

Emily Foster

New

Black.

Coming to, coming to.

A mild moan,

Squinty eyes.

A soft glimmer

Through the curtain,

An ordinary sunrise.

It's a cool fall morning.

Rub those tired eyes.

It's time.

That final stretch

Before the blanket comes off.

Warm feet,

Cold floor

I know it hurts.

Step, step

The dark wood creaks,

a morning moan

Upon your feet.

Eyes blink,

resting with the brief slips

back into darkness.
Stand in front of the window,
a mild draft seeping
through the panes.
A thin grey curtain
is all that protects you
from the
 mild light.

A slight raise of
your left hand,
the gentle feeling of
chiffon against your palm.
Sweep the curtain to the side
and feel.
Feel the gentle kiss
of light on
your bare arms,
Soft but unapologetic.
Open the window.
Don't forget to feel.
A slight tug
against old wood
Greeted with light air

crisp and understanding.
A slight ruffle of
already disheveled hair,
 mother nature's good morning.
The slight scent of
rain
tickles your nose.
The aimless song of the birds
the vague rustling of trees
all familiar but different.
Deep breath in,
followed by a deep-rooted sigh
a reflection of the morning.
The skies echo
with the far off cry
of thunder.
The distant hum of an
ancient truck
A reminder that
Snaps you back
to reality.
An indirect clink of
Coffee mugs,

Flat daybreak music.
Eyes close,
Black.
This is the morning,
 Mourning.
Monotonous and cold.
Brush the yesterday off,
You can get through
Anything.
 Haven't you done this before?
Today will be different.
Maybe.
Every second,
An internal chaos.
You are enough
This life
Is more than enough.
Let yourself feel
Every moment
Every second
of every day
 so deeply
That it changes you.

Change is good
You are still learning.
Just close the window.
Skin against
the ancient latch.
Let today begin

Again.