

Original Poetry
By
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Morning Marvel

Occasionally, I wake early in the hours of daylight,
A peckish aura descends upon me.
I arise from slumber and approach my golden chariot.

My chariot passes along the vast road, verdant life on either side,
Sailing along a hard curved path,
And down the lane with life thriving all around to my goal.

The blue roofed steeple appears on the horizon.
How I long for this sight!
I pull into the vicinity to halt and enter the citadel.

I am escorted to the throne for voracious visitors,
Gifted with a cold beverage.
I make my demand and anticipate my desire.

It comes: a tower topped with snow-white goodness,
The warm fluffy yum stacked high,
All deliciously drenched in sugary tree goo.

I came hungry. I leave happy.