

Morning Sun

And where, morning sun, will you point me,
If indeed you point at all?
Could it be your glow is meant to be
Just a gorgeous fiery ball
That is merely for my raptured view,
Nothing more or nothing less,
Simply nothing to my life imbue –
Just a bit of nothingness?

But my every fiber seems to spurn
Any thought that you just glow
With no sky-borne lesson I should learn
And no inspiration show.
For your shafts of orange announcing day
As they flee horizon's rim
Surely pledge that I will find my way
As the orange departs from dim.

And where, morning sun, will you point me?
I believe you speak to all,
That your glow is simply meant to be
More than gorgeous fiery ball,
That your light is meant for more than view
As the dark grows less and less –
An enlightened word to me imbue
God's decree...no nothingness.