in this land, both harsh and fair,

They know that storms will always be there.

So let the winds howl, let the storms rage,

Oklahoma's people will not be caged.

For they know that even amidst the pain,

The sun will rise and shine again.