

PRELUDE

Sunlight grows and yellows
warming the air left cold around
the blankets

in the morning.

Like the smell of an old book
it instructs you silently to investigate.
Less than a whisper, but a deeper pull
The dark undertones
of a mourning dove's lament float from
power lines.

You rise slowly with a hush in your voice
a hush in the walls and the
soft translucence of the misty windows.

You take shape here
in this strange prompted silence.
Not yet ready to speak, but eager to
listen, as a lone man listens for a
faraway note in a street
to lead him in the vague direction of a song.