

Morning

By Jennifer Sainsbury
Brown

A dawn drawn song
swooped
 me
 you
up into
pale blue
 where
geese clouds skittered.
We littered the
fair air
with our
 laughter.
After,
when the sun shook
 out
birth wet rays,
we danced down
a silver
 sunbeam
 maze
of mirth
and caught
the earth.

