

Nearly Dawn Fawn

Nearly dawn; sun's early rise.

Outside chill, a sweet surprise.

Doe rests down on springtime land.

Lumbers to a wobbly stand.

Gently balance her great girth.

Showing she will soon give birth.

Now she's moving, so serene,

into glen not to be seen.

Gentle breeze rustles new leaves.

Quiet noontime tender breeze.

Doe lies quiet not a peep.

Still among the forest deep.

Soon she knows her time to be,

Lying, breathing patiently.

Now, Doe and baby are as one,

curled up in the filtered sun.

Mother cleans her scent away,
protecting her for she might stray.

Newborn stumbles, stands up tall,
shaking legs, she mustn't fall.

Mother nurtures and beholds,
the wonder of new life unfolds.