

## **Early in the Morning**

As the dawn breaks over the chalky cliffs  
I walk past the weathered beach huts,  
With their faded life rings hanging on the doors

The bitter cold wind blows and the seagulls cry  
I look up to see a small flock high above me

Skimming stones, small ripples spreading then fading  
into  
A still, clear sea

Anyone behind me will only see my footprints, and  
The paw prints of a man's best friend

**K T**