

A Camping Morn by George Miller

The fire pit has been made
The kindling has been laid
The match was put to the dry, dry wood
And the flames began to play

The fire now is burning bright
The coffee pot is on
It is the way to start the day
On this cloudy, misty morn

The quiet of the darkened night
Flowed back thru greyish mounds
The moon was playing hide and seek
With drifting wispy clouds

A shadow blanketed the camp again
Closing out the morning light
The breeze then chased a leaf down hill
Like a windblown handmade kite

The icy hued moon was sliding
It soon would leave our sight
The hope for sun should soon come about
From this sharp and frosty night

And from the sky quite unexpectedly
Came rain drops as big as grapes
It pattered through the shroud of trees
A whooshing sound it makes

The raindrops hit the burning logs
With a hissing reptile sound
That caused an apparition of pure-white smoke
To eerily hug the ground

As fast as the rain began to fall
It just as quickly did dismiss
And launching shafts of sunlight
Replaced the lingering patchy mist

The sleepy woodlands did then awake
To the grandeur of a brand new dawn
And flitting through that peerless sky
The birds began their morning song!

