

I Must Want it. No, I Must Need It.

by Carl Santoro

I convinced myself,
as I lay here
among the luxurious folds
of my morning bedsheets,
that I was inhaling
the enticing aroma of
freshly brewing coffee.

It's not true, of course.
I am the only soul
inhabiting this little
cape on the bay.

The open window
above my head
escorts in the mellifluous
conversational notes being exchanged
among the birds of my backyard forest,
birds eager to tell each other
of their whereabouts this new day.

The cat knows
it is 5 a.m.
as it does every morning.
She rubs her head
into mine on her way
to the window sill.
Curiosity.

I get up.

I make coffee.

