

Aubade

by Melissa Lamberton

You are my house, and I, your morning sun
to slip through blinds, illuminate your rooms,
turn tile to gold, wring light from mops and brooms,
to dust, shake, make every appliance hum.

Unshutter your sun-paneled eyes, unbolt
your doors, and wake! I have arrived to shade
and warm, to sweep away dark's disarray
with this electric skin and loving volt.

Yet night will not delay, and I confess
appointments made with China, Belgium, Spain.

Will you still love while I am out of sight?

Dim rooms and wait with smoldered heart? Oh, say yes!

And I will stay: I'll leave the world to rain,
and give to you alone adoring light.

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