

## **Trilogy of Dawn**

1.

### The Act of Being

From the dreams  
I land  
in the relative safety  
of the body,  
still somewhat of a stranger  
in the act of being

2.

### In My Face

I'm thrown in my face  
each dark winter dawn,  
the stars still ignited  
in the heavens,  
a body kept moored  
at my disposal,  
under the reassuring weight  
of heavy cover & thick quilt,  
respiration providing a rhythm  
to go by

3.

### The Circadian Gate

The tiniest thought  
ignites  
the physical machinery  
around my sense of being,  
as the Circadian Gate opens  
and dawn creaks at the back of my mind;

my two hands  
trying out their tenfold madrigal of morning;  
my arms flexing their protein-prepared  
oldtimer tenacity,  
the civil flow of citizenship  
filling up this lifeform with memories  
& prejudice,  
clicking into the slot  
of thoughtless convenience  
in the automatic joy of being

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