

## Dewdrops

Watch the dewdrops in the morning,  
Shake their little diamond heads,  
Sparkling, flashing, ever moving,  
From their silent little beds.

See the grass! Each blade is brightened,  
Roots are strengthened by their stay;  
Like the dewdrops, let us scatter  
Gems of love along the way.

-Myra Viola Wilds

[https://poets.org/poem/dewdrops?mc\\_cid=f32702d5bf&mc\\_eid=4cb7e635dd](https://poets.org/poem/dewdrops?mc_cid=f32702d5bf&mc_eid=4cb7e635dd)

*From the poets.org website:*

Myra Viola Wilds was born in Kentucky. She authored the poetry collection *Thoughts of Idle Hours* (National Baptist Publishing Board, 1915) in her own hand after losing her eyesight due to overwork as a dressmaker.

