

Dawn—Awesome Being

By Patricia Webb

I would have been useless on the farm
In the early morning.
I would not have done my chores,
Milked cows or opened pasture gates.
They would have found me
Hiding, still as a stone,
Lost in the cry of an owl.
Pen poised above paper
Waiting, waiting,
To catch the silent, awesome being
Who creeps with light into the new world.

Dawn is an amazing thing.
So amazing that we should be awake,
Awake and still,
Catching, if we can, what it does
To the trees.
Catching, if we can, the subtle hues of grass
In changing light.
Hearing how birds gain confidence
From dark, tentative cries to bright and fragrant symphonies.

Dawn is an amazing thing.
And I am still, so still,
Catching it today.
Wishing I had never missed it, even once,
In all my life.
Wishing I had given this much attention
Each time, each time.

Thinking how the world could be so whole
If we could see how easily dawn
Weaves a new day from the darkness,
From the stillness.
If we could see how dawn, sweet and subtle daughter,
Leads us into day
Without a single false step.

