

The Morning's Resurrection

Settle down, walls bare wood take warmth grudgingly.
Clamour's end, firelight plays upon stone inset at the foot
Coats shed, tired candle wax-fed cancels wick
Pull curtains across black window-dreams
Sill beyond touch donning frost nightgowns to the brush of evergreens
Crackle coals to death in the deepening of breath:
A night's sweet hibernation.

Up at three, freezing be the blanket under which you lie.
Watch-face shine, ungracious time— black is the sky, the cold outside
Stumble to your feet and exeunt your sleep, take flashlight and coat into the night
Feral forest—night terror—broken bulb—the slippers-wearer
Groaning finds the door and finds his cot, shivering returns unto the dreamless age.

Rise, walls in fading dawn-grey light the waking way
Hushed voices and opening of doors, slow awareness waxing; senses cancel sleep
Pull curtains back and enter Sunday, trade nightclothes in for sunny revelling
The wakers alight upon their feet and their hopes
Usher sunrise into being to the songbird's life-work:
The morning's resurrection.