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