

EMMA WOKE ME SOFTLY

Emma woke me softly, she didn't make a peep,
She slipped into my bedroom while the others were asleep.

She put her little hand in mine and tugged me out the door
And in that freshening brand new day we saw wonders by the
score.

We watched the early morning sun making diamonds on the lawn
And gaped as nature came alive in that coruscating dawn.

We walked barefoot on the grass, 'cause that's what Emma chose,
And felt the ticklish earth agiggle, 'neath our massaging toes.

We saw the sleeping trees awake from dark and drowsy night
And reach their many arms up high to praise the morning light.

The birds were dancing on the breeze and skipping on the wing
And the chipmunks, squirrels and little things all took their turn to
sing.

And clouds as white as cotton puffs expressed their mute applause
As bashful fawns and dogs and cats all clapped their hooves and
paws

And all the beetles, bugs and snails paraded two by two
To come and sit and watch with us the fairies sipping dew.

The flowers swelled ten times their size and waved before our eyes
To show the brilliance of their colors as if vying for a prize.

The rocks that shaped our garden wall put down their guardian
chore

And stretched and smiled and did a jig as we cried out for more.

And all the things not made by men then joined in happy play
As they rejoiced together in the coming of the day.

The beaming sun rose quickly higher, borne aloft by song.
It seemed the creatures' magic show might last the whole day long.

But then "It's late," sadly sighed the wind, "the magic time is o'er.
"They stir within the house," it said, and needed say no more,

For quickly wind and clouds resumed their normal daytime roles
And all the creatures scurried back to treetops, dens and holes.

The earth lay still and no longer laughed beneath our tickling feet.
The flowers withdrew their nectared perfume; the air was not so
sweet.

The rocks locked arms and squatted down and became a wall
again,
Shoulder to shoulder and mute as stone they formed the garden
pen.

"You mustn't tell what you have seen," whispered the parting
breeze

"For you'll not be believed. It gives their minds a kind of ease

To think that all of nature is just what *they* behold.
Imagination winds slowly down and cools as you grow old,

For when you age you won't recall the things that you have seen
The laughing flowers, the dancing clouds, and all that lies between.

These things that you've just witnessed are things to *them*
unknown

That *you* will not remember when you are fully grown.

Adults view nature through windowed glass or watch it on a screen,
They see the trees gesticulate but don't know what they mean."

Its wisdom passed along to us, the voice of nature now grew still
All action ceased, the beasts withdrew, all was placid on our hill.

Sleepy-eyed, the adults were up and stirring in the house.
Emma tip-toed through the door as stealthy as a mouse

But I'm too large to stay unseen, they spied me right away.
"Why on earth were you outside, when it was scarcely day?"

"Tell us what you saw," they asked, "when you should have been in
bed."

Emma and I exchanged a wink . "Nothing," is what we said..

I haven't told a soul till now but now I'm telling you.
You may choose to disbelieve it, you may think that it's untrue.

But what's seen in the glare of noonday isn't all there is to see.
What's seen through the eyes of a young girl's heart is true enough
for me.