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All While We Are Sleeping

Melissa Taylor

While we are not done sleeping,
The early day awakes.
Beginning up above-
As lemon yellow drips across the sky
Crimson bleeds into the clouds
Gold beams spotlight shadows
Radiating from their ever burning host.
Sweet orange is squeezed onto the horizon
As the fiery sunshine glows, no longer by itself:

Emerald fire begins to dance upon the ground,
Letting lime find itself in the early morning grass.
Ivy creeps between the smallest places
And jade paints itself into the leaves.

Sapphire jewels rain down
Falling into indigo waves.
Cerulean lakes shimmer upon a frozen land
As cobalt sheds itself into the depths
And navy darkness smudges everything.

All while we are sleeping.

The painter wakes up early,
Careful not to miss it all.