

A Beautiful Awakening
By Dan Shea

This morning was a beautiful awakening. The glowing Sun was peaking over the sparkling Prairie. Dew drops in this morning to bead sprinkles on the clover. The morning glory is climbing for joy. I should also mention the chipper of a couple lovebirds outside my window. For a new day is here and Mother Nature delivers to the world all her peace and beauty for those who wish to enjoy it.

My jeans still reflect the sunshine's freshness from yesterday's sunbath. They feel just like a thick layer of skin. No, I imagine they feel just as the layer of leaf that once sheltered a flowering bud. My jeans slide into place. Then on comes the long sleeve baseball shirt with a design that resembles a thought born on a boring day. I yield to a pair of semi-matched white sox and then continue with no despair. My tenny shoes are well broken-in. Yet, they still add a little bounce to my step as if I need one.

Breakfast consists of toasted wheat bread, peanut butter and Mama's home made jelly, and an ice cold glass of milk. Fruit is good, maybe even a couple of Orange and Grapefruit slices, better yet a bundle of white seed-less grapes bobbling in a bowl of chilling water. Satisfied were my stomach's needs and fulfilled are my desires with no contempt to any other part of me.

Then I am off and away. Flying one of the few contraptions made by man that seems fit for existence. Down by the river, I take a bike ride to the park. The trees shudder to a gentle breeze. Flowers are revived in their beauty when the sunlight makes it possible for an array of colors to be transferred to my line of thought. My eyes are warmed by such a miracle.

My eyes almost melt at another miracle of nature bathing in the river. Honest is the warmth transferred to my soul. I maintain control as I swoop in among the trees and shadows. A greeting is exchanged to continue the conversation from the night before. The subject does not matter. For friends talk of the weather and a change of a couple degrees would fill two books of notes and tales.

At last man and his mate flow together. A river flows in the same manner. Nothing is perfect. Yet, nothing is as spectacular. And so it continues with nothing to intervene. This river of love never ends; it just keeps on flowing.