

Tennessee Dawn Mountains

Colors. Streaming out from the slither of sun barely peeking over the pine. Pine trees swaying in the gentle breeze. Dawn is reaching over the mountains. The Brook. Welcoming Dawn with low mumur as it dances through the steep mountains reaching the clouds. Puffy white clouds. Parting so that you can see the sun wriggle to announce a new morn. I smile, the ends of my mouth turn up ear to ear. I smile at my invisible friend. She is mine. Only visible to me! Squelch. Squelching through moss. Muddy, cold, wet. Little splashes under our feet. Chirping. Chirping crickets. A chirping hum. Crickets hopping around my feet. Honey bees. Bees making honey. The sweet odor dancing around me. Make me long for it. Long to taste the sweet liquid run through my mouth and down my throat. Mountains. Steep purple mountains. Standing tall against the purple, and pink, and yellow, and orange, sky. Birds tweet. Swooping through the sky. Bringing worms wriggling to be free. All is quiet except-thump, thumpity-thump. My heart bumping in the silence. In the stillness. No wait, not my heart. The ground trembles from running. A horse. It's brown coat glimmering in the sun light. Wishing, wanting to jump the fence to gallop off into the wilderness. Mane whipping in the wind. The sun is high in the sky now, and everything is pulling me. Pulling me to go home. DO I have to? The warmth of the July air turns me around pointing me to the cabin. The sun has made it. Made it. Made it to a new day.