

**Dawn Lighting**  
**Michael E. Stone**

Awake  
at two or three in the morning,  
the shuttered room lit  
through slits by orange light  
from the mercury lamp outside.

Thinking in slivers  
through memory's slits,  
of what has been  
and is no longer.

Hills barely outlined  
by the first dawn.  
mercury orange light  
stains all  
till washed away  
by day.