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Sunrise

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Sunrise

Anelia Shaheed

A gleaming speck surfaces above the horizon,
Ascending slowly towards the heavens,
Draping the cold starry night,
Chasing darkness into daylight

The blazing sun never fails to greet the sandy
eyes of the earth's surface.
It never fails to stir this small world's
creatures.

It is the most precious of all the earth's gifts.
It is the most perfect in the eyes of every
living being.
It is the beginning, the birth, the dawn of a
new day;
It is the sunrise of a new life.

Its tapered rays shimmer off the flowing
water's surface,
As the glowing light traces the morning birds
as they take flight.
The buzzing creatures stir around the
blooming blossoms,
As a hungry child clings to its mother's tender
bosom.

From a gleaming speck, all life begins,
An insignificant dot upon this small earth's
eastern rim.
Yet this is not what people see.
This is what we do not understand.
To humans, sunrise isn't the birth of another
day;

It is the dawn of work again.

Man does not see the murky tint that lurks
beneath the shimmering surface.

People cannot hear the cries of birds as they
flee from their homes.

Humans cannot smell the once fragrant
flowers that wither from poison.

We cannot perceive the tether of death from
which a child's mother struggles.

All that is perfect, all that is precious, all that
is life itself,

Have become worthless in the eyes of man.

We will never be able to fully see the single
tear drop upon the western sand.