

Aubade

by Jeffrey Patrick Bennett

Our prayer fingers the tines of yesterday,
what sounds like a song.

It sounds like the voices on the hill are very happy.
The hill warms their voices, and their voices carry smoothly and
they mingle with the songs of the Nightingales,
and the song of the Dogwood.

The peat-boar rages as it unearths a nourishing root.

Moss is alive, cool to the touch.
A snail crawls toward a pool — drinking in the plum boughs.
The shadow of the mountain
leans as it swallows the sun.

My love, our Yesterday
remains forever nourished by tomorrow.

*(bio) Jeffrey Patrick Bennett will tell you that he has always been a poet,
comparing himself to a seed in its coat. He has devoted himself to this work,
having struck his commitment to poetry by an act of providence and a book
of Anna Akhmatova's poems. Jeffrey writes to foster the conversation of peace.*