

Phil Rice

The Mornings

A cold pillow holds my head
as I listen for your words;

there is no crucifix here,
only your voice between the sheets.

Turning toward your side of the bed,
I bat my eyes at the empty space;

"You need to get up," I hear you say,
the sound hanging sweetly in the air.

My legs, unsteadily familiar,
can't contemplate the walk today,

so I wait until your voice is gone,
and only your breath remains

to guide my feet to the floor.

Originally published in Ginosko Literary Journal #16