

A Hope For Every Morning

The alarm clock
is creaming its purpose
but we don't care.
We're warm and safe
together.
Hard to tell where I stop
and you begin.
But there is little need
to distinguish that.
All that matters is that the clock
has been blaring
for what seems like hours now
and the neighbor is pounding
on my wall.
"We should get up" I say.
"One more minute" you reply.
"Take as many as you need, baby.
I love you."
The clock continues to drone.
The neighbor is using both fists now.
"Do you hear something?" you ask.
I'm too intent on your heartbeat
to hear anything else.
You know it and smile.
Never mind clocks and neighbors and the rest of the
world.
I have you.
"Good morning sleepyhead" I say.
"One more minute." you reply.
I kiss you on the forehead
and the world spins us around.
"Good morning sleepyhead" I say again.
"one more minute" you say.
My pleasure.
The world can wait.