

4 AM

In the deepest end of night,
Fiery bowels rumble;
Every fear awakes,
My heart slavishly thunders.

The stove light dims,
The kitchen sink trickles,
Dwelling on dwelling on dwelling—
As mint tea ripples.

Sharp when I must sleep,
Tired when it's time to perform,
The hours I keep to wander,
Anxious for coffee's morn.

When was yesterday?
Has tomorrow already passed?
I'll sip this dawnlit tea
As if it were my last.

For the tea lights the dawn,
And dawns on dewy mind;
I'll cherish these rude awakenings,
If light cares not for time.