

First Light

The world slips over the edge.
The black paint spills out
leaving the morning cold and blue.

A young girl, with wind-swept shoulder-length hair
garlanded in wildflowers appears in silhouette
on drumming hooves.

She reins in the galloping beast;
he rears and snorts in a pawing fury,
and she alights in the sand.

She moves in rhythmic circles round unseen altar
her young voice sweet but driven holds me aloft.
I watch myself from afar.
I feel a blade of sunlight slice through the east,
and tear a hole in the morning's pastel muslin drape.

A raven caws and she stops.
Facing east her little hands rise on winged arms
coming together over the top of her head,
as the sun slips over the edge of the world
and the morning roars with silence.