

Singing Everywhere

By Mary Ann Koontz

I like to sing.
How about you?
It makes me happy
if I'm down and blue.

When I sing I don't worry;
not a care have I.
There's nothing else like it.
You'll see, if you try.

My mom sings in choir,
my dad in the shower.
But I'll sing anywhere
first soft, and then louder.

I sing on my bike
as I ride down the street,
with the wind in my face
as tho' wings on my feet.

I sing out in church
for all God's given me,
especially for love
of friends and family.

I sing on my swing;
stretch my toes up high.
Up goes my heart,
up to the sky.

Whenever I sing
I don't need a reason.
I can sing anywhere,
anytime, any season.

I sing songs in spring
and celebrate flowers
that burst forth and bloom
with each April shower.

I sing songs in summer,
lemonade in my glass.
And the feel of my toes
being tickled by grass.

I sing songs in autumn
as I rake piles of leaves;
hear them crunch when I jump,
toss them back to the trees.

In winter, the carols
are my favorite by far,
telling of Jesus' birth,
Three Wise Men and a star.

One day I shall sing
from far out in space,
a song from the heart
for the whole human race.

But when my notes float
a little out of tune,
Mom wishes I would sing
somewhere on the moon.