

AT COCK'S CROW



That morning I crowed three times,
one - to protest the intruding noise;
two - to reject the rejection;
three - to herald the new day.

That morning
I thought I was successful
on all three counts.
But there was more to come.
more noise, more rejection
and a sunrise to eclipse all others
two mornings later,
when all the world's darkness
was consumed by this new light and life;
more than I could ever call up
in a lifetime of crowing.