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To Be in Morning

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ANGIE BISSONNETTE

To be in Morning

To the passerby the day has just begun, morning is fingertips pushed forward in a deep stretch
For me the sun refuses to rise, mourning is feet cemented in yesterday

Morning is a generous pour of cold brew caressed by ice, held together in two glass jars
Mourning is a barren mug passed around to a select few, each throat drier than the last
While strangers drink deeply from crystal, each telling heightened tales of their own thirst
As though we're the same

Morning brings golden rays of a new day, a callous gift
Unwrapped, it fills my eyes with salt-stained tears
Trudging along a well-worn path
Mourning is to be deafened by the echoing in your ears
Morning is to be grateful for the ash in your lungs

Each sunrise a cruel lie as it warms your side of our bed
My bed
My fingers reaching out on our olive-green duvet
My duvet
Our life written in the past tense
My life reflected in a cracked mirror

Good morning
From an ad on the radio, a greeting from my neighbor, a text from my sister
The first voice I hear is your absence
Good morning
It echoes back at me

In mourning my memory rots my days, pulling me deeper into the loose dirt
Another morning passes yet I remain rooted in place
The radio spits out music, only you liked hearing the news at 8
Worn out stories turn to awkward silence to chit chat to nothing at all
Black skirts to blue jeans Smiles to stone-faced
To be stuck in
Mourning

Angie
Bissonnette