Forces

Volume 2003 Article 14

5-1-2003

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Dallie (2003) "To The Morning," Forces: Vol. 2003 , Article 14. Available at: https://digital commons.collin.edu/forces/vol2003/iss1/14

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To The Morning

Dallie Clark

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psalm 30:5

Morning light
Is a foreign, unreachable place
In this night that lingers
Long and parlor quiet.

In night's charcoal caress,
The bruised soul left behind
Timidly settles
Into unknown rooms.

Yet morning's weightless
Light is strongly sheer
And satisfying against the heavy
Drape of night.

Morning may duel gently, But its tepid rhythm rules Over midnight's icy hold, Over its hapless, uninvited grief. Believe, then, my aching friend, That morning's tide Persists - and the rising Of its golden head

Among the angels promises rescue.

