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## Nocturne at Two in the Morning

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WILLIAM PILLIN

## NOCTURNE AT TWO IN THE MORNING

At two, at two in the morning  
 is a time  
 for the inventory of spent seasons.

You try to think  
 of another landscape.  
 It is lost in mist.  
 A tear hangs over your pillow.  
 Her hand is a seal of silence  
 over the guilty eyelids  
 at two, at two in the morning.

And the winds accuse you  
 for those who must bear  
 their bundles of sorrow.  
 Will you conjure away  
 their tears in the darkness  
 at two, at two in the morning?

Are you to blame?  
 You stare at the criminal stars.  
 Whom shall you blame?  
 From whom shall you claim  
 at two, at two in the morning?

Yes, yes, the wolf stood darkly  
 on the path to that human Eden  
 foretold at every birth  
 by dreaming housemaids.  
 Yes, yes, we build our homes  
 in the shadow of collapsing  
 monuments. How true, how true!  
 at two, at two in the morning!

Now is the time to explain,  
 time to be sorry,  
 at two, at two in the morning.  
 Now is the time of insidious moonlight  
 and the damned wind in the stricken azaleas,  
 at two, at two in the morning.