

Battling Dawn

By Jan Chronister

About 6 o'clock
dense black gives way to gray.
Dark shapes emerge,
pale rectangle of window
floats in space.
My cells sense the change.
Nerves tingle,
muscles tense.

I retreat,
bury my head in pillows,
will my body to sleep.
Daylight defeats me.

I raise the blinds in surrender,
leave the skirmish
without looking back.