

Sunrise in the underworld

by [Maurice Manning](#) in the [January 6, 2016](#) issue

The birds are singing their feathers off,
the grass is on its way to being
greener, so green it's almost blinding,
and the sun has lit the top of the hill
in front of the hill where the sun is rising.
You see, I live in an underworld,
it's beautiful and strange, but you must
be careful in an underworld—
it's not for everyone, the light
is funny, the shadows are almost backwards;
in the morning and then at dusk, it's easy
to think I'm living upside down.
Sometimes I do, regrettably,
but that's a human thing, and being
in a kind of underworld is good
for understanding the human thing.
It's also, weirdly, good for God,
it puts you in the mind of God.
I mean, some mornings you cannot stop
yourself from looking around and being
convinced there is a God who made
the world and I am living in it.
There must be something good in that.
One of my duties is to speak
of joy—in the face of everything
against it. I'm speaking of it now.