

Idle Thoughts
Sunrise

O AWESOME orb, you make your vaulted skies –
Your dawning-morning canvas – burn bright red.

But first, a feathered chorus tries to prise
A soundless-sleeping world out of its bed.

The prescient praise of birdsong gives their due
To glories soon to come, with shrilly sound;
And hiking on the hills, a favoured few
Rejoice that they have simply been around.

The golden-rosy rays explore each cloud
And give each fleecy form more certain shape,
And witness-man must cry his thoughts aloud,
Lest memory, unmanacled, escape.

What panoramic panoply endures!
How dare mere mortal show his self-esteem?
A miracle of majesty ensures
That where it shines, mankind's the merest gleam.

The red-eye flaming fulcrum of this show –
Extravaganza, multi-hued delight –
Has shone undimmed on puny earth below;
Scorched Stone and Bronze and Ice Age out of sight.

Though red-sky night precedes delight, they say,
Red-dawning morning warns of weather's ills –
And then the lovely promise fades away,
And greyness groups to shroud the pink-tipped hills.

But still it burns, this wondrous blazing ball
That warmed the dinosaurs that grazed.
And still it offers warmth and light to all –
So freely, that we've ceased to be amazed.
