

Morning and Coffee

by Gary Hardaway

He is tired in his bones
as if the chronic tug of gravity
has bent each one
into catenary misalignment.
Muscles balk at moving
such a bent, resistant burden.

A dirtied light falls through
the grimed windowpanes.
Are the aroma and flavor of coffee
worth the struggle of getting up?
For another day, the appetite prevails
and the not quite dead weight rises.

