

# Monday

*by* Johnny Dantonio

I'll fall asleep to "Milwaukee"  
because it sounds the way you smell.  
I'll wake up with no one next to me, but I'll look;  
I'll blink hard before I sit up, shower.

The door shuts slowly to something that's allegedly mine,  
a place that will sit and wait until I come home  
like a tomb —  
just like you.

