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Laurie Jones

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THIS TIME OF LIFE WHEN MORNING TOUCHES NIGHT
Laurie Jones

This time of life when morning touches night
There is no quiet and there is no sound
There is no darkness and there is no light
When the paths of the sun and moon pass 'round.
The grey fog disappears to dew on ground.
The sky and clouds, what season will they bring—
Listen to the wind and leaves fallen down,
Beckoning calls from birds who rise to sing,
Symphony of music from crickets wing.
I turn to wake, to see it's not a dream
And wonder what this newborn day will bring,
A sense of change is certain so it seems
But every moment is this, and I smile
The unknown, untold makes life worth the while.