

“Morning Comes”

Morning comes so dismal
to prelude another day.
The sky a blending palette
of light and ashen gray.

Pray I may not feel still
the darkness gone before;
that stifled and engulfed me
ever like the years of yore.

Still tomorrow labors on
toward promises in vain.
Holding out its heavy hand
to leave me in disdain.

Amy E. Morgan