

Idle Thoughts

Scene not Heard

SWEET morning, soft-suffused on pink-tipped hills,
Turns dawning-warming warning sky to red.
It's one of Nature's famed eye-catching skills,
But one I rarely see, as I'm in bed.

Its glories and its silence bathe the earth,
And sunrise unobserved is not deterred
Because I've slept and not enjoyed its worth –
But morning's mourned for being scene not heard.
