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This Morning

Larry Schug
studio1@csbsju.edu

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This Morning

I see two goldfinches lit by the rising sun
at the top of a tamarack tree
fly off together to another sunlit limb.
This morning I read an article
about the mating ritual of sandhill cranes,
the dance they do, the poses they strike,
a procreative work of art.
This morning I open the bedroom door to wake you,
though I don't know what name to call you—
Goldfinch Darling or Sweet Crane Dancer,
so I call you by the name your mother gave you,
with a whisper to wake you gently.
Having no sweet song to rouse you from sleep,
I simply ask you to join me for another day.

-Larry Schug
Avon, MN