

*Up early, inspired
Flew in spirit
With morning birds
Enough wetness still
In the air
To feel fresh
But not enough
To be heavy
Coolness does that
The human rush
Not fully in motion
The birds don't shout
To be heard
And their echoes
Through the canyon
Remain undisturbed
And I, as witness,
Drink in blissful solitude
Apart from the multitude
A small element
And yet here
Somehow finding a way
To include
You
In a moment passed
When you read
These words
And then
You are here too*

Morning Birds in the Canyon

