

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.