Nocturne at Two in the Morning

William Pillin
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.