

November Morning

BY JOSEPH ARNOLD

Then cry the cock of the morning winds
and steal the light from stars afire
Blunt their burning blue-white wink
and spill gray dawn from the eastern rim

Turn the grinding engines over
and open doors to the misty morning
The scolding hags will rattle cans
and fog their way on dew drenched streets

Yes, raise the dust of yesterday's work
and plan the pattern of this dingy day

Curse and fumble—struggle, fall
Winter is the end of all