

## Slowly the Hour: A Villanelle

*for some must watch,  
and some must sleep*  
~Anne Carson, "Water Margins"

Slowly the hour begins to move away,  
However hard I wish it mightn't go.  
My mother came to the edge of the brightening day.

Darkness is thinning through soft gradations of grey.  
Light will rise in the east like the tide—I know—  
And slowly the hour begin to move away.

Death's mystery—or life's—time won't betray;  
The maples will leaf out again and grow.  
My mother came to the edge of the brightening day.

The view from the window is white, but whiteness won't stay;  
The grass is greening beneath a dusting of snow.  
Slowly the hour begins to move away.

The past is utterly past. Yet, come what may,  
There must be dispensation for joy and sorrow.  
My mother came to the edge of the brightening day.

Her measure was kindness; love was her way.  
As spring follows winter and the four winds blow,  
Slowly the hour begins to move away.  
My mother came to the edge of the brightening day.