

On Yielding: A Winter Morning

The cooing of the mourning doves
Cuts through charcoal sky
And hidden from the frost above
The hushed creatures comply

As the stifled earth is slowly pierced
The winged choir swells in song
One bulging light steadily clears
The night from nature's throng

Even the glistening blades of grass
Sharply clad in icy steel
Lie bare, stripped of their coats of glass
And bend as if to kneel

And all the watchful ground succumbs
To the faintly colored striations
Of the coming dawn