

TURMOIL

Mount Eerie

In the morning it feels like coming into a clearing
And the disorientation lingers only for a breath

I hold the thought, a coal glowing on the wet ground
Not long enough to stay in this vision
Of crawling out between the cracks
In understanding that permeate the day
And tomorrow, so I make a coffee while looking out the window
And notice that I can't remember when or if I woke up
All the thoughts rushing in after the thaw