

## **Morning Musings**

### **Ashleigh Winstead**

The starlit night is like Hades' black cloak slipping over Mother Earth.  
The stars themselves are like the souls of the dead congregating and begging for mercy.

Songbirds sing their spritely tunes as the dawn slowly creeps up  
Father Sky's back to sit on his shoulders and smile upon the world.  
Creatures, young and old, stir in their warm beds; nests made of love  
and safety that could, at any moment, be shattered by tragedy.

Sitting here, listening to the sounds of approaching dawn, I wonder  
what this day will hold for me and for the people in my heart.

I long to see the faces of those so far from my fingertips; to hold the  
love lost to me to the world of academia-to hug the grandmother  
waging war with the dark forces of the Underworld in order to  
survive-to hold in my arms the child from another country which has  
so mesmerized my heart and mind.

Lying in bed, I wonder what will become of my future.

Thoughts race through my mind, fear through my veins like an icy  
poison that will strike at my heart at the sign of any moment of  
vulnerability.

But a peace instills itself into my heart and mind.

A calm overwhelms the fear and anxiety, giving my lungs room to  
breathe in the sweet serenity of the Holy Grail that is Life.