

Girls/ Boys Poem: 11 years

“One Winter Morning”, by Ray Matthew

One winter morning when the sun
was muted by the lifting mist
I saw a dew-bright magpie run
along the ground, upon the frost,
with open beak brimful of song.

I stood within the circled mist
and watched his singing bring the sun.
I saw the glistening of the frost
cadenza with this trilling run.
The mist around us rose like song.

Like song the answer of the sun
gave back the world I'd thought well lost;
the magpie thinking this well done,
stopped singing. With head down-thrust
he nibbled dew. He raised his head.

The liquid in his bead he tossed
with such a flash of silver sun
it made me laugh, it made me thrust
my head like his. And that well done
the mist had gone. I raised my head,
and all around me moved the sun.