



2000

## Come Morning

Stacey Shcolnik

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## come morning

⌘ Stacey Scholnik

I have felt the fire,  
set ablaze by hell's fist or heaven's fingertips.  
The constancy of fury and faithfulness -  
flames licking the rim of passion,  
consuming the moment... hour... day.  
    Only the embers burn come morning.

I have drank of the waters,  
sipping the goblet or gulping salty waves.  
The baptism of soul and stealer of breath.  
cleansing torrent, eternity's endless well -  
a muddied taste, the world's own cup.  
    Only to wake to the wanting of a drink.

I have dreamt the dreams,  
spun in golden thread or scribbled with blood.  
Reflection which no mirror can recreate -  
And even memory refuses to reveal.  
Damnation's darkness or a glimpse at glory.  
    Only fades away with the uprising sun.