

RAF Lakenheath, UK
Education Center
Night school for the exhausted

8 March 2001
Room D17
OU/MA/Ed

© White Mountain

Morning, rising on dark wings,
shines against White Mountain.
Tears on marble melt 'neath dull,
unblinking eye. Gently, the
bruised veil is gathered away.

Revealing a blue seep of color,
in the places unhealed.
Dripping, slowly, softly,
like footsteps freshly on
a winding upward stair.

At end, the risen star,
veiled in an arc of twinkle,
bends towards that light afar.

It flickers like weary wings of
a darkly eve, where light fails.
Carved Black marble shines –
once more on White Mountain.

Just like in high school, college is also boring: I write poetry and daydream in a backrow seat.