



2000

## Hour of Paasage

Ben Mitchell

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# Hour of Passage

⌘ Benjamin Mitchell

Even the owl is silent in my hour of passage,  
Watching me perhaps but saying nothing,  
The morning and its mist are a sphere  
Around me and nothing is stark.

    The black cedars are calling.

Slim white pillars vaporate all around.  
The aspens... white upon white.  
Everything wet and white and muffled  
Except the cedars. They are the black ones  
    And they beckon.

The trees of bondage have shade in shadow,  
Deep pockets... silence upon silence.  
Entrance demands awe.  
They stand and sprawl and twist strangely