

January 8, 2020

over a marble atoll, or rather an intimation of its contour,
myself standing
thanking home appliance displays: depending on their bantam
signals while I make hot water, "Good Morning Love!"
pre-dawn tasks like rituals, confidence in a stove clock and
what's left between blinds. I tie knots for myself, pour milk
left out last night somewhere
then, beside a gas heater, standing again, a number of comfort.
another wakes up
mirror's still unsure what the day can hold
kettle on counter, heat following edge, dissipating quantities
and lots of it. luminance. the LED stars finding sanity
again, and thus forgetting other properties
(myself remembering myself through photos on the fridge, or
rather an extrapolation from them)
eager to labor but dreading the day or rather all things I will
miss of these middle folds which moments ago were
unbaked, or leftovers
electric kettle reverses its hue, "All Done Love!"
dawn leaves and I peel off its magnets.