CutBank

Volume 1 Issue 13 *CutBank 13*

Article 23

Fall 1979

Waking Early

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Recommended Citation

Clark, Patricia (1979) "Waking Early," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 13 , Article 23. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss13/23

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WAKING EARLY

It's how I woke at Oak Street, in first light, in the pink room. I stood, rattled the sides on my crib, began to cry and then didn't, struck by the bright eye of all I was.

Later, it's how I woke with the twins. We played in another room on beds with sheets rigged up as sails. Crocodiles swam under the beds in the sea that rolled over that floor, the ceiling of the room where downstairs our parents slept.

In the moment before waking they are all with me, my parents, my brothers and sisters. Oak Street gone I must wake where I am, gather what light there is and get up. I see one long chain of lighted faces.

Light out of light out of light.