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Untitled

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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.

