

***KANSAS SUNRISE (I)***

*First Impressions*

Kansas sunrise happening to me  
What a slow rising you seem to be  
Half a Sunkist submerged in grey  
Winter that loathes to let go of the day

Now you're hot, now you're cold  
Dubious rays of folly's gold  
A bit more light, a bit more heat  
Would make the fruit of your rising sweet

How tempted am I to spew you out  
Corn syrup in my Carib mouth  
But for a draught that sparkles, stings  
Like juice of tropic fields and springs

And yet I'm told you have your day  
To truly reign in a tropic way  
I'm told that you can make men thirst  
Make temperate humours flare and burst

But a-cooling is what you've been to me  
Since I travelled across my Carib sea  
Now like a mango half-ripe, half-sweet  
I hang in limbo unfit to eat.

by Denise Stair-Armstrong

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***KANSAS SUNRISE (II)***

*The Next Step*

Kansas sunrise, misty grey  
Night that loathes to give way to day  
Earthbound water and heavenly fire  
Tussling to rule, cloud the new day's desire  
To break forth upon the night of man  
So crawling we go to catch-as-catch-can

Striving we go to discern the intangible  
Loathing to take the one step that is possible  
Doubting that in 'the next step' we find  
The way that is open to sighted or blind  
Focusing on the grey swirl that is seen  
We reach forth our arms and embrace the screen

But earth takes its axis so soon night and day  
Make clear to the faithful plodder the way  
With light from above he'll steward the earth  
For the Creator's nature is shouting forth  
The Truth that draws the final line  
That determines our rise or vain decline

So Kansas sunrise, your cover is blown  
Your bushel of doubt is overthrown  
The next step' brings the piercing ray

That scatters your shades and brings forth the day  
And now through the dark like an arrow true  
Comes word by the song-bird the day's broken  
through!

by Denise Stair-Armstrong

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***KANSAS SUNRISE (III)***

*To Go Home*

I tried to go back home today  
But found I did not know the way-  
The hills too green or else too brown  
Smiles too wide, too severe the frown.  
Prepare the way for going back?  
With pen and sword there was a lack

A lack within a severed soul  
Island adrift without a pole  
A sea of grass , the biggest sky  
Must learn to fish or else I'll die  
Must find home in another's sea  
'Lone on the range's no place to be

To be's to find my family's face  
Within the wider human race  
For e'en this temperamental clime  
Can't keep sunflower from her time  
Or place in the sun, if only she  
Knows facing up's the way to be

To be's to catch an island dawn  
Upon a continental morn  
Then cast it back, its scales and all  
Those rosy frames now way too small  
To be's to look with naked eyes  
And thus to catch a new sunrise

Sunrise which shows new sunny ways  
To wield new lines , new temperate rays  
Which just as well dispel the dark  
In foreign or familiar park  
Capt'ring what's been hidden there  
From hasty hands or eyes of fear

Fear's not the fare to feed the soul  
That needs an anchor or a pole  
But lines that send roots deeper still  
Beyond one's private sea or hill  
That open up the great front door  
That say here's home and so much more.

by Denise Stair-Armstrong

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