Aubade

Jane, 

6 tall as a crane, the morning light creeps down again:

12 Comb your cocks—comb ragged hair.

17 come down the stair.

Each

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_ dull blunt wooden stalagmite of rain creaks._

But the creaking empty

lone world unknown

light will never harden into sight will never penetrate your
brain with overtones like the blunt
rain.

light would show (if it could hard-
en) e-
ter-
ni-
ties of kitchen

garden,
cockscomb flow'rs that none will pluck, and

wooden flow'rs that 'gin to cluck, flow'rs that
'gin to cluck.  

In the kitchen you must light flames, as

star-ing, red and white, as carrots or as turnips, shining

ning where the old dawn light lies whining

(Comb your cocks-comb ragged hair, Jane,) cocks-comb hair on the
cold wind hangs limp, turns the milk’s weak mind...

Jane, tall as a crane, the morning light creeps down... the

morning light creeps down again! Jane...

circa 4′ 45″