

Sarah Johnson
Free Verse Poem

Awakening

Stretching and awakening of the toes and soul;
The clock strikes seven and cuts the silence.
The dog yawns and paws at the crisp cold sheets.
He is a miniature and hairier version of his master.
Warm and soft feet smack the cold, harsh floor,
Two fiery coals striking the vast glacier.
Swollen and puffy eyes creak open,
And the florescent sun breaks through the darkness.
But the black and white world is still fuzzy,
And color is a vague memory from a dream.
Shuffling and stomping down the stairs
Towards the only remedy for the aching and sore mind.
The light turns red, the buzzer sounds,
A ceramic mug clanks against the counter.
The liaison between man and fuel, small and crucial.
The smooth and rich liquid pours into its rigid curves
As lips meet the edge and muffle the worries of yesterday.
The colors brighten, the sounds become clear, the world illuminated.