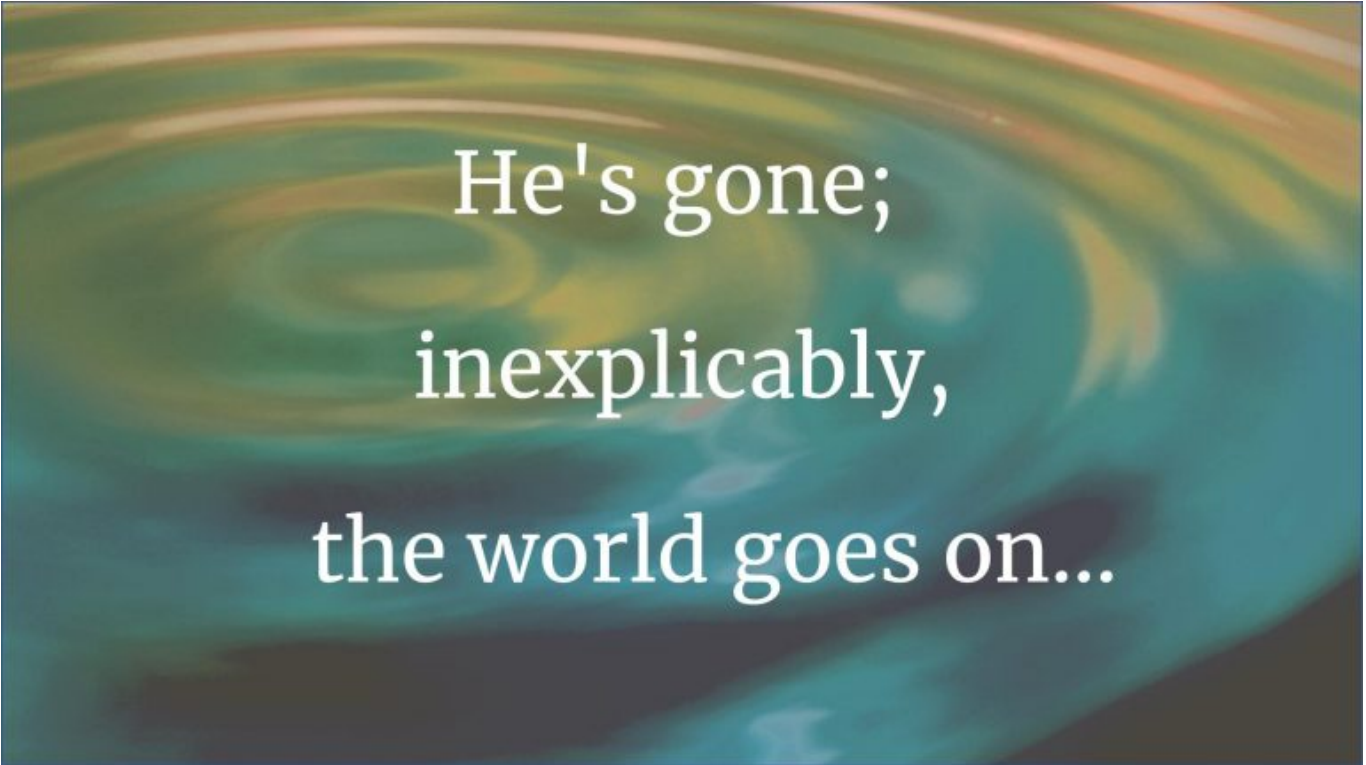


Early Morning. Again

Category: Poems

written by Gail benEzra | July 17, 2020



He's gone;
inexplicably,
the world goes on...

I sit on the sofa,
alone in the sunroom,
stirring a cup of mocha-coffee,

Soon it turns cold.
Your mother's quilt, an heirloom
pulled off our bed,

wraps my shoulders.
The corner touching my cheek
is soaked in wild grief,

bleak as blackened
marigolds and frozen thistles.
A staccato crunch announces

our cat, Archibald.
He leaps on my lap with a black-wing
bloody goldfinch in his teeth

that he refuses to share
with our Yorkie who yaps and gives chase.
The earlier order-coffee,

silence, grief-fractures.
A small meteor explodes: Your rocking

chair falls, dust motes fly,

book chapters end
unfinished, alphabets around the world
spill and scatter. Unaware

of your death, dog,
cat, dying bird—even dust motes
and coffee gone cold—dare

to continue their course:
Burnt toast lingers on my tongue, bitter
as unuttered words.