

## Something You Cannot Hold in Hand

by Avery Massaro

The description is very vague,  
Like the milky way, the world,  
The moon against the stars,  
It has a pleasant flow,  
So soft and so slow,  
No matter what is scribbled down,  
By the gentle touch of ink,  
The factor is a mystery of life,  
Yet some understand the beauty and loveliness,  
Of something you cannot hold in hand,  
You think you get it but you don't,  
Written as though it is a lovely note,  
You send it near and far,  
Or just enjoy it right where you are,  
Something that is pleasant for all,  
Through winter, spring, summer and fall,  
Oh! But you can finally see,  
It is just another line of poetry