

KATIE ROSE GUEST

≈ IT IS TIME

Yesterday the clouds  
slouched across the sky,  
the world turned its head  
toward echoes it thought it heard,  
not a soul woke full-rested,  
and you and I tore  
at each other for an hour.

I know I'm not the only one.  
Today I saw many gray half moons  
under red eyes grown raw  
with rubbing, with weary waiting.  
I'm not the only one who knows  
a beast wakes again.  
All eyes turn to that sacred land

to watch the birthing pain,  
the blood, our amazement plain  
on our innocent faces  
as our innocence slips away.  
The beast rears to the clouds,  
the world shivers.  
We think, *It is time.*