

Morning, you

My mind still gazing,
through fading fields of sleep.
I shower,
sorting out that which
is nightmare,
that which
is truly past.
I rid myself of the morning's breath,
brushing nightmare tangles from my head.
I leave for a moment, to eat a bite;
returning to the smell of
make-up and stale hair-spray.
Another morning of work.
my tools spread out before.
I toil bent, 'til noon.
I drain lost vigor,
dress a stiff shell
of blue-white.
Preparing for a night
of sorrow;
monumental in others' lives.
To me a job.
I leave for a moment, to eat a bite;
returning to the smell of
make-up and stale hair-spray.

Eric Kay