Hour of Paasage

Ben Mitchell

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Hour of Passage

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 while 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