

Sunrise

Gus Dapperton

When the light comes on
And through every street
The city is doused pink
By the dust of crushed hours
And you are alone only in flesh
And the ghosts you've loved walk with you
Here, on the edge of memory
When you are free only for the length of your name held in my mouth
And the dawn coming off the windows turns our hands blood-red
And we are children again
Running heart-first towards the end of laughter
How strong will we be?
How brave?
How every syllable alive?
No one told us we were good, but we were good
In possession of the cells flowering
As it vanishes inside all the yesterdays behind us
How can we not jump?
Here, at the end
Where each of your burning wings is finally
Made of music