

The Mornings.... By Tara Bansal

*The mornings don't seem so heavy anymore
The icy air that suffocated now lingers, embraced
Those flowery, neon curtains had their job
But maybe the painted flowers were peeling
So the sunlight, weeping, left.*

*I guess boundaries are meant to be broken
And so the cold dances
Tiptoeing through my apartment
Shimmying its way past cracks in the wall*

*My faded sheets don't seem so faded anymore
They were never warm, sure, but always lacked
Color, genuine, raw emotion
An important possession misplaced,
Realistically lost, this joy felt no longer owned*

*But there were those fleeting leads in memory
A distant part of childhood momentarily achieved
And if you reached back far enough,
Perhaps the item could be retrieved*

*They say it's the new day that brings healing and hope
I used to scoff; it's the new day that brings regret
But today the birds are in flight across the blue
And I think Color has begun its retrieval
Cold, its withdrawal*

*Maybe the birds' sweet tunes are for a reason
Maybe I'm here for a reason*

My mornings aren't so heavy anymore.