

Morning Light

Estée Arts Crenshaw

That dark matter that fashioned us, days later
Made light by command, what voice, I wonder
Could shake atoms into place and stir invisible
Waves through the air, as something we cannot see
Allows our eyes to perceive what would otherwise
Remain surfaces and rhythms and shapes.

There is a time each morning, when the sun's spectacle
Whispers its rays over the mountain peaks
And nudges our dreams until we wake, I wonder
When we lie still in the dark, knowing it will come
Knowing we will soon see by it, that aged familiarity
Recognized as if we were there the first time.

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