

Sandra Hoben

BEFORE I'M AWAKE

I'm standing by the red rings
of the stove, spooning coffee into a pot.
I bring the cup back to bed,
pull the quilt around me
and look out.

It's a grey morning,
grey hair, grey beard,
an old fashioned grey suit
worn at the cuffs.

He picks me up.
I put my face against his,
and my wispy, blond hair
against that ocean of grey.