

The Awakening

Risen Sun brings Early dawn,
Seeps, haltingly across the room
As if reluctant, brighten this place,
Of misery, weariness, gloom.

Slowly peers from slitted eyes
greet's new morn, extended stretch
brazen, begins to rise.

Tries, much effort, Recall, Last night's
dream, fades in depth of memory
All around, prison, begins to arouse,
Continues Fate, to pay dues to society.

Eddie North