

Aubade

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [March 16, 2016](#) issue

Sometimes, certain mornings, we are born again,
our feet traveling the floor new feet, new floor,
our windows watching us as we cat-stretch, all new

to see our yard staring, blossoming,
these flowers we newly planted yesterday
more wide-eyed than when we put them to bed.

We've never seen such hue regard the sky,
every impatiens plant's uplifted head
jubilant, defiant, red, on red, on red.

After such streaming light comes to our hands
like stigmata to the saints, we shower and wait,
the old terror, our familiar, on its way—

the shaving or the make-up mirrors will hold
our bones a death mask fits, then mirror back our yards—
nothing the same color, nothing, sun's every glance.