

Morning Reflections

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morning rainfall and the
repeating thud of the
washing machine —
an occasional stomp
on the ceiling overhead
as the neighbor I've never
met ... gets dressed.

I'd heard the water
running through her
pipes just before my own
shower — I'd heard her
stomping just before
I went to sleep myself
last night.

late weekend morning,
drying off and laying on
my bed in soft flannel
boxer shorts — I'm reading
a novel that's not too
convincing. I should have
read it last night,

but a
friend had forced me out
to bars, eating suicidal
hot wings, and my muffler
had groaned and grumbled
till it fell off in the rain.

today the repair shop
is closed, and I need a
haircut, and I need to
pay my rent — today's a
day to catch up on things.
I turn back to reading the novel