Autumn Reflections

By Christopher Eric Bouchat

With coffee in hand, morning darkness upon the land,
On my desk I did stand.
I watched night transition into day,
Nothing could stand in its way.
Before sight is clear,
There is a heightened awareness to hear.
Birds rise early with chirps, crows and songs peppering dawn's air.
With eyes open or closed, I enjoy nature's musical fair.
In the distance a muffled hum of a small plane draws my sight.
Slowly it moves across my horizon, left to right.
As the sun's rays reflect, covering the sky.
Watching the plane escape my eye.
With attention captured amongst the clouds of white.
My face is washed with the blessings of light.
Glorious hues of color grace the full spectrum of the sky.
Humility amidst this vastness, one should not deny,
Orange radiantly pierces the eastern skyline,
Leaving darkness behind.
My coffee is soothing and reassuring upon my lips,
As my memory consumes these visionary clips.
Clouds move slowly from such a distance.
As the wind carries their puffiness with no resistance.
White, gray and translucent they move changing form.
So much inherent beauty in clouds without a storm.
Such heavenly visions amongst the baby blue sky.
May you look up and enjoy such blessings, as I.
Now the tress show their tinge of orange, red and yellow.
Adding to my peacefulness making me mellow.
Thoughts of my day ahead,
Meeting to attend, what will be said?
Tranquility of the morning should begin your reflections.
Nature's gifts dance inside your mind in multiple directions.
Drifting across the visual and audio stimulants abound.
One's relativity to it all can be found.
Like the rays of the sun, love songs of the birds or reflections of the heavens,
You as well add joy to the scene.
Just stop look up and around for you too shall glean.