

THIS SIDE OF MORNING

Somebody ought to
Say something worth saying
About the nature of our plight

Otherwise, the light is
Unlikely to open its eyes
Or even to acknowledge
Being in a quandary

Wondering if the relative value
Of being awake
Is close enough to being alive
To give the morning a shot

It is difficult not to be drawn to
The consolatory permanence of
Taking up residence
This side of morning

The sky is not blue enough
Even the clouds are asleep
Breezes ought to whisper
But they don't

There is little to be said anyway
It's too early for the trains
Either to huff, to trumpet
Or to squall

The birds are considering
Starting to make noise
The night has erased
The memory of being heard

Is there another new day coming?

Certainty, never a solid bet
Gave no notice
And simply up and left

So, I could here make a wish
And I'd wish I had your loving
Then I'd remember what's amazing is
I already do

So, let's face it, I'm ecstatic
I live over the moon
Even if I keep the lid on
To blunt the force of envy
From becoming a swoon

All I want is to enjoy it
With no reason to explain
That good things really happen
And my good thing is loving
And being loved

Most especially by you

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