

A matins

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [July 18, 2018](#) issue

Today the sun asked, the minute I woke up,
why should I have to startle him today?
To hang my crown, my afternoon torn cloak
over his little window on the universe?

But now the radiance smashes straight through.
Across the floor a new day opens, shatterings.
How tremulously the pieces stand on edge,
each gold circumference a cutting blade.

The pieces glisten, wait. When will we reach in,
you and I—and everyone we love—
to pick them up, assemble crookedness, take on
the always-new, wounded, wounding miraculous?