

TRANSITION

Carla Harris

Somewhere . . . in the pre-awaking space
that follows the alarm clock's whirr . . .
and just before subconscious doors could close . . .
I heard the hoarse ack-ack of ragged rusty crows.
Once more I greeted morning in an air-swept place,
seeing in the distance somber green of fir,
yellow-green of pasture, tawny gold of oats . . .
and on the live blue water, early fishers' boats.
Streaming through the morning, sun shed lavish grace—
and then I heard the next-door neighbors stir,
garbage emptied in the hall,
milkwagon clattering . . . a newsboy's call.