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