## Tamara Nicholl-Smith

## HOURGLASS

Hurry up please it's time T.S. Eliot

The hour is noon and out the window the soil is firm with frost, the sap is still, and what was green on the ground has turned brown.

Our time is marked by the hourglass of leaves one drop, two drop, a gust of wind a swarm falls.

A fifth remain stubborn ornaments on stark branches fiery, blazing against the steel sky.

Put the kettle on, sort photographs, set the tea cups on the table, pray the rosary.

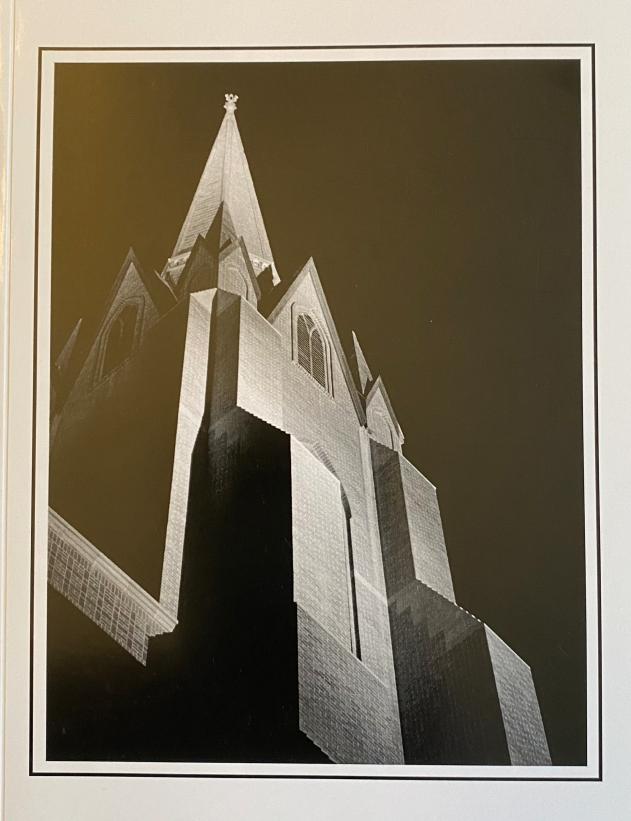
Speak.

Everything else can wait.

There will be snow tonight.
There will be high winds.

We must not let the night drag us into sleep.
lest we miss your slip into the slow wake of dawn.

## Houston Poetry Fest



2014 Anthology