
the glowing

each morning
I awaken
make coffee
cross the road
in front of my home
for the morning paper
road on one side
ravine, stream and forest
on the other

carefully moving back
avoiding morning traffic
I shift
away from a rushing world
into the glowing

it peeks between trees
reflects from luminous throats
of hummingbirds
shimmers
against a rushing stream
dances in morning fog
rising ghostlike
from the forest floor
becomes lacy white light
washing over everything
and me

having stepped back
across the road
I realize
how easily
the glowing disappears
when I lose myself
in an accelerated world

by

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