

On the Pulse of Morning

By Maya Angelou

A Rock, A River, A Tree
Hosts to species long since departed,
Marked the mastodon,
5 The dinosaur, who left dried tokens
Of their sojourn here
On our planet floor,
Any broad alarm of their hastening doom
Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.

10 But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly, forcefully,
Come, you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant destiny,
But seek no haven in my shadow,
15 I will give you no hiding place down here.

You, created only a little lower than
The angels, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness
20 Have lain too long
Facedown in ignorance,
Your mouths spilling words
Armed for slaughter.

25 The Rock cries out to us today,
You may stand upon me,
But do not hide your face.

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