

My Affair with the Early Morning
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My affair with the early morning
Began slowly at first, my mouth Open with
sleep and drowsing in pillow and gray shadows from the slats in the
blind

the frogs garumphing in their soft shoes
I stumble from the shallow dreams between the
alarm clock rings to a quiet wakefulness and thoughtful peace

My feet on the ground outside, I look up, mystified
by the sweet strength of birdsong and witness to the
curling leaves, like arced wings, turning and ruffling as

the breeze sings no song, just silence and soft hums
No sound, just a sort of whispering into the day
telling no secrets, but promising beauty and graciousness

For dear life I hold onto the moment
to reflect back on as day bustles by
the affair becoming a marriage, the promise becoming a song,
which no one else seems to know

Mary Germanotta Duquette
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