

Exquisite Morning

By Holly Lisle



Went outside just minutes ago (to dump trash—how mundane). The air was crisp and cool and smelled sweet with the hint of damp earth and green things growing; the dawnlight on the horizon barely pinked. Roosters crowed, frogs cheeped, and one mockingbird sang with real vigor. In the cloudless sky, Venus and Mars (I think) sat low on my southeastern horizon. Breathing in was sheer pleasure.

Made moreso by the fact that I'm going to finish the book today.

Off to work, with my window open and the roosters still crowing my serenade.

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