

When Awe Strikes

By Carol Stephens

Watching him emerge;
He takes his first breath;
My grandson is born.

Overcome by the sound
Such magnificent music;
I stop playing and listen.

Sun breaks through dark storm clouds;
Golden fields of grain glisten;
A rainbow appears and I am humbled.

Drenched in its spray;
Immobilized by its power;
Victoria Falls.

My heart pounds, my eyes widen;
I'm nearly afraid to look;
Yes, Santa Claus was really here.

The once in a lifetime chance;
It's finally my moment to seize;
Coherent thought vacates my brain.

A mere ribbon, far below;
The river defines the bottom of the gorge;
Am I falling or standing still?

I'm rendered silent;
Muscles in spasm;
Did I just hear "Will you marry me?"

Mere feet away, crouched in the bushes;
Is he lying in wait or simply curious?
The unpredictable lion.

These unexpected gifts, lasting mere moments;
Seizing control of senses and emotion;
I am struck with awe.

