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With the Morning

Janet Vick

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WITH THE MORNING

Janet Vick

With the morning, I'll not feel necessity of expression
The eager, shiny glances into the mirror of honesty
Will vanish with new dawn

But sleep eludes me tonight and hopeless of your response
The world seems to be a tragic charade
All truth and rare specialness are dying

With morning, I can't say to you
That my silent body and my sweltering soul
Wanted you by night's urgentness

But, at this moment, I have your smile
Within my mind's eye, and you fill every consequence
Tomorrow, with the morning, the indelible image will fade

But if the dream were real
My love would not be obscured in verse
But sung in delicate daffodil meadows
The universal heartbeat of happiness would drum consummation

With the morning, if you wanted me, my love,
Music could be made in silence
Flowers would blossom in the bleak deadness
And I should certainly awaken from my nightmare
Secure in your oblivious arms
With the morning