

## **Rise**

**By Kathy Lash**

The solitude of an early mornings rise  
Allows for peaceful accommodations of duties

Appreciating the cool calm air around me  
Breathing with the purposeful fulfillment of peace

I hear the refrigerator humming in the background  
Cars passing down the street in front of my house

I smell the sweet vanilla scent of my latte  
And feel the patient rise and fall of my chest with each breath  
As I ponder over what the day may bring  
And what my contribution may be  
to the betterment of society