

## Alaska Sunrise

I watched an Artist brushing His canvas today  
using some local, available elements  
He brought with Him in the early morn'

The brilliant, background site seemed to heave  
marbles and rocks  
and geometric shapes of every kind  
growing out of the land  
just above and beyond the sea

With no apparent effort He swished His arm from left to right  
over peaks so jagged they appeared  
like shot arrows from a seeker's quiver

And with cream "whipped fresh"  
He sprayed their tops with delightful liberality  
(white puff, silvered in the just-born sunrays  
as it spread into an endless plane  
of jagged, fizzled fireworks  
everywhere squirting oranges and raspberry trim)

Like a passionate seamstress, He dashed fresh-spun cotton swirls  
against the fledgling blue sky  
and He pleated them like a million taffeta skirts  
deftly stitched at midnight  
in customized perfection  
and finished, just in time  
for their morning debut

And with the consummate finesse of a Dreaming Lover  
He caressed each one with kisses of peach dust  
and in a dramatic crescendo  
the sea ascended out of darkness  
and kissed majesty as majesty unfurled  
(silver arrows pointing endlessly  
to the relentless glories  
of an endless, celestial effusion)

Stroke upon stroke He blessed and stretched the heavenlies  
(radiant, variegated, as though they were  
the web of a master-spider's prize  
glistening, like a moist rainbow  
through its prised dew)

Our Sea Princess cruiser crawled ever northward through  
splendid waters, oblivious of "just another dance"  
of "just the latest version"  
of a new day's artistic splendor

As the Artist, largely ignored, lay down His quill  
and announced that "The Masterpiece"  
would, in moments, be only a memory