

Daybreak

When bat wings flap in ink-black night
Rustling leaves fan chill, quick-cooling air,
The owl swoops from her leafy lair
Voles scamper in fur-shivered fright,
Aware of no relief from painful plight;
Creatures whose consequence is slight,
A judgement made by those who do not care
But cast a superior view from lofty height.

Now darkness drains from morning sky.
Nature dips her brush in freshest paint
And with her palette brings the world to life,
The gauzy trees and shrubs, no longer faint,
Gayly glint in welcome as the sun rides high
With glad farewell to cold and cruel strife.