

Bed

*Thank You
for the Morning*

PALE-FINGERED dawn does not explore,
As yet, the black of winter day,
Though early-morning traffic's roar
Is already holding sway.
Street light glows on bedroom wall,
But that is all.

Beyond the coverlet, I sense
A day that's bleakly here to stay.
I inadvertently commence
Wishing it would go away.
There's no prospect that disarms,
Nor any charms.

But duvet doubtings quickly fade,
And gratitude sweeps warmly in:
How *dare* I skulk and be dismayed?
The fact I'm watching day begin
Should be sufficient not to sneer:
It means I'm here.

How many, Lord, at close of day,
Found, unforwarned, a grateful sleep,
From which they've wakened not and stay
In chill repose while loved ones weep?
What instruction did you give,
That I might live?

Bed

The ploys of Death are multi-faced.
It casts its net, both day and night.
It comes sometimes with undue haste,
So gently, that it meets no fight. . .
Yet You have let me, Lord, defy
The ways to die.

My hapless trust was placed in You
Without a thought, come pillowed night.
Unprompted, You have brought me through,
To wait for day's reluctant light.
Charmless? Man was never born
To scorn the dawn.
