

## MORNING HAS BROKEN

Alexis Chavez

Love  
the day is raw  
seconds sharp  
sun suspect

I draw back  
  
from the morning  
that rolls in upon me  
like waves

I cede  
  
beneath  
crumpled sheets of  
crumbs and clemency

into  
linens of  
bleach and bone

there

there  
the ache anchored flesh  
holds

a shade of a voice  
a paper cut

an image of you rises up  
like a hiccup to the peripheral

amorphous  
as a spectre

I lift my hand to my mouth  
trace the curve of my lips

try

to read them  
like Braille

to fathom faculty  
make use of limbs

sound  
between  
soul and skin

in pause of

pulse

precipitates  
the split  
of bark

arm  
to  
axe  
to  
gravity

