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.