

My Holy Bible

In the quiet sanctuary of my room,
My bible rests, a golden sunflower in bloom.
Its cover, yellow and soft, whispers stories of old,
A gentle touch like velvet, secrets to unfold.

Highlighted verses, like stars in the night,
Guide my path with their radiant light.
Each word breathes life, a fragrant breeze,
A symphony of faith, bringing my soul to ease.

Pages rustle, a gentle hymn in the air,
A melody of hope dispelling despair.
It speaks to me, a friend in times of need,
Its wisdom a melody, planting hope's seed.

Its pages, I find comfort and grace,
A cherished companion, in this sacred space.
The ink, like rivers, flows through time,
Carrying love and truth, in every line.

With every touch, its warmth I feel,
A testament of faith, so real.
My yellow Bible, soft and bright,
A beacon of love, in the darkest night.