

# 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.

