

Dawn

Michael Clay Thompson

Night, that shady coward, was slinking down the mountain.
He always ran from her.

In the field by the forest, she saw the people waking,
black spots in the gray chill,
their fires orange sparks against the hill.

She heard the clinky clatter of pans and spears,
the horses' voices hooeying.

She'd give'em a show this morning.

She crept close, looked down at her fingers;
they began their slow glow—red, redder—
crouching behind the hill she stuck her left hand up
above the trees, and woooooo, the beams leaped up the sky,
and then the right hand, high—and held them out together,
wiggling fingers, streaming beams, and wow,
now they'd know that she was here, all right.
She held both hands out, fingers wide,
and gleaned away the night.

Based on the
Greek myth of
rosy-fingered
dawn.

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea,
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Christina Rossetti