

This morning sky is an ocean
of undulating orange light
to wake the world,
and if Atlas was condemned
to hold up the heavens for eternity,
surely it couldn't have been a punishment
with skies like these.

What must the birds think in the treetops
bathed in this dazzling dawn?

I listen to their songs
in this outdoor concert hall
with special lighting and sound effects.

Will the light through the children's windows wake them
and make them hungry

for marmalade, cantaloupe, or tangerines?

Atlas would've called his bearing of this morning's sky
a sweet burden,

6 delight