Dawn

John P. Graham*
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Abstract

sometimes in the morning when it’s still and silence is the only noise before the town turns on and the people put on their day faces, it creeps to my window out of the black and catches me off guard so i realize that nothing will invade my room and welcome my day and mix my heart to the lack of love..
Dawn

by John P. Graham

History, Junior

sometimes in the morning when
it's still and silence
is the only noise before the
town turns on
and the people put on their day faces,
it creeps to my window
out of the black and
catches me off guard so
i realize that nothing
will invade my room
and welcome my day and mix my heart to the
lack of love.

in the minutes of pre-dawn shadows
as the sun slowly lifts the facade
of night and regretfully
points its fingers as if to say it's
sorry for what it's doing but
i'm the only one and there are many others
who don't see my darkness in day
and that perhaps if
i close my eyes i also can miss
the dawn.