

The View from the Morning

Some days I wake early in the morning, just to listen to the sunrise

Stretch easy, blinds pull, glass up, eyes out

Painted by the city brushing by.

Down below the street is cool and damp

But up here, a breeze is blowing so neat, and so sweet,

Stirring the air at Lazarus' window

Bringing with it the river smell, the city as it passes

Wet stone, bus exhaust, yawn and breathe

Green sweet smells of graveyard grasses

The scared stiff smell of grey-faced morning walkers.

Down on the street a mag-seller caw-crows the big issue

Click clacks of bike racks

Lovers slept and leavers wept

Sun rays sharpening the day's axe

Cutting through the seller, blind

That standing sentinel, that stuck tape

There must be something on his mind.

Down there are no words left unsaid

No memories of summer days

No thoughts pour out in fits and starts, like blood

No eulogies, no songs of praise

Just morning, rising as a flood.

Oh, I can't stay here

To see the whole day through

To see the poking slow-dance toenail moon

To see shadows born, grow old, and die

To see in the late long distance, the green of the shires

And the sun

Sinking like a ship beneath the spires.

Nick Valenzia, February 2022