

Good Morning

Moths in the coat closet
texts on the cell
emails to answer
stomach from hell

First coffee in days
with a muffin and butter
I know I should not
but deny a brief shudder

My husband is calling
I take my first sip
Do I answer or not
It's warm to my lips

He wants to connect
I want to savor
Go out on the deck
delight in the flavor

I tell him what's up
He says 'go have fun'
So I check out the birds
and squirrels on the run

I try to be there
and settle and sit
I sip and I breathe
but my brain's in a twit

My eyes dart around
then make their way up
and what do they find
as I hold my warm cup?

Good morning moon
you vague crescent sliver
framed out by an oak
I sigh, almost quiver

Then I hear a high squeal
in the redwood beside
a rustle and flapping
it comes out and glides

A huge redtail hawk
takes off from its perch
heads out to the canyon
in its morning search

Flies under the moon
and behind the great trees
It circles a moment
then picks up the breeze

My eyes and my heart
have to follow its flight
And finally the morning
is beyond a delight

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