

In The Morning
Lynn Manning

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It's in the morning,
After the dew of dreams has settled the previous day's pollutants;
Before the garbage men thunder down the drive
With their coveted cargo of American Waste;
Before the middle-class separatists mobilize
To move on the city;
Before the freeways hiss
Like overloaded power cords;
Before the dawn comes
Splashing color and confusion all over the place;
Before the sun rings the sky
With it's spectral alarm,
Waking the piercing chorus of trees,
Sounding the beginning of the race.
It's before the rats climb into the starting blocks
That the mind crawls from its barricaded bunker,
Eyes wide and unshielded from glare,
Undistracted by color and contrast,
Unified in shadow;
It is then that
The Imagination
Can reach up into itself
And grasp
The Universe.