

Late Dawning

Lit from behind, by aqua, crimson and tangerine sunrise,
my Venetian vase reminds me of our honeymoon.

We watched glass being blown
in age-old workshops –

flared with heat
and flushed with youth
fear was flattened into fragile bookmarks.

I had yet to read the runes hidden
in pages of foretelling,
wasn't yet frit by foreboding.

For years, our antiquated windows,
thick at the bottom, thinner at the top,
distorted our view
as we told each other comfy lies
with gazes averted.

Truth restored my mind
after you'd died.

I saw gluts of injustice seeding everywhere;
fired by outrage, I marched outside
to join the growing tide
of activists
unafraid

to smash vitrines and icons of the decaying status quo.