***Easter Sunday Morning***

**The early morning choir twitters**

**Chirps deep inside the dusty bushes**

**accompanied by low, long mournful tones**

**of wheels turning against the pavement.**

**A hidden lemon chiffon sun brightens the sky**

**somewhere behind layers of melancholy mists -**

**softly warming the mahogany branches**

**of starkly naked springtime trees.**

**I made no special plans for today-**

**no periwinkle blue shoes or silken amethyst dress.**

**Instead, I recline on soft linen pillows**

**and write on ashen journal pages.**

**Tranquil. I listen and watch.**

**A gloomy opening of a hillside cave**

**dances through my thoughts.**

**From somewhere in the Eastern world,**

**stories of old dreams continue to be told.**

**I contemplate the meaning of this day.**

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