

Your Morning is Born

A curve of silence hangs over a sand-endless desert.

The blue-sky-scribed land
unused to cloud compress,
squirms noisily beneath,
with pigeon whistle, dove call,
and bronze ant scurry.

Red finch drop from Ocotillo branch
to join a rabbit, starling, and 5 quail,
competition at the feeder,
hummers vibrate at red-syrup fills
while circling rocks sit guard.

Morning brings soft contemplation
in consort with Quan Yin.
As light invades
from nowhere-corners,
climbs into deserts' mood,
and halos feathered cactus prongs.
Crisp-yellows-honeyed citrus skin
puts starch in mornings' mind.

By Barbara Matson