

## SUNRISE AT HEDGEBROOK

It is beginning, and I stop to fill my cup,  
stoke the fire, watch the light above cedars  
celebrate with a declamation of consummate  
color bleeding to the top of the sky.

A scattered few ducks pend soundless  
like ellipses over a white sheet of fog  
hanging on an invisible thin line  
stretched out across this slight acreage.

Somewhere, a doe waits to bring her fawn  
out into the clearing near the pond. I do not  
know where she comes from. I do not know  
how she knows she can move so blatantly  
here. I have not seen her, but I am told she comes,  
and I hold her image — here. I *do* know the quiver  
of her flank, muzzle first breaking the cold pond.

– Trecia R. Greene

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