

# Morning Evening

Annah Inocente

On the drive home,  
her bare toes gripped the ridges  
on the gas and brake pedals.

She shivered,  
fingers icy  
as they gripped the wheel  
and braced rushes  
of cool air from vents.

Grains of sand  
stayed under her nails.

This morning twilight,  
the moment before sunrise  
where a brilliant sliver of Moon  
hung still in the air,  
was unlike anything she'd ever seen—  
and she's driven through many a sunrise before.

This particular dawn was better,  
better than the gray, anti-climactic kind  
that people typically slept through.

This particular dawn  
was like the Ceremonial Peeling  
of the Fruit of Day.

This particular dawn was like God himself  
clutched the edge of a cloth and,  
with the panache of a Vegas magician,  
whisked it away  
to reveal a glittering new creation.

Layers of opaque cloud  
seemed to break  
into jagged, cumbersome segments  
and slide away,  
revealing a bright blue daybreak  
and beams of hazy yellow sun.

She laughed,  
"People get so riled up  
about sunsets."