

JOE WILKINS

**Each Dawn,
or Poem Against the Crumbling of the Republic**

In the eye of the night
I woke to rain. Even for the cold
we had the window open.

I tell my new friends I don't,
but I do. I understand
exactly. Old friend,

I know just how it sounds
but the woman I love
sleeps each dawn

beside me,
our children across the hall.
After coffee I turn gladly
to my work, away

from dreams of you.