

First dawn,  
 Homeric rosy fingered  
 flowing orange Brilliant as blessing  
 over heads and beads of ash and oak  
 stones, roofs, and hills  
 under the eves the small houses of sparrows  
 belted out a hymn  
 near the turret, in the branches, crimsoned  
 whole flocks singing with all their strength  
 with their small fluttering hearts  
 red winged black birds trilled colors  
 and encouragement  
 robins intoned while Sun  
 yellow-round-brilliance continued to rise  
 outward and visible  
 sacrament poured onto day  
 what a day!  
 what a day!  
 what a day!

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**Origami Poetry Project**


**The Wisdom of Birds**  
**Juliana Anderson**  
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They were already singing up the sun when I arrived  
 Pajamas and shawl  
 No ticket needed  
 For this performance  
 Knowing something was about to, well happen  
 listening  
 They were already, well it was...  
 It was concerted this...  
 Awakening, this symphony  
 was just every/where  
 filling every space  
 Singing up the sun  
 The sun pulling its weight  
 up slowly at first  
 just giving coat tails a view then  
 strands of light crawling up, on the knees as it were  
 Then a grand belly smack onto water,  
 immersion in the small salt pond  
 Spilling into the boat lane  
 between the breakers of the bay...  
 Spilling as wind from sails  
 Over onto trees behind the horizon and up  
 With hardly an effort

**AWAKENING**

**The Wisdom of Birds**

**Juliana Anderson**



**...every poem read makes this  
 a better world. - Peace, Juliana**

**EARLY MORNING SONG**

*Isaiah 50:4*

This morning before you woke the sun,  
 only the distant rain moved,  
 then you sang. Exquisite art,  
 A tune you must always have known  
 but as a stranger here, I had never heard.  
 Then you were answered distant but  
 echoing. What a surprise -  
 Distinct your complex innovation,  
 glissando, syncopation  
 jazz in earliest  
 hours while everyone slept.  
 Awake only by chance I could  
 have missed you,  
 clandestine in that perfect  
 tree the neighbor waters and I admire -  
 now your proscenium.  
 But show yourself  
 take the acclaim you deserve, take  
 a bow. Don't stay  
 hidden except for your elegant song

that ventures into the cool  
 night air.  
 What accomplishment,  
 your trill into silence -  
 such proclivity,  
 to me standing wordless,  
 listening as one who needs  
 to be taught early in the morning!  
 Better to listen  
 to think the ways  
 you put my own song to shame.  
 ii  
 clear song  
 yesterday  
 silent today  
 Silent the tree  
 Silent the air of earliest morning  
 Waiting for you

**YOUR SONG**

Your yesterday clear song  
 silent today  
 Silent the tree  
 Silent the air of earliest morning  
 Waiting for you  
 I know some other limb,  
 Some new branch is honored  
 by your song,  
 And I am alone.

**MORNING CALL**

*After Rumi*  
 Sleepy ones -  
 don't hide behind those thin lids  
 that block the spectacle, the fan fare  
 right now without your help  
 the earth is dressing in light  
 twenty gulls are bathing  
 as they voice their own chants  
 in the bay

the birch hosts chickadees,  
 thushes sing morning verse.  
 Why move back into the gray world  
 to dreams when pine, sumac  
 chestnut, aspen  
 quake as the sun moves across blue water?  
 Luminous  
 Do you remember last night  
 when the waning moon cut its way  
 into the dark after rain  
 the lake drew it out over the surface  
 even through stars  
 too numerous, the constellations,  
 a language you didn't know? Now wake,  
 wake to remember the brilliance -  
 glyphs under clouds just for you.