Early

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Early

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*English, Soph.*

Silently, the urgent wheels of morning
Glide across the fractured sky.
The trees hang hollow in the red shadow
Of a sun half-born,
Leaves dancing in the unshaped vision
That flirts with day.

The birds sway
In the indomitable dawn
And are gone
Down the morning and on
Into the waiting sky.
The ground waits
Uselessly its fate
Of sweeping rays of sun
That come and are done
In a few short clickings
Of man-made machines.

And yet,
Still,
As in the days before
The bearing of life bearing life,
Time,
Which we count immortal,
Depends only upon
A few spins of a tired earth
And the pull of a distant sun.