

## Before Dawn

Before dawn, rain ker-plunking the down-spouts,  
The usual crickets aback the calm;  
Occasional solo chirps. In this realm,  
The dark woods damp and lush, the lamp a gout  
Of white, night-table books amok, one quotes  
one's own poems, although they underwhelm,  
like some thunderless lightning in a storm.  
In the un-entire quiet, I have doubts  
Beyond the doubt that everyone's asleep.  
I have faults I keep to myself, a store  
Of guilts less specific than just too deep  
To mull. It's night. Until day comes, my core  
Is raw and anxiety is a bell  
Un-rung. The mirror of self-worth—an ore  
Un-mined—requires dawn to accrete its shell.