This is the Day

by Carl Santoro

Today was waiting for her,
not like a diamond
waiting to be discovered.
No, more like a
simple cup of hot, freshly brewed coffee,
with its limitless possibilities
to be transformed to one's
own fanciful taste.

Before she thought to lift an eyelid, she became aware of her cold saliva dripping slowly over her bare arm muscle, tickling her armpit with a surprise rivulet of the salty slime.

She wiped it away with her hand, as she allowed her eyes to be introduced to objects throughout her bedroom splashed with random sunbeams, stoic, patiently waiting for her visual visits.

Oh yes, she thought, this is the day.

She looked over to the edge of her mattress.

A pair of white cat paws and two eyes were staring back at her, as if to say, you know this is the day, what are you waiting for?

Slowly she slid a leg out from the sheets. Her alarm clock began to buzz. Right on time.