

Longest Morn

by Carol Schafer

I greet you, pastel dawn.
Long awaited, longest morn.
I've risen early
barefoot and sleepy-eyed
awaiting your arrival,
And now you've come,

I breathe softly,
whisper a soundless welcome,
You're here at last.
I'm glad.

You've beckoned me with light
and I,
as though compelled,
must watch while others sleep.

Silently,
the soft breath of pale mist
falls to earth
and blesses it.
Each flower, leaf,
each blade of green
is freshly dressed
to greet the longest sun,
I watch in sanctified silence
and witness the communion
of heaven and earth.

The hour is past.
The world begins to stir.

Satisfied at last,
I yawn and yearn for rest,
and whisper tenderly
a prayer,
a promise...
To greet you again
next year.

