

# The New Criterion

Poems March 2016

## Eos

by Cally Conan-Davies

Before the sun blots the dew from the bud  
and hardens the resin weeping from the tree,  
and memories start darting in and out  
like swallows in the eaves, before sleeves  
fill with arms and the first doubt comes  
and butterfly nets have caught us

beside the hillside sloping away  
beside the river running to the sea;  
before a single bell bursts forth brightly  
and all the shadows shorten,  
leave us an edge and your wet footprints  
to make our way back to the night.

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**Cally Conan-Davies** lives by the Southern Ocean.

This article originally appeared in The New Criterion, Volume 34 Number 7 , on page 24

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