

A Map Of Shadows

Carrie Newcomer

It's four in the morning, the last dregs of the evening.
I sit and rock on the front porch swing, 'til the morning sky s
tarts
bleeding.
It is cool and it's quiet, bats and owls lay down beside it.
Mourning doves breathe a sigh, as the shadow passes by.

Well well well - it's so hard to tell .
There's a line between light and dark
Between heaven and hell.
Well well well - it's not easy to see.
What's out there on my left or right
Or what's right in front of me.

There is magic in the dawning, a black and white Esher drawing.

Night pivots on its axis and turns into day.
Devils close down shop and move along,
With angels wink and slide familiar palms,
Say, "Good night good luck 'til the day comes round
And out on the other side."

It's beyond my understanding, so much depends on where you're
standing,
Yet I hold it up into the light, take a better look.
I've been plenty wrong before, choose tiger behind the door,
But it always seems to make more sense in the pale morning air.