

## **Dennis Cerrotti**

### **The Morning Song**

Singing our songs against the vast wall of silence,  
hoping to be heard  
and cherished,  
we sing like the nightingale, the crow,  
the gray ghost of our past,  
to be heard, and silenced,  
and brought to life again

We sing because we cherish the thought,  
the dream,  
and the ecstasy of hearing

**Dennis Cerrotti** has never published any of his poems, but has been writing poetry for over forty five years. He has done public readings in the past, both in Boston (Stone Soup) and San Francisco (many years ago).