

Aubade

by Sarah Kortemeier

I won't presume. You're no sonata, not
a universal welling-up of strings,
no chord that smashes through the bones of thought
and language. Not the octave-peak that brings
me, shaking, to a pitch that sounds like home,
but higher. No. I've climbed back down the scale.

And you're not rustling in the darkened foam
that eats this beach, dissolving dust, detail,
and music. You're not breathing in the cold
that whispers from the land that's left behind.
You're not the sleepless howling of the old
night, fleeing dawn and wishing itself blind

but *there*. You're coming. Clouds reach out, pink, unwise.
You left me yesterd—
 I will not watch you rise.

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