

The Morning

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Dawn is spreading its pink and blue colours over the morning. Pleasant hues, with children playing and birds chattering. A light morning, without commitments, without waves, open to promises. Mornings don't speak our language and don't make the same gestures. They speak a language both simple and ambiguous, trying patiently to teach it to us. During one of these lessons, sitting on the bench, I learned a number of words which I repeat with pride to myself throughout the day. Tomorrow, I'll learn other words to widen my collection, and one day perhaps I'll compose a poem in the morning's language to be published in the journal *Morning Words*.

