

“Sleeping Spirits”

*The morning wakes in robes of orange and gold,
and yawns its greeting to the forest so bold.*

*Rays of warmth caress the breasts of the earth,
the healing touch of heaven's mirth.*

*Birds sing in harmony, awakened by nature's alarm clock,
another day dawns, tick-tock, tick-tock.*

Who is the elusive painter whose palate's in constant change?

Who colours these mountains with thick forest mane?

*Dogs curled up around my legs so cold,
kitties dancing beneath sheets and pillows.*

Is it no wonder why the morning's my sacred time?

Is it no wonder why I see the world as divine?

*Only peace and quiet, and a sleepy brain,
will allow us to see the one perfect plan.*