

# Just Yesterday

*by* John Riley

Yes dream in early morning  
you are full of love and softer  
than the scent of a spring  
the robins can never visit

roll awake in a dark room  
to watch the world grow large  
as it reveals itself small  
hear the doves coo

that nothing is immortal  
in the sky or in the sea  
feel the morning tumble  
to the bottom of the stairs

where the hearth is cold  
wait before you follow  
for the crawling light to pool  
a slip for midnight's mooring

