Editor's Note: The author writes: “This poem relates a true situation regarding my neighbor and good friend. I changed his name in the poem, but everything else is true.” Dennis Trujillo was born and raised in Pueblo, Colorado. He is a former soldier and middle/high school math teacher who happens to love poetry. He now resides in Korea and is employed at Shinhan University. He runs and does yoga each morning for grounding and focus.

The Dawn Bristles with Light

Anyone can be lifted
from the abyss on a day like this.
Even Bob who lives upstairs
on the fourteenth floor with no voice.

Six months ago they cut out
his vocal cords colonized
by cancer cells from a lifetime
of smoking. He carries around
a smart pad to communicate
like a mobile Steven Hawking.
Air Force vet, fuel handler,
now he gets by on Uncle Sam checks.

They made him give up the cigs
of course, also said no more beer.
I met Bob this spring morning
at the apartment recycling bins—

the horizon aglow with pink light
that reflected on Bob’s bald head.
In a kind of bliss he typed:
“The dawn bristles with light.”

Dennis R. Trujillo
Pueblo, CO