

CAROLINA MORNING

Morning breathes an air of renewed hope
She breaks fresh beginning
Pale lights promise a boldness becoming
Pink hues of softness foreshadow a strength of coming fire
Wisps of white are sonnet writers of the sky
Lines of lavender keep the page perfectly ruled

Morning blows a breath of pure
She wakes what Night had rest
Gentle breeze from angel's breath
Clears my head, caresses my chest
Lines indistinct, shadows that are weak
Speak to all the promise for the meek

Morning brings song from Nature's chorus
It times the day through rhythmic pulse
Wind rushes reeds of trees
Grasses dance sporadic melodies
Tones of light collide in concert with conductor's
pace
Night's curtain rises for a symphony of sun

Morning beams of quiet pride
She blushes pink perfection
Masterpiece of art mocks fine artist's brush
Portrait of tranquility calmly provokes the wild
Pallet of beauty explodes with timely brilliance
Easel of possibility possesses promise of vibrance

—Barbara Irwin