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Morning Nap on the Brink of War

by Nina Serrano

The sun dawns and the hummingbirds come
inquiring at my empty bird feeder.
After rising too early for feeling rested
Back into bed I dive
Everything clearer in the early dawn
There's no urgency to time yet, it's too early
No thing and no one can make a claim on me
I stretch my limbs under warm covers
My mind can float and flutter with the hummingbirds
who return again to check if the feeders been refilled
I scribble flowing from a pen
having abandoned the computer for this snugly retreat
where I have battled nightmares and monsters
swallowed love and fears
vanquished fevers disease and injury
Here I am reborn again and again
through retreat into oblivion
slipped into with the shuttering of eyelids
the slowing down of breath to catch a passing dream
I restart this waiting day of a fresh new year
already drenched elsewhere in blood, pain, and fire
that has not yet reached this bed
As the outdoor thermometer slowly climbs
with the bright morning sun
I close my eyes searching the quiet dark
welcoming me back

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