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Morning Coffee

We set the pot at night for ten cups
Of dark roast, coarsely ground coffee
To perk at first light, when the sky is all
Blue-black ink splattered
With even darker blots
Of trees reaching and spreading
Thickly downward
And thinly up and outward
With dancing arms and fingertips that
Spread minutely, infinitely
Into lighter shades
Of blue-black, bluer, and bluer
As I arise earlier than I have to,
The sure fragrance of ground coffee
Still on my hands,
To watch the automatic writing
Of dawn spelling the day,
A nice, hot cup of coffee
Firmly set in my lap,
Two little dogs firmly planted
In soft blankets beside me.
The first half hour
Of my days starts like this:
Dreaming dogs basking
In the warmth of their own bodies
As my dreaming mind
Drifts into the first notes
Of day
As cardinals alert the waking wood
That dawn comes again
And the air will warm and lift us
With the light; we are alive,
And soon there will be
Sunflower seeds and millet
An anonymous gift
From a humble servant
Of birdsong and light
Who, like you,
Awaits the return
Of substance to life
The feathers that carry our dreams
Ever onward and up.