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Come to me with the early morning...

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Come to me with the early morning...

Cover Page Footnote

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Kiss me: And in the rose shot through
With morning I will come to you.
Naturally, like bees to flowers, like leaves to a tree.
How is it that you taught me how to see—
Was it with the yes of your eyes?

Kiss me: And in the sunny star-lit night
I will come to you
Happily, no longer displaced,
Partly person.

Touch me with the subtlety of your hands,
Now memorized, yet incomprehensible,
And I'll move still closer, closer still.
They ask me not to care, but I always will.

Mary C. Riley

Come to me with the early morning
Light which is your eyes. While the dew
Still wets the clover and the dawn-lit ground.
And the meadow bird is the only sound.

Bring your heart and mind to me,
That smile which lifts my burdens; touch and kiss:
Ah, yes your glorious kiss.
These are the things I will miss,
These are the things I need.

We can make a morning of it—you may
Colour us a shade of joyful, colour us gay.
We'll sing of serenity as the soundless summer sings,
Learn from each other how to bear this goodness—
If only we can!
A bud of me will blossom
Come again.

Mary C. Riley