

I have this love-hate relationship  
with mornings—  
I love the feeling of the new beginning,  
a horizon peeking its way through  
my bedroom window,  
to haunt and hover  
over my new ideas to come,  
the newness in the ocean's air  
and the scent of freshly cut grass.

But, if we turn the green leaf over  
you should know how I hate the mind's mutterings,  
internal musings and deep understandings  
of a fractured self  
and exes who crave early morning sex  
like I prefer midnight tantric encounters.

It is not clear if there is a way  
to escape this internal dilemma  
or on which court to pounce the ball—  
or if turning back time  
really even matters.

Then sit the early morning questions  
of how to pass the day,  
and where to find hungry smiles  
to propel me forth.

I want to believe  
that these early mornings  
are akin to the love-hate relationship  
we all feel with life

as we spit back into the sixties  
to our landscape of our own histories—  
mainly because looking forward  
glistens with uncertain futures  
and undeniable aging ails.

■ Diana M. Raab