

A City Awakening

*Early this morning I sat outside
listening to the throb of life
To the sounds of a city awakening*

*From the drone of a lawn mower
and the purr of an amphibian
landing on the lake
to the roar of a jet plane
flying high in the atmosphere,
the throttle of a motorcycle in third gear,
and the swoosh of auto tires
all speeding to an unknown destination*

*And then in the quiet intermission of human toil
comes the song of the mocking bird
sweetie, sweetie she seems to call
interspersed with the woodpecker's tap, tap
and the crow's cacophonous caw
and did you hear the almost silent flap, flap
of those great hawk wings
as he settled on the fence?*

*The squirrels scurry,
chasing around the live oak tree
where at night the hooting owl often likes to tarry
and then the armadillo sniffs the air,
as she pokes her nose out from her bush
and I listen in the quietness of the hush
to make sure I don't hear
the shuffle of that big black bear*

*Instead I hear the soft pat pat of rain drops
dripping from the leaves
an aftermath of the early morning sprinkle
that came without lightning's crackle
and the gentle murmur of a breeze
strokes the tall palm fronds and ripples on the ponds
and plays along the grass tops
and even between the reeds*

*Then I hear the miniscule slither of the gecko
hastily see-sawing along a twig and as it snaps,
with the sound of a whip crack
the stillness disappears
and the most prized sound of all,
the orchestra of music they make together,
again begins to fall
upon an audience of listening ears*