In The Morning

Lynn Manning

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It's in the morning,

After the dew of dreams has settled the previous day's pollutants;

Before the garbage men thunder down the drive

With their coveted cargo of American Waste;

Before the middle-class separatists mobilize

To move on the city;

Before the freeways hiss

Like overloaded power cords;

Before the dawn comes

Splashing color and confusion all over the place;

Before the sun rings the sky

With it's spectral alarm,

Waking the piercing chorus of trees,

Sounding the beginning of the race.

It's before the rats climb into the starting blocks

That the mind crawls from its barricaded bunker,

Eyes wide and unshielded from glare,

Undistracted by color and contrast,

Unified in shadow;

It is then that

The Imagination

Can reach up into itself

And grasp

The Universe.