

Matins

by [John Petrenka](#) in the [October 4, 2011](#) issue

Awakened by the alarm-radio
all seems as other yesterdays
and the ebb of tide,
your absence, the grains of sand
beneath the foam, slowly, revealed.
This now of morning asks
 for a response and
 I have none.

Read "[-O-](#)" and "[After.](#)"