

Idle Thoughts
Dawn Watch

WHEN dawn, pale-fingered, paints her first-flecked cloud,
And bag-pack dark goes on its global way,
The early-bird observer sees a shroud
Soft-lifted from the face of new-born day.

Vanquished night slinks off in disarray.
With pale dawn's hope, the birds praise gentle morn,
As skies escape from black to pink-tinged grey,
And lark-rise watchers see a new day born.

And roof tiles shine and brickwork seems to glow
In mute response to heaven's bright new gleam,
While glinting bubbles dance and skip to show
Bright life's return in play on meadow stream.

And soon, bright life is brighter, fortified,
As golden rays stab skies beyond the hill –
Forerunners of the orb that will decide
To bake the day or else to hide at will.

It is not long before the sun appears
And bathes the land and everything in sight.
But will it stay – or justify the fears
Of those who think the forecast could be right?

It could become cloud-wrapped and lost to view,
While stair-rod rain mocks optimism's hold
On hopes that maybe there'll be just a few
Fine sun-drenched days before the winter's cold.

But if the grey returns, why, let us think
It can't be helped; that things will be all right –
And show we know that though it's lost its pink,
At least the grey is better than the night.
