

Morning Prayer

by Susan Meyers

In this early hour, its undulations of blue,
let windows invite the day inside.
Let a rinse of light cleanse the salt air.
In the steady climb of more light,
bless the white boards, their sturdy purpose;

bring back to the limb the mockingbird
that flew with its borrowed song.
Let last night's whispers fall to the ground
and sweeten it, so the only voice heard
is a small complaint of wind.

As corners and shadows hold their secrets,
let all odd angles hold theirs.
Let the sun bless petals, the moon bless stones.
Let each kindness, hanging ready,
find a body to wear it.

In midst of summer, give promise of winter's fire.
At midday, bicycle the children safely home.
Let mothers feed them fish and bread and love.
Teach the old sky, the new grass, to sing.
Let the day's first leanings be toward gratitude.



Monday's Colors, a watercolor by Betty Hendrix

Susan Meyers grew up in Albemarle and Greenville, NC. Her chapbook, *Lessons in Leaving*, was selected for the 1998 Persephone Press Book Award. Her poems have appeared in *Asheville Poetry Review*, *Greensboro Review*, *Crucible*, and other literary magazines.

Betty Hendrix, whose watercolor *Monday's Colors* inspired this poem, works in various drawing media as well as watercolor. After raising a family and retiring from the corporate world, she moved in 1989 to the Pinehurst/Southern Pines area of North Carolina where she now pursues her artwork full time. She has exhibited in national and international juried exhibitions, including the 2001 Yosemite Renaissance, and has had three solo exhibitions and two two-woman shows.

To read other North Carolina writers who were inspired by works of art, see *NCLR* 6 (1997).