

Connor Wagner
Syford Poetry Contest, Second Place

Mornings

I look back through the strong, maple door frame
as I sneak out of my apartment bedroom.
The sunlight pushes its way through the curtains
and travels down the small of her back
as she lays sprawled across honey linens.

She loves the smell of morning coffee,
thick and pure—untainted by long lines and capitalism.
So after I breathe her in, I set out for the kitchen,
each step praying not to wake her.

This is how I begin each day, unpeeling it—
slowly, like the orange of the sun breaking through
the sliding glass door. I like to take a moment and
taste it if I can. The fragrance of routine, steady and familiar.
This is morning, and
in the bedroom my love is asleep, and
out there is the world, and
calloused as it is
it is where my poetry lives.