

the Very Early Morning, Jamie Moss

From my window

I hear a drunken song,
One of soul, of triumph,
Of all that is Republic.

And it's its soul that makes a stupor of me,
This delight of tunes that tend, I say, could tend any unpatched mind
Because for a moment, I forget— nay

Am freed the woes and sorrow. I look and see:
No Romans conquer here for here's no Gaul, nor Cairo
Named not by Latin—
And if it were,
Then I

Cast a net: Nostalgia.

As caught in amber, Scouts sat by bonfire glee, I smell

The stink of charring wood
Pleasant, full, its smoke rising freely,
Rising freely to the sky.

By wrattle crack of flame

We sung,
As they sing;

They sing Republic, till

Then, on the beak of morning birds, death of song begets the death of night.
The birds crack the egg that runs of dawn with chirps and

Clapping wings;
O, wings clapping in the Interregnum;
An applausal slaughter the song of Republic suffers.

The ebb and flow of triumph,
As infinite as feathered fashion. For birds will come and go,
As night turns and turns back time till then again
I am standing there by my window under the fallen sky, to
listen and hear,
Those same old drunken ballads,
That same
Old drunken song.