

The toast

By Skipperdoodle Productions

I have opened the drapes and made my morning coffee, the beautiful one shuffles downstairs, opens the window to let in the breeze I hear rustling through the majestic oaks in our neighbor's backyard. A beautiful start to my day. The sun through the East windows and the songbird's Aubade complete the tableaux and I am stunned with gratitude.

After dressing, I go back downstairs and have fresh homemade egg salad on rye I've not toasted adequately.