

Morning

By Jeff Butterworth

Morning's first light.

She adjusts her nightie

Returning from the bathroom.

Eyes closed, shuffled steps.

Sleep ready to resume.

He snuggles in bed

Facing the wall.

In practiced routine

Hears her footfall.

She eases herself down

To resume her repose.

He twists around to seek

The woman he chose.

She stretches forward,

Completing the routine.

Lips grazing his,

As towards her he leans.

Morning's first kiss.