

Irises Morning Glory

My brother's house is one of morning glory
Yet his habit is to rise late in another darkened story

There's a window here that gapes wide like a moon
and floods a tide so bright
straight to this room

On some ago he hung twelve crystals in the frame
they turn and turn and splash the sash with flames
bright coins on walls now rich with light
that bathe the place all clear of passing night
A rarity me now here have been
washed and blessed in all this dancing sheen
while he
content
to sleep
and yes
perhaps
to dream

