

# 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.

