

One Day Older

by *Tricia Gates Brown*

Each morning, I pull back our top sheet
and slide into the bed's buttery softness. Early
riser, I return to wake you, to throw my leg
over you as you face me and I take in
your still-blue-eyed beauty, though you say
this casts aspersions on my sanity.

We are one day older. Each day
we stack like coins on the bedside
before you rise and shave and head
to the kitchen to mollify pets,
drink your coffee over *NY Times* obits,
which you later report, especially
if the dead are your age, or all too young.

We may worry how this love story ends
but today – and maybe tomorrow and the next
day – we will decide whether to grill
pork chops for dinner or make linguine. I will
remind you to hydrate because July, nowadays,
is sweltering, and you will turn on the AC
when I get distracted. But mostly we'll
go about our day on separate tracks until
we happen to converge at morning.
One day older.