**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.