

## Aubade

Jeez, I thought, as your jalopy  
wheezed to life in the chilly Brooklyn morning,  
harmonizing with cawing crows at the dumpster  
like demons at a baptism. Busting  
up my sweet dreams of waves  
lapping.

Like you bust my be-hind  
but I'm lovin' it.

Nothing in the fridge, but you can stop by  
Mickey D's on the avenue, no china cups  
but the joe's steaming hot.

Like your hands circling my waist,  
fingers nearly touching.

Falling on wrinkled sheets  
(darn washer's broke again)--

the ones from the church rummage sale  
with sprays of white orchids,  
dark purple at the throat,  
each flower so open,  
waiting,  
and slicked with a faraway dew.