

Morning--

I went outside. It was misty over the river, blurring out the hills across the valley. The birds were awakening, a soft cooing here, a cheep, cheep there. The towhee was whining, the robin was "Quirt-quirting", and the bob-whites were calling, here, there- and where. The tones were alert, quick, alive, a ringing call here, a winding, winning invitation there. "Get together, get together- all together. We're all of a feather!" So clear, ringing, so full of life, so full of the woods, the mist, the rain, the wet hills. "It's morning! It's morning, it's morning! Wake up! Wake up!"