Dawn Poem

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Dawn Poem

I.

Night has no more line,
it hangs.

In fields around
the Shenandoah,

new snow will lay
just as it has fallen
until the horses are led out.

II.

The first sliver of sun
so small it seems only
a molten grain

of abyssal sand,
stone worn over
eons to a tiny flick

of grit, not by water's
movement but by its weight.

III.

Slowly, the hills
declare themselves.
IV.

An old man walks rows of vines. He bites a little bud of green grape, tastes the overnight frost and remembers clearing this slope.

If I never had, he thinks, the fieldstone now would all be edged in pink.