

Just Yesterday

by John Riley

Yes dream in early morning
you are full of love and softer
than the scent of a spring
the robins can never visit

roll awake in a dark room
to watch the world grow large
as it reveals itself small
hear the doves coo

that nothing is immortal
in the sky or in the sea
feel the morning tumble
to the bottom of the stairs

where the hearth is cold
wait before you follow
for the crawling light to pool
a slip for midnight's mooring

