

*winter walk*

Awakening

we walk  
Descending the hill  
Looking out over the bay on this early edge of dawn

In growing light  
The density of night yields to the singing of the day

The shrock of a sea gull  
And an answer from a small sparrow-like bird

The sky  
Becomes liquid

The view  
Clarifies  
growing into detail

The moon  
Near-full round  
Pastel pale  
Lingers just above the coastal hills  
Marking the way west

Windy  
The wind  
(Being from the west and so insuring against rain for now)  
Sweeps the bay into waves

And now

Just now  
The sun crests the hill we have left behind

And  
In a spark of light  
Reaches over the birds  
Kisses the moon

And a thousand suns kiss a thousand waves

A seagull  
Tips his wing as he glides over us

The moon slips away

I nod my Thank You

Thank you

God is everywhere

*to KT*

*the significance of Light and Space and Ocean in your life  
and birth of Luca; that has shaped this poem*

*1.14.2021*