

Morning Triptych

Eleanor Zuercher

Friday

At dawn
As the fire sinks and gutters
The bitter realisation
Awakes a fearful nightmare -
Cosmic collapse, salt grief,
Torment without respite.

Saturday

At daybreak
As night fades to drab,
An endless emptiness
Stretches out its tendrils
Filled with absence. Stasis.
Dry sterility.

Sunday

At sunrise
As light spins and dances
Birdsong paints the garden.
Joy blooms and life
Erupts, and love's embrace
Bursts through the starless night.