

# The Chorus

Fog floats gently across the water

Blocking all else from view.

The first golden beams of sun

Stretch toward the sky.

Then a honk pierces the silence.

The feet of an egret skim the water.

A heron beats his wings.

Then all is still

Just as before.

The sun finally rises,

Its golden beams chasing away the fog.

Then a chorus starts,

Its melody greets the sun.

Thousands of tiny voices singing

In unbroken harmony,

Shattering the silence,

Stirring the stillness.