**Morning Hour**

 In the early morning hour

a nippy breeze

 wrapped around my bare feet

 like soft gray cashmere clouds.

 My own reflection

 slowly materialized-

I was exposed, naked,

on a clear icy glass

 surface.

 Outside the frozen windowpane,

 an icicle boundary

 surrounded my view

 of the aging Douglas Fir.

I turned for a closer look

 through the silent porthole

 Quick movements

 in the shadow

 revealed

 one tiny ruffled bird,

 a solo performer

 hunkered down, deep,

 on snow-clogged branches.

 Inside this room,

 a blizzard-

 a scattering of words still lingered-

 Waited to be gathered,

 In a winter bouquet-

written on a page,

 in spite of the bitter cold.

 We have been here

for a thousand years

In the early morning hour.