

HOURLASS

*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*