

## Layers of Morning Sun

*I walk at first in darkness  
then see the crisp blue falling  
and a white mist rising.*

*Heavy is my heart.  
Not one to accept the beauty here.*

*A frosted plane of crispy leaves extends in front.  
The trees make rusty red impressions,  
silhouettes against a purple gray sky.*

*I wonder how to hold this thought  
and ask if it could be made into an object.  
Then I let it go.*

*In ignorance I walk  
until a fox rustles ahead  
and makes me see the bird at my feet.*

*Actually, there are many birds here.  
Small birds and big birds  
and also squirrels.*

*I smile,  
realizing ,  
they will stay for the winter,  
and continue walking up the path.*

*I arrive at the high tower  
to look upon the city  
in the hope that in the multitudes  
I would find a place for me.*

*What I find instead  
the embrace of steamy white air.*

*Separate and cold, I feel alone.*

*Then as I step to leave,  
a black white tree extends to greet me.  
It is just perfect and blends with the sky.*