

## **Liferise**

### **bvitek**

How slow and subtle is the sunrise,  
already the wrong term to describe movement  
into a warming, spectral light.

Turning greens into yellows,  
treetop candles burning bright.

Shadows begin the morning announcements:

New Day!

Sun-slices populate the yard, illuminating grassy patches and lowland sky,  
dancing in slow motion,  
always in motion,  
giving breath to mortal life.

Every patch of sun on young Oak or Bishop's Weed  
wiggles and flickers  
no judgement,  
becoming  
sunweed, sunoak, sunlife.

Out textbooks have names for all of this,  
but in the time it takes for a solar pulse  
to travel Earthward from its home,  
there is felt comprehension of  
life's moving memory into light.