

The Start of the Day

Morning is
Birds calling to the world
Wake up time
Is just the right cool
After a hot South Carolina spring night
Where clouds forget
They're supposed to match
And the trees have the houses surrounded
Thinking we're an enemy target
Cars are sleeping, waiting to go
Some leave early before dawn
Others leave at eight o'clock sharp
And all think back to the first day
Rocks wish to tell their ancient stories
All leads to buses beeping
And kids in despair
The last day of school coming fast and slow
Book bags cry for help
As they sling across the backs of children
The mailbox waves goodbye
And the stop sign blows a stern face
At the newbie post light
Trying to remember that it's day
The sun yells that it's wasting electricity
Also that it's coming out of it's check
While the criminal tries to assassinate a lily
Cops yell for him to back away
All stop.
And think to the birds and their childish minds
Being annoyed that they missed
the start of the day.