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## Every Morning I Wake

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## Every Morning I Wake

And now that my hair itself is a veil,  
I let cities walk through my eyes,  
And rip the darkness of my icy haitus,  
It coruscates red on bloodless faces  
And leaves my stiff fingers twitching,  
I hide my thumbs in clenched fists  
And climb flesh steps.  
I am a threshold  
Yearning to sap dereism from my streets,  
Leaving them for beggars and the wind.  
I crave to watch the last dark descending thaw before  
I'm forced,  
But I wait,  
Standing Wall Street straight  
And hold our last great risk in books and crosses,  
My pupils bleeding fire.

**Peter Fish**