

Appalachia Aubade

The great hills roll on. Cold, blue ridges. Dust
 in the slight tilt of winter shifting light—
 black anthracite shimmering on the white
 early hours. Up the slope, a russet
brown eight-point bounds over cross-thatched deadwood
 felled in early season's storms, brittle cold
 sending beasts and fowl to shelter in, old
 blood surging, the ancient pull, *wo wir werden*
nichts: nothing we can tongue with words beyond
 the new day's mountain light, where all the mists
 are burned away and sunlight's slant insists
 we turn, unburdened, to the age-old song
and dance of love, your head upon my shoulder
 as the hearth's fire burns to cinders, glowing older.

Tony Morris