

MORNING



UNDER the velvet gloom of sleeping woods there was no sound. Wrapped in the impenetrable canopy of night the flowers and birds lightly dozed through the slow morning hours, until the faintest trace of paler blue blended upward in an arc above the low woods on the horizon to the East.

A crow awoke and sleepily sang its song, while away in the pines a noisy crow proclaimed the awakening hours for his black kindred in hoarse caws that broke harshly on the Morning peace. Gradually the fading blue spread upward and ran around the horizon to North and South. In the centre of the fan of light the blue turned to ash-gray and the gray cloud became streaked with faint, opalescent light at the edges.