

## NOTES FOR AN AUBADE

I don't know if you know me very well yet.  
Perhaps you do. Perhaps you think you do.  
I'm the kind of girl who sits up late after  
everybody else has gone to bed, talking to  
herself and sewing paper cranes to the end  
of the window pull. The June bugs thwack  
the damp screens, knock themselves silly  
and fall down, paddling in the dirt. I stay up  
after I am tired of waiting for perspective, for  
truth to hold out a blessing, just like a baby  
all limp with tiredness jerks awake after  
every sleepy nod and tries to look alert. I  
prick myself to stay awake, I don't want to  
miss anything even when nothing's going  
on, even when I've had enough of a good  
thing I still want more. So does it make  
sense now why at sunrise I cannot keep  
my fingers from your skin, from circling  
suggestively along your thighs? My eyes  
close against my will, shut tight without  
asking my permission. But I can still hear  
the grey seagulls crying out to each other  
through the intervening space, just as they  
do every morning, just as the sea will come  
right up to the old stone steps  
even if I do fall asleep.