

# dawn calvary

*by* Steven Pirani

wake up in a fog and a sweat  
recall moonbeams over new york  
a starting sun and a whimsy,  
all eyes closed tight in the wind,  
holding long onto the shreds of night

collar of stars pale blue  
so I sleep with all the windows open  
maraschino cherry-red first light  
a morning spent just an arched t-shirt  
feathers poking holes in sheets

summer rain falling upwards  
only when my eyes are closed  
I see stripes of a future  
and a blossom of hands  
and a quiet sense of togetherness

