

Aubade Corporis, Katrina Hays

Released, rising
from forgetful rest
I greet you again, beloved,
amazed to find myself
still contained.

My windows open,
and in this dawn dark
I send my self
into myself.
Such exquisite feeling.

Halfway through our life
and you murmur this morning
of my mother,
whose ninety-sixth pearl
will soon slip from her palm.

When her breath does not
fly to greet us,
when the body
that held us is lost,
then I will lose part of you; how

light pinks the night
as I ponder these partings.
For to be
is to ride the pale horse
holding one empty and one full cup.