

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 other's 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