

## Every Summer Morning

Alarm jangles,  
dreams fade  
To brittle mist.  
Stumbling out, cat whines.  
Iams and filtered water for him,  
Yogurt and Caribou for me.  
Watch the news  
Check the mail,  
Don my Nikes.  
Meet the morning.

In the driveway robins rejoice,  
Half-grown bunnies dart  
Under evergreens.  
Feeling my pace,  
I stride out.  
Breathe in Russian Olives,  
Exhale Peonies.  
Breathe in dew,  
Exhale earth.  
Neighborhood wakes.  
From inside fences  
Dogs woof their daily warning.  
Joggers pass me.  
Brotherhood of morning-lovers.  
We embrace the routine  
Of greetings.  
Realizing home,  
I exhale a last lilac  
And enter my day  
Renewed.

## First Thing Monday Morning: A Haibun

I envelop myself against the snap of dawn air. Stepping briskly against time, my Reeboks eat the sharp red pebbles underfoot. Heart pounds, right hip aches a bit. Two miles from home I regret my groggy decision to make this journey. Low gray clouds promise rain. I press on. Wind sharpens its bite. I press on.

Why am I here at 6 A.M. on Monday morning? Is there magic in the morning walk? Will life be better, longer, stronger, happier? Seriously I question. Now, right hip is threatening a moratorium on exercise. Lift my head. Mysterious bars of a perfect rainbow lead me up and out of myself. I turn a corner.

*All colors required  
Making lighted wisdom of  
The prudent rainbow.*