

The Morning Belongs to the Night

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The morning belongs to the night
Until it comes with a light
Until it's born with a spark
Until it outgrows the dark

And there it hangs for a moment
A breath of hope for a moment
Stands on its own for a moment
Free from the past for a moment

The morning belongs to the day
Already here with the grey
Already spilling with need
Already flooding with speed

With its voices and faces, neverending
With its hard spoken phrases, neverending
But its promise of outlasting light
Is just converted black in the sky
Is just converted black in the sky

With its falling and waking, neverending
With its holding and breaking, neverending
Soft the darkness reflecting your eyes
But the black is just converted light