

Morning Poem

Softly comes the morning hour,
when daylight breaks upon my door
And I awake from deepest sleep,
to find you hiding in my dreams.

I cannot hope for any more,
than stolen moments, far between
But still the morning asks for more,
so I awake in earnestness.

My day begins in deepest thoughts,
I search for ways to understand
A touch, a tear, a laugh we shared,
all make their way upon my page.

I use this time to capture thoughts,
that linger between sleep and light
Dreams that do not wish to die,
and thoughts that come in softest light.