Just Past Sunrise

I woke up and went outside,  
where the dawn had already frosted over the clouds,  
and the little birds had already found much to chatter about.

The glowing nighttime cold had brightened and crisped  
and the raindrops strung among the trees  
chimed like little bells in the morning wind.

And I resolved that tomorrow,  
I would wake earlier.

So that I might watch the darkness melt away,  
and feel the waking sigh of the air,  
and stir into being  
alongside the world.