

## The Diner

She comes, as ever, on feathered wings of dawn  
with slender fingers of morning's light  
to feed the waning feast of night,  
the bounteous stars,  
to a hungry day

Like the morning fog she lingers  
Atop the hill and threads a waking dream  
To choirs set between  
Heaven's start and earth's expire  
A seeming flight where geese erupt  
from cotton candy  
into mute skies  
Where the morning doth arise

To illuminate this shamble of broken dreams  
Carnival prizes with their gaudy cheapness laid bare  
Poor kin to the rubble strewn where  
Proud fleets of empires lost, sunk in ashen pallor  
Stretch from horizon to horizon,  
In Vesuvius' shadow,  
She peaked her head from out the cracked sidewalk  
of sullen Herculaneum  
A lonely flower  
Amidst the spent heat of the volcano's power

When the harsh clamor struck, contending forges of fell fate  
A chorused storm of loud curses and distemper  
Wracked upon some deaf, foreign shore  
There was yet one sweet persistent note  
That rose amidst the flotsam float  
To call me home to sweeter climes  
Wherein the dulcet tone still chimes  
a welcome to the weary sailor

And, in the depths of frozen winter  
When bleating snow, shepherded,  
Driven by unfeeling winds of time  
That beat 'gainst my face  
Threadbare of both warmth and grace  
Yet from her memory I may weave  
A coat to keep me from winter chill  
And thoughts of her

Enough to warm me like a fragrant fire, til--  
Spring is coaxed forth  
From the earth's sleepy breast  
Bursting in a thousands hues  
To wash the dreary furrows  
With canvases of new color  
So, I will hearken to one thing,  
Seek but one tint, one shape, one smell  
Amidst that flood

For what flower is more fair  
What song hints sweeter on the air  
What thought more dear or better  
Than that of W\_\_\_\_\_