

Morning Thoughts

[Gil Scott-heron](#)

The sweet smell of my lady's love
her body blending with my own.
The time when the world is dark and quiet
and we're alone:
near the precipice that separates
noise from peace,
the hint of an every evolving magic;
a precious place
combines and still confirms the space
the oneness and togetherness. And still a softer morning in March
a gift for me
from God with a darling face
and papa's eyes and Grandma's grace.
How there the light of
immortality shines
as wondrous fragile dreams taste light
and the slightest breeze for the first time.
And morning thoughts turn to smiles
to love to sunshine
to "Good morning'morning thoughts are of the storm
lightning flashing through the dawning sky
of Grandma's hand and younger day's of life's
discovery from behind the veil of her guidance
of the music that forums our
historical biography descriptive of precious heritage
of the aches and frustrations of city life blues
the threat of violence that provides the atmosphere
and observations from the balcony
of a "B Movie"
As (though) "all the word's a stage" morning thoughts begin
as Midnight black gives way
to morning cracks of sunshine
morning as a new day beginning
with all its bright interpretive promise
shine down then sunshine
on Zimbabwe
on El Salvador
on Namibia
on Poland

wherever a man would dare stand up
for a change
we were born at Midnights in the darkest time,
but surely the first minute of a new day givessometime near morning
there's a smile I really need
a chance to gather
our love together
and express everything we feel.

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