

## Ron A. Kalman

### Faint Light

I'm not the sort who awakens before the sun rises.  
If you choose to brave a run  
on the hard pavement in the morning chill  
while trolleys creak into action  
that's fine but I prefer the solitude of a warm room  
the soft glow of a lamp and the quiet that comes  
after the day's traffic is reduced to a whisper.  
I prefer the thoughts contained in a good book  
that might penetrate the mind and change it  
or even inspire a thought of one's own.  
There's a certain feel to a pristine thought  
before it's seen the light of day before  
it's been trampled by the onrush  
of the morning news streaming from radios and TVs.  
It might bear the delicacy of a leaf  
fluttering to the ground which if looked at closely  
contains the universe in microcosm  
but which later is swept aside  
with the rest of the debris on the street.  
I'm not the sort who awakens before the sun rises  
but on occasion it has risen before I've gone to sleep.

**Ron A. Kalman** is a graduate of the Emerson College MFA program. His poems and translations have appeared in *Beacon Street Review*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *The Exquisite Corpse Annual* and other publications. He lives near Boston where he is a frequent visitor to the many coffeehouses and dwindling number of bookstores in the area.