

Early morning still of day,
From frankness night to first sun way;
I chanced to stroll a morning walk,
Down to the town while god would talk.

And in the stillness morning mist and due,
The red vermillion aura sunrise coming a new;
The mellowness and softness of the love around,
Lies the clouds of water vapour settled quiet low from ground.

As on this special day through the morning,

Upon this Bega Valley day of dawn;
As if the Lord had died and rose in heaven,
And I to be like Him and waste time until eleven.

Signed,

A car goes by