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Morning Walk

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Morning Walk

Kevin Howe

The morning path is hard and grey
Silent and cold from a chilly night.
The morning mood is oft the same
Slowly waiting some ray of light.

The morning pace is brisk and lively
Treading easy on the heels of sleep.
The morning mood, it starts out slower
Casting about for a thought to keep.

The morning town is slowly stirring
Paying no mind as two men stride.
Sharing, laughing, fretting, complaining
Two gaits, two lives, side by side.

The morning walk is full of gifts
Muscles moving, stress unfurled.
Bellies lose the weight of sloth
Shoulders lose the weight of the world.

The morning walk was once a chore
Time and distance logged and measured.
But a friend fell in with step and story
And now the walk is a memory treasured.