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I have often been asked what kind of day inspires me — to which I reply, in all sincerity, and with a slight smile — “each day”. But even the rantings of a delusional man have frame and focus — it is simply a question of what optics are used to view the words. Therefore, I can confess, and acknowledge, that it is the *beginning* of each day that stirs the spirit in a way unique to all others. Mornings are of unsoiled birth. The activity and toil that await the coming hours have yet to encroach with their impulsive variations — and beams of liberated possibility cascade in angles across the frost laden grass and gently caress, to consciousness, the cedar clad structures that lay in wait beneath.

I have a window adjacent to my bedside. It is one that is far too modern — noticeably devoid of mullioned embrace and lacking in all evidence of creation by human hand. But its sterile origin is forgiven by the breadth of its oversized canvas — as it wedges two large casements with a thin strand of pine molding in desperate grip. It spans a solid six feet and provides a faithful mirror on the advent of each new day and across all seasons. This perspective removes the uncomplicated distractions of ground and earth — and I stare straight at the heart of a thick stand of reaching oak, ash, and maple that appear to be in a competition for distance and agility but not strength and stamina. They are soaring, slender, and fluidly beautiful and move with a unified grace akin to the sway of catkins in a crowded marsh. They create a massed canopy that appears like an overindulgent Moses Eaton tree-scape — stylized, smooth, intricate, interwoven, arching — a timber spider's web of branch and leaf. Light is captured by the rear guard in a manner that seems to defy the laws of refraction — as amber sunlight flows freely over those at the end of the line.

The arrival of morning is a blessed time of simple ritual and predictability. Sound hangs still like the rich inertia of air after a strong summer rain. . Movement is muted and soft and barely touch the ground.

🌿 Repetitive 🌿

🌿 Soothing 🌿

🌿 Silent 🌿

🌿 Welcomed 🌿

The heart's furnace rumbles with life and spark — restful and relaxed. So I am eager to be the first to remove the evening's groggy coverlet and travel into a conversion of darkness to daylight.

I gaze at my children from their doorway, struggling for illumination, their peaceful and unadorned sleep reflected in their deep calm breaths and pure velvet skin. They are breathtakingly beautiful — and it is difficult to find expressions to describe such things that do not have earthly measure. The subdued shuffle of my feet on the cold floor belays the undercurrent of family chaos as these dynamos of activity and vibrance conclude their rejuvenation. Even the animals seem to stretch their springs in coiled preparation of the day. The cats circle in restive, hungry anticipation. The earnest and exuberant dog, just eager to be involved. All living things seem to emerge — magnificent — harmonized — with a new found radiance, of shade, sky, and scent.

The rising smell of coffee is accompanied by the rhythmic patter of minute steamed drips. The evening's woodstove has burned low to ember and I am met with the ash heavy aroma of a dying fire that is mixed with the brisk, bold incursions of crystalline morning air as it attempts to crawl, unnoticed, down the chimney. The tiger oak floor creaks knowingly as early company arrives — and chatters incessantly as I work to renew the heat and hearth before my children wake. I have long loved the creation of a robust morning fire so as to embrace the children, in warmth, in fragrance, as they sleepily descend the long thin staircase and round the banister at its base.

The thick blue ceramic of my cup hold heat like soapstone. It radiates with perfection — dispersed in a manner that no mechanical regulation could equal. I alternate between long sips of this hot stout tonic and embracing, with both hands cupped, its container, like a large round precious jewel. The subtle heat warms my waking hands as I look out, contentedly, onto the morning scape of profound hues and shadows.

It is at this point, this vantage, this entrance — that all is truly at peace. That patterns, behaviors, and outcomes are within our control.

That possibility and promise rise
with the deliberate and unhurried brilliance
of the sun
in transition

