



Poof! The skies switched sides,
nicely, as polite skies do.
I love those guys.

The quiet light flipped from west to east,
and the dark dodged from east to west.
They changed places, like some cases,
and the shadows now leaned west,
and some water phirpled, and
the morning bird chirpled *tweedly deedly deet*.

Suddenly, it was warming up,
and the wind said *wh*.

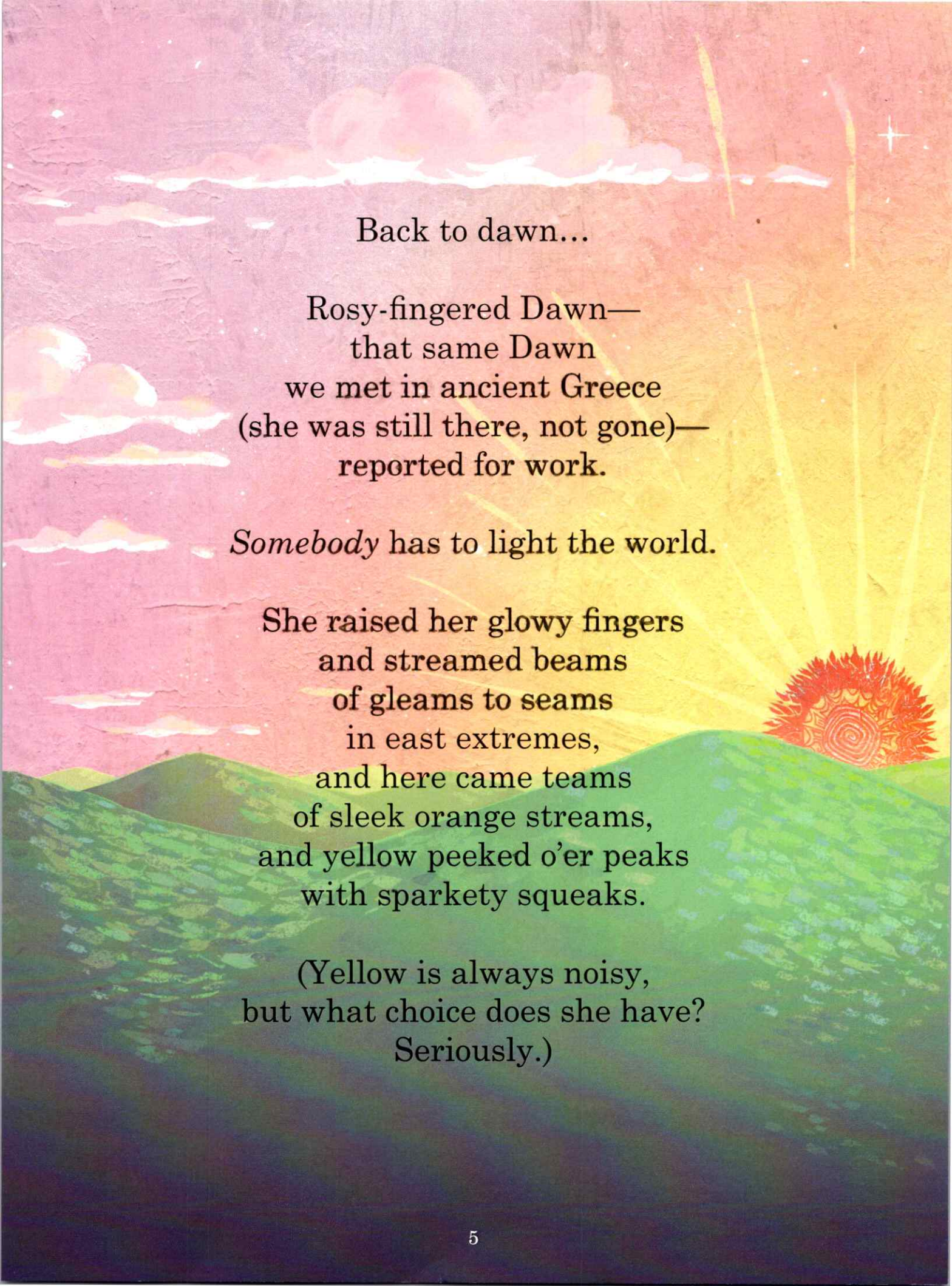
A peaceful morning breeze
puffed Poodle's nose.

Wait...Poodle's *nose*?

It is no use saying that
a chicken has no nose.
On this page, chickens have noses.
Read it for yourself.

(Don't blame us.
We don't make the rules.
They're like jewels.)





Back to dawn...

Rosy-fingered Dawn—
that same Dawn
we met in ancient Greece
(she was still there, not gone)—
reported for work.

Somebody has to light the world.

She raised her glowy fingers
and streamed beams
of gleams to seams
in east extremes,
and here came teams
of sleek orange streams,
and yellow peeked o'er peaks
with sparkety squeaks.

(Yellow is always noisy,
but what choice does she have?
Seriously.)



Crowds of clouds
grew orangey, getting brighter.
The tops of the clouds got purpley, lighter.
New blue beams
now slithered hither like snakes
to climb the sky.
High they swayed up there,
like aches of color.

A bird said something—
crik, I think—so that was good.

The wind said *wh*.
You can't stop him.

All the lights were turning on—
nice day.
You could always count on Dawn.

