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Morning

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Morning

Not dark, but gray was the sky
As I stepped off the first bus running;
My dull stupor sure of one thing ---
My flower, now cold and dead.

I saw the master bedroom light,
As I entered, bleeding terribly
Across the hall floor into me.
A song played, stirring memories.

I trudged toward my room,
My foot flooded with the wake,
And stopped. I could not break
The cascade of light.

I sat in resignation,
To watch the city waking.
Their lives I was making
From my tower window.

Across the street was a park
That was too clean to be afraid,
Where lonely men now live and then made ---
A legacy I chose to ignore.

I wanted to sleep,
Alone in my room
Ready to break
The terrible wake of light.

The 12:19 cease-fire ended the gathering.
Friends that knew much of each other
But little of life, were always ready to smother
Each other's bedtime stories.

My life and conscience gave way when I saw her.
The room cleared before she said, come with me,
And my limbs framed a fearful symmetry
Again, alone in that dimly lit room.

The beam moved
Cascading the floor
Covering more and more
I had to break...

Talking for hours, I chose not to hold him
As he suddenly wept.
The stairs were swept but the filth was unkept
And he lost his faith that night.

And I chose not to hold him.
I stared stupidly at the floor
The floor...
A legacy I chose to ignore.

I couldn't stop the slumber, infesting my brain,
And knew I had to break the beam.

The beam grew and consumed me
And a breath of scotch, through the light,
Came to linger and remind what might,
What could, but because of me, never would.

The flower was still clutched in my hand.
The song was still playing.
With the rising sun defining the night,
She traded me nothing for a cascade of light.

Randy Baker, RC '96