

## A Day Of Me

A blue crack  
probes my consciousness  
one eye opens  
seeking the dream intruder  
pre-dawn light leaks  
gently into the room  
dancing in among the dust.

One brave toe  
tests the air  
    cold  
and retreats quickly  
underneath worn quilts  
that smell of pine  
and childhood  
stitched lovingly generations ago.

One  
Two  
Three!

Limbs fly  
in the scramble  
to obtain new warmth.

Grandma's red wool sweater  
itches as it settles on my  
shoulders  
hat, rain boots, red with polka dots  
my favorite  
caked with yesterdays mud.

I pause  
a curl of steam  
escapes from parted lips  
fogging the window

the old oak door  
heavy and resilient  
takes all my effort  
to swing open.

I welcome the new day  
arms flung wide

to greet THIS  
this day  
this life.

Humming my theme song  
I skip contentedly  
over the ancient rolling hills  
lush and green from  
drenching spring rains

gulls cry noisily overhead  
practicing acrobatics  
pink tendrils  
stretch through the dawn  
like spotlights in the  
misty unknown.

Slippery, black, smooth  
the ocean caressed stones  
greet me  
the perfect skipping  
grounds

spring ice  
gigantic  
forbidding  
awe-inspiring  
powerful  
creeps by  
eyeing me

I look funny  
on the surface  
of liquid glass

a well placed stone  
ripples me into oblivion  
laughing I run away.

The wind whispers over the water  
and a new day rises

Beauty dominates this place  
in every moment  
under each mossy rock  
on the glassy frigid water

in the sharp cries of the gulls  
over the ice,  
in me.

Yes beauty  
Lives  
In me  
Because I am a part of  
ALL THIS

-Jessica Lewis