

## **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