2000

Hour of Paasage

Ben Mitchell

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Recommended Citation
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Keywords
Poetry

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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 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