

# Inspector of the Dawn

*by* Jerry Ratch

It is a strange world, dawn.

You may find yourself alone  
with your God, the old, and the  
young. Very likely a bird.

An old one out hobbling past on a cane,  
a small dog trotting from bush to bush,  
sniffing a pile of leaves,  
jumping back, startled at a leaf.

The new-born wailing from its crib  
until a breast fills its mouth.  
Other than that, there is only  
you and God, alone with your  
thoughts about each other  
in the mystery of awareness  
at the new beginning.

The long stretch of time  
between you and your essence.  
Nothing else but the chatter  
of the squirrel in the branches,  
the crow calling out its  
previous names.

