

Aurora

the morning's coffee, strong,
is a lamp unto my feet----

that leads outdoors into morning's springsong:
warm, cool, the earthy perfume smell of fresh-mown grass;
life awaking, unfolding,

percolating, unfurling toward the sun,
tickled by fleeing clouds

that to their hiding places soon run.
Ebbing air pulls life forward by the hand,
sailing up hillside to a clover-strewn meadowland
wildflower bedecked once again,
living earth quenched by dew and rays of life;
A blue-ness darkening
at the horizon hints of
distant plateau clouds, sitting, on the way,
same as a-rowed ducks floating silent on a pond.
A portent for afternoon,

but now no more than a whisper of promise.

Hilltop, the horizon
is both very far and wide,
across many valleys spread to the distance
that clouds the details of further mountains unknown;
the sun may warm drowsy noon,
the sought summit of this earth-turned morning joy.

Sing now, birds!...the birds sing.

-J. F. Lowe