

**What Am I?**

What am I,

But the gentle whisper of the breeze

The great howling of the mighty wind?

What am I,

But the darkest shadows cast

By the starkness of full moonlight?

What am I,

But the soft twinkling,

Of silver stars on the water?

What am I,

But the soft and caressing warmth

Of the glowing midsummer sun?

What am I,

But the scorching, scarring heat

Of the coarse, burning sand?

What am I,

But the sweet, fleeting purity

Of freshly fallen, snow?

What am I,

But the biting, bitter, and bruising cold

Of the harsh and unforgiving winter?

What am I,

But the soft, the sweet, and the gentle?

What am I

But the strong, the powerful, and the frightening?

What am I,

But Beauty?