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November Fog

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November Fog

Bethany Cole

The dim of dawn, in the twilight of time,
Ghosts not yet born, the ground-cloud fills my eyes.
Tho voiceless to the ear-way, I can feel the sighs
Thrum. Just before quick'ning, He tunes His rhyme.
First Sanctus unsung, unheard, unknown;
The world is twixt its Form; urge, surge, half-light;
The creed is felt before it falls: into flight
Exhales now, and so must light, being shone.

This primal pause, mere murmur quickly pass'd;
May Grace extend the 'lumined sight so eyes may see
The Spirit's brooding mimed by a humbler cast:
November's black-capped monk, the chick-a-dee.
With ghostly sight, tho once iconoclast,
The bell in my cage rings with "Glory be!"