

i awaken
and you are already up,
basking in the morning sunlight
on our soft velvet couch
as it filters in
through the hazy, glazed windows

i help you up,
your body still stiff and tired,
and lead you to the cherry wood table
where soon,
a decadent breakfast will be ready
the mist of steam and delicious scents
soon hangs in the air

i lay out two plates
and one stays untouched

we spend the day together
i glory in your company
as i deal out the solitaire cards
and then lay out the checkerboard
wooden and worn soft
i win easily
you never were very good at chess

before i know it,
night is falling
it's oddly chilly tonight
and i take your cold hand in mine
as i prepare to rest
with you

and i smile
at the thought
of waking up tomorrow

- elle

- author's notes :

- poem writer was never about me haha ,,
- thank you so much for all the kind comments !!! i didn't expect my first submitted poem to be so positively received,,,,
- this is wa y less elegant than poem writer because i spent less time on it haha. it was sort of an experiment. i hope you liked it though !
- to a very specific editor : poem writer. poem writer. poem writer. i will not speak its synonym
- <333