

# The Morning

*by* Johnny Dantonio

Early in the morning  
I wanted to send you something  
for when you wake;

A song,  
A lyric  
of love.

But everything paled when prepared.  
Everything failed so hard.

So I gathered what I could of my focus  
and spun a something of truth,  
crafted into this:

A pitiful poem;  
a something,  
nonetheless.

And everything I have at this hour is ours.  
Every moment here curtsies to us.

When you get this I'll be sleeping;  
I'll be without you  
and nowhere near.

Some miles,  
some months;  
awhile.

But that really doesn't have much to do with much.  
That really has no bearing on me.

There's nothing alive that can describe  
the something I wanted to send you.  
I insult it with words:

love,  
friendship;  
adoration.

But everything failed so hard  
every word I have for you fails.

