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The Brightened Mirror

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The Brightened Mirror

BY E. B. CHANEY

Death comes with the dawn,
The death of dreams . . .
The birth of death comes
Crawling to the prey,
Breathlessly.

With quiet tongues it licks
The faces of the dead,
With a smile
It lights the lovers,
Showing their fatigue,
Their disarray.

Softly,
Tantalizingly,
It lifts the veils of night . . .
The young artist turns,
Turns from his watch, and
Spits.

Death comes with the dawn
The death of black and grey,
The death of tempting equalness,
The death of tones of tones,
The birth of death comes
Crawling to its prey,
Breathlessly.