

Stopping to Smell the Bacon

The morning sun, in all its' glory,
Melts frost and dew away.
The flowers stretch and open wide
While blue and red birds play.

The quiet of this morning song
Gives way to a world now waking.
In the distance, a dog excitedly barks,
At the noise the children are making.

A big yellow bus announces its arrival,
As the brakes are touched with a squeal.
The door, with a hiss, opens up wide,
And gobbles the kids for its meal.

As the bus drives away, a new noise is heard,
From a tractor that has a bad cough.
But it's not long before the engine is humming,
And farmer and tractor drive off.

While the door is open to the world outside,
Letting in the sun's bright glare,
Clouds and trees make the sunbeam sway,
While the dust flecks float in the air.

The aroma of coffee drifts all through the house,
While bacon spits out from the pan.
The toast pops up as the eggs are frying,
And potatoes are turned over to tan.

His salt and pepper hair is standing on end,
And his pajamas are starting to fray.
I can't help but smile, and even giggle a bit,
His shirt is turned the wrong way.

The scent of the roses sitting there on the table,
Invite me to come and sit down.
I pull out the chair and lean in to their aroma,
And the sun warms the back of my gown.

He sits down to join me, and we take it all in,
As we begin this new phase in our life.
With my hand in his, we bow and we pray,
For continued blessings as husband and wife.

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