

Fall 1973

## Morning Song

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## MORNING SONG

Sunday morning:  
like a brittle seed pod  
the cabin trembles beneath the storm.  
The radio plays nothing but church services,  
weather reports, church music  
loud and dim.

All is holy this morning.  
All is wet and holy  
and the empty shoes  
are pointing toward the door.

A spider lands in my hand:  
together we fall asleep,  
floating back to that unfamiliar shore  
where the deer come down to drink at evening  
and the winds have never felt a man.