

Morning

The light is slowly unfolding its pristine halo,
The symphonic dance of its golden wings,
The euphoria of its long journey's end,
Its silent scintillating sweep melts the morning mist with osmotic embrace,
The morning has staged a tranquil coup d'état on the dying sovereignty of the night.

It has gathered supine strength in the wake of its hesitant beginnings,
In rapid steep of time,
Maturing into bold, focused, yet measured power,
Morning has taken hold and begun its ephemeral reign.

The magic of its light has covered everything into pregnant quietness,
Spawning a billion hopes,
The possibility of possibilities,
An array of brilliant dreams,
A new clean life with unburdened past.

Morning is a new beginning,
With eternity at its wingtips,
An invitation for unbounded journey
To a knowingly unknown end,
Where traveling is more rewarding than the arrival.

Morning has the courage to break open,
Everything else it does is less important.