

Aubade for 5 am

By Heather Gardner

The owl-colored sky is still
without corners, kitchen still
mostly moon. Rumble of breakfast,
the cat whiskers through
the darkness of legs, waits
on bowls not yet born. Sleep
disappears into the billow, cloud
of husband I have just kissed.
Out the door into a breath
of silence, a dark offering of trees
as morning bends
 its tip-toe path of grass.