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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.