



What Is A Treasure?

I ask, "What is a treasure" I ask of each of you?
And then I get more personal, "What is your treasure true?"
For we will soon discover, of that which we hold dear,
Is to us our great treasure, beyond each other sphere.

For treasures may be matter, a piece of history,
A mother's golden wedding ring, or father's family tree,
A daughter's little rattle, perhaps a tiny doll,
A tricycle a son once had when he was very small.

Perchance it is a piece of gold, engagement ring perhaps,
A piece of Irish China that helps when memories lapse,
And then again, cash in a bank, or property in town,
Or simply New Year's costume when one dressed as a clown.

But treasures should be persons, a wife, or son, or child,
That gives you joy and comfort, throughout this little while,
Yes, people are more precious, than any things by far,
For things can give no comfort, when in life's darkest hour.

When looking at true treasure, then surely one can tell,
The greatest of life's treasures, are not what one could sell,
To have a friend beside you, when life is hard and grey,
Who always will be for you, it can be night or day.

A friend who will correct you, when you are going wrong,
Will lift you up encouraging, with melody of song,
Who speaks those words of comfort, whatever others say,
Will stand right there right beside you, in happenings sad or gay.

Where arms forever open, to give a warm embrace,
Is always there just for you, as throughout life you trace,
Now that's to me a treasure, more precious far than gold,
A person is more precious, than that which can be sold.

*Rowan Jennings
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