

Morning Snapshot

Cold morning soldiers
of dew and mist
guard the autumn sunrise
and silently creep
over walls and gardens,
the last few flowers
nearly yawning
an awakening birth,
Time is paused in
grey moments,
somehow
suspended between
stolen nights and fleeting days,
rust leaves stir sleepily
sharing quiet whispers
too afraid to
break the hush.
A car door slams
and engine coughs,
reluctantly turning over,
it noisily revs off
doppler decreasing
and silence descends again...

too late
daybreak magic has been lost,
the frozen moment thaws
and a myriad noises
clamber upwards
into the fading mist.

