

Afterwards

Peter J. King

There are clouds behind the stars,
racing over college spires,
ragged over Oxfordshire,
moonless.

Sunrise was too sudden,
was too bright too soon;
perhaps I should have turned away,
have taken time. But now,
eclipsed and sightless,
scattered dawns dance shattered
in my eyes.

I wait for sight,
and dry the stars away,
and somewhere on the breeze that
herds the clouds I sense
the dimming of the day.