

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 5 | 1996

Morning
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MORNING

The fire of dreaming sleeps for a while in the black grate's ash cradle. The coffee cup steams. And the egg yolk from its shiny blue plate sings about how it's always the smallest sun that wakes the true Queen. Some of the girl is here. Some of her, still lying half-awake in the river that runs through her bedroom, right through one wall and out the other, water come a long way down from its home in the mountains, water simple as Quaker prayer, flecked with moss-stars, whole candelabra of fern. She drifts on the bed that lifts and floats as if it were a boat. Sheets waver underwater like the handkerchiefs of surrender.