

## Near Dawn

I ran along a narrow country lane  
At the first light, towards the sunrise. Gloom  
Was drifting restlessly, as if it grudged  
To go away. A dunnock or a titlark  
Flew suddenly ahead—or rather darted,  
Covering some five yards in one long bound.  
And then it waited, and as I approached  
Again flew forward; and there was another  
Already waiting next to it—they seemed  
To play a kind of game . . .

Meanwhile the gaps between  
The clouds were reddening. Everything looked strange.  
Wind blew. Corn swayed. Mist lifted. The birds were gone—  
And awesomely the molten sun arose.

EUGENE DUBNOV