

# The Messenger

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## Morning

Doug Boyle

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**From:** Lauren E. Cormier <lcormier@richmond.edu>  
**Subject:** The Woods at Big Cypress  
**Sent:** February 06, 2000, 4:14 pm  
**To:** Messenger <messenger@richmond.edu>  
**Cc:** Zinc Design <etownsend@zincdesign.com>

*Bearded trees of moss and vines welcome me,  
Dancing to the rhythm of circles of pulsating congas and the soft moans of  
a digeridoo,  
As palm fingers wave with each breath of the sultry swamp breeze.  
Feeling like part of the swamp-forest myself,  
I tiptoe, on naked feet, embracing the soft black-brown mud beneath.  
Around stumps, or sprouts, of trees  
Straining as we do, pulling away from the earth to the heavens.  
The knobby things dot the dirt, making it a somewhat difficult walk  
Past people lounging lazily in hammocks hanging in the trees  
Or dancing along with the natural sounds  
And I come upon a skull, animal of some sort,  
Displayed by the Seminoles in some ritual.  
Borrowing their land for these few minutes or days  
I feel one, like them, with this beautiful world.*

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**From:** Doug Boyle <dboyle@richmond.edu>  
**Subject:** Morning  
**Sent:** February 09, 2000, 6:37 am  
**To:** Messenger <messenger@richmond.edu>  
**Cc:** Zinc Design <etownsend@zincdesign.com>

*I stir, yet she dreams still,  
And I take this time to watch.  
The perfect peace of her visage  
Complements perfectly  
The even tranquillity with which she breathes  
The new morning air.*

*I lean close to her face  
In order to know better  
Every feature of every feature.*

*I kiss lightly her forehead  
With half-intention to wake  
And I behold her eyelids slowly flutter  
Then open to reveal  
The blue sunrise of dawn.*

