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Doves in January

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DOVES IN JANUARY

Long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause,
a whistle more like someone's voice than song,
as if in a moment a day could pass

from nothing's grief to some becoming grace.
You want to hear it longer, then it's gone.
Long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause.

The morning's dove-gray too; it carries us
to some deep corner, to an attic room,
as if in a moment a day could pass.

Sometimes the difficult, tired child in us
refuses to hear any other sound—
long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause—

a momentary wish, this tenderness
at the window, not too close but human,
as if in a moment a day could pass.

Light rain coming down the color of keys,
a daybreak's flawless stillness, cold yet warm.
Long o's, long o's, long o's, and then a pause,
as if in a moment a day could pass.