

Morning Song

Cicadas sing their warning song: don't be taken in
by morning breeze, by pleasant shade,
by poplars tall and proud in gentle sway.
Soon we'll feel the wrath of afternoon sun.
Against the shore, waves will sashay in a waltz
of tiny ringlets, while scorching sand will burn our feet,
pinecones will snap and break in feverish dry heat.
But now, on my balcony my gaze falls on my pots
of basil, begonia, geranium, fern and jade.
And at the mountains, stark and bare beyond,
sunlight dancing on the valley in little dots,
until in evening gleam it starts to fade.
Till then, blue skies surround with clouds, soft and still.
Stay with me a while, a voice calls, and so I will.

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