

# Matins

by [John Petrenka](#) in the [October 4, 2011](#) issue

Awakened by the alarm-radio  
all seems as other yesterdays  
and the ebb of tide,  
your absence, the grains of sand  
beneath the foam, slowly, revealed.  
This now of morning asks  
    for a response and  
    I have none.

Read "[-O-](#)" and "[After.](#)"