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Sunrays

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Sunrays

Andy Simon

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About the window pains frost licked
Before the sun could force its way in
Coupled with the rotting caulk along the sill
Deviant gusts blew in and chilled
Every sleeping soul who pulled on the covers
Feeling lonely the wind filtered through the
Garden and writhed against aging glass into a
Home looking for someone to keep
It company for
Just the small space of time between the
Keen warmth of morning and the
Laconic shiver of predawn.
Melting across the verdant keep
Naming each fern and sorted elm
Opening the budding morning glory
Parting the horizon in violet and heat
Quick to startle a curled deer and its
Resting mate to their nimble limbs the
Same sun blinds an eyelid-less
Trout who scurries for shelter
Underneath the riverworn stones washed
Velvet smooth by the
Waters unrelenting currents acting as a
Xenagogue for the wandering caddis
Yellowed by the beating decent of a sun at its
Zenith.