

Shy The Speaker

Beyond The Translucent Glare

The shaded sunshine on early morning day,  
With my lethargic state while that lackluster sounding alarm blaring away.

To rise from the swaddled warmth of my fabric nest  
Is almost like trying to resist the pull from magnetic waves.

A single banana breakfast with some water,  
While in a groggy, dreary, restless haze.

Beyond the translucent glare of glassed wall is the mutable  
Rise of a radiantly born day.

Despite the bird's song and breath of grass,  
An unseen copacetic presence is shimmering in this way.