

Weeks before

The man with the chef's burns & lips
wakes & makes me coffee
as I sink & dip deeper in bed
with dreams & lean
toward a lemon in a glass & its nearness to my nose,
my mouth dry, wanting maybe more
& tasting the red
of the night's wine with the red sauce, the man
with the chef's burns & lips grinds & heats
what he needs,
pulling the body (that's me) from dreams
& simmers it with earthy steam
back to daylight, gray rain dropping,
the traffic charging, the rumble strip, the skyline
whose peak I can't reach touch or climb to.