

Good Day.

I hope you all have time to listen to at least one bird singing today.

At four this morning, I woke up, and all was mellow inside and outside my cabin in the woods. I could hear the faint singing of birds piercing the darkness of the morning.

My eyes were drawn up towards the tops of the tallest pine trees, where it appeared to a half-asleep me as if dawn was waving to me through the still-dark branches. As I watched, I realized the wind was blowing those branches, but I smiled, and I thanked this earth for being the perfect illusionist. Or was it? Perhaps that is precisely how dawn waves good morning!

I watched as the sun's still-faint light continued to wave good morning to me through the branches of the pine trees. The birds' singing had reached its crescendo.

At five I got up and out of my cozy, still-warm bed, and I was smiling.

Written by Peter Skeels © 5-29-2024