

the early bird
by Sheila Koop

the earliest bird is up
before the sun takes her place
jittery stars have faded out
now the uninterrupted sunlight
appears in patches on the fence
hydrangea and cucumber vines crowd
together with blossom and fruit
we take coffee and check the weather
the tomato plants seem exhausted
flutter of shadow breezes through the tall maples

life distilled in a quiet morning