

Morning, Love

4/24/2017

As I wake I realize that
I've been dreaming of you again

But before I open my eyes
I look around for you--
and you are with me

In a peopleless Grand Central Station
filled with flowers and sunshine

In the bright and insistent singing of the day's songbirds

In flight low over the glaciers of Alaska,
over the mountains and the Dall sheep,
floating to a stop in the mouth of a river

next to the grizzlies feeding

At the water's edge of the Great Lakes
with sandy feet and summer kite flying

In a million moments of hazy light
that flash past. Am I still dreaming?

You are with me in the soft breathing
of the morning and the dark

before dawn