



## AT DAWN

BY KARA DIXON HOUSER

In the quiet hour—  
the steady minutes moving,  
the only things unsilent  
are the deer feeding,  
their small rustles moving  
outside my window.

The black hills crouch  
and glower at the sky growing  
from dark to dawn,  
and the cool air  
smells of mornings camping—  
dew-damp pine needles,  
the lazy, drifting smoke  
from a daybeak campfire.

Kneeling before my window  
I press my cheek against  
the smooth windowsill.  
Who else is waking at this moment?  
Who else, strangely restless,  
knows this quiet hour  
as I do, at dawn,  
in this silent place?