

The Sweetest Song

by Nicci Kadilak

I woke this morning
to the most beautiful music.
The skies were still dark,
the alarms silent,
my eyes blessedly closed.

Yet into my ears
drifted the sweetest song
as I savored
the last moment
of twilight.

I unwound myself
from my blanket cocoon,
crept into the hallway
towards the source
of the ethereal melody.

A sole light shone
through a cracked door.
I pressed my eye
slowly, silently,
so as not to interrupt the performance.

The light
and the music,
as it happens,
both came
from the same place,
the song
of the carefree spirit
to whom I gave birth,
reminding me:
mornings are a gift rather than a burden.

