



A Summer Morning

Giant redwoods filter dawn's early light.
July fog haloes spotlights of the sun's early rays,
Surrounding each with customized rainbows.

Bees play musical chairs on purple lavender.
As hummingbirds dart amidst the flowers,
Sweet rosemary scents the air.

A majestic condor's shadow passes
Along ancient routes once lost,
Floating on the soft breezes of ancestors' wings.

White sheets of cotton clouds
Draw a blanket over steep cliffs—
They will depart later in the day.

The many eyes that have seen your beauty
Stare with equal and magnificent awe.
You are Big Sur.

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