

Dawn

Patricia Webb

I would have been useless on the farm in early morning,
 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.