

Inspiration Morning

By Bonnie Dickmann

Let me cut this moment from the cloth of time
Slice it with fiery sunrays
And post it on the grey flannel of my memory.

This moment when
Seagulls rise on the breath of summer
Their calls piercing the lilac quiet of morning air.

Let me remember the cool grittiness
Of the sand massaging my toes
And how the air feels wet on my skin.

And never, never let me forget
That first peek of lava sunlight and how it
Warms clouds spun from lake waves.