



1989

## Morning

Philip White

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# Morning

Under lindens he hears  
the bees. Wind rubbing

the tiny blossoms. He  
thinks of her this way.

Or bending among lilies,  
the gold-throated iris, how

her hands seemed to shine  
against the soil. For him

they were moons, their  
smallness, their quiet

returnings. And he  
remembers her names,

taking them softly on  
his tongue. It was the

beginning of prayer,  
a motion. And those days

he would lie for hours  
before dawn and wait for

the chickadee's two slow  
notes, falling in song.

Philip White