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Seth Nehil

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Waking up slowly
in the pale morning,
with cigarette smoke
shifting around in the air...
Outside, hushed light falling quietly
through the pleated sky,
and a few last leaves
twittering across the clouds.
I roll over again on the floor,
coughing and sweating,
knocking over a beer bottle,
and trying to fall asleep again,
the grey, smokey air swirling around me
as I huddle in my blanket...

Then you're kicking me in the shoulder
and saying you gotta go to work,
so I get up and first thing
go to look out the window;
the graveyard shining lonely and cold...
Last night seems so far away now
in the new morning
as I prepare myself for another day.

by Seth Nehil