

Stephen Robertson

Morning

'One too many mornings and a thousand miles behind.'

Bob Dylan

Morning is always the morning
of an uncompleted day.
Not until light is fading
has the interval passed by.

An uncompleted day
is not yet to be fixed—
but each interval passing by
may be notched on a stick.

Not yet to be fixed
while the long night's images last,
but notched on the stick
as the day slides into the mist.

The long night's images last.
But now the light is fading
as the day slides into the mist.
Morning is always the morning.