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.