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The Next Day

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The Next Day

Of all the days, his was the quietest.
No morning ever rose with such slow colors—
The saffron hues fanning open the sky,
Lengthening over the Blue Ridge
With before-dawn sleepiness,
Resting on the frosted barbed wire,
The paling, splintered wood posts,
The diadems in the dying grass,
Filling frozen hoofprints
Made by cows' nudging and rubbing
To crop the blades over the fence
Before the air turned winter grey,
Before the ground, like molded plaster,
Stiffened.
I watched this day come, through the doorway,
With tingling scalp and tired eyes,
Remembering all the night before
When I pressed my forehead against the glass.
Trying to find a face *somewhere*
In the moon—

Danielle Beazer

