

# Morning People

*by* AMTL

some days I don't have it in me.  
these days I find myself awake  
at the forgotten hours  
smoking on the patio  
watching the city wake softly  
as she burns scrambled eggs  
in the next room.

"don't you own a coffee grinder," she says.  
"who the fuck has coffee  
but nothing to grind it with."

i ash my cigarette  
and the cherry falls,  
i watch it dig its way  
into the tip of my canvas shoe.  
it leaves a brown hole,  
perfectly round.

"there's a hammer in the drawer," i say.

anyone else would have gone  
to the coffee shop,  
it is only a short walk  
down the street.  
but she thinks she looks good  
in her short red dress  
black makeup around her eyes  
last night's lipstick  
a slap of crimson  
on her cheek.

"like this," she says,  
holding the hammer above her head,  
waiting for me to watch,  
and she whacks the bag  
with the ten-pound silver head.

the pop goes off like a gunshot.  
coffee beans scatter the floor  
like fat raindrops.

"you're a fucking idiot," she says.  
"i'm going back to bed."

