The Wonder Test

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The seemingly still glow of an amber and garnet sunrise

Grows up fast and starts to dance

With the leafless trees in front of it.

Some low hanging clouds separate the strip of horizon

Like Morris code in amethyst and obsidian.

dot dash dot
dashing gems of sparkle and colour

that land on a snowy landscape of light

and ride now a piece of wind in whirling circles.

A perfect early winter’s morning

Crystalline!

What metric could argue that?

What measure, count its wonder-worth

In the eyes of this child

I teach?