Waking

by Talia Bloch

In the morning the world is too large
even for a king. Cities and fields
sprawled out in the sparkling sun
—and the sun a brilliant blue.

I stumble about in my confused fur
disturbed, as an animal in its cave.

Certainly there is something
I have forgotten, some thing
I have left behind in sleep, something
given to us: an order, a scent, a look
as someone turned beside the door.

In the kitchen
there is breakfast waiting:
a bowl of cereal, too sweet,
melting in milk and a coral cup of tea.

In my mind cities appear—
cities I once inhabited—gathered
in the light of their morning sun,
filled with the clamoring of children,
the scent of warm rolls
and garbage rotting in the streets;

cities that have abandoned me.

The blood comes knocking in the brain.

I touch the kitchen window for its coolness
and lay my head upon the table
in submission.