

LIANE STRAUSS

*"The morning is the hardest.
It is morning"*

The morning is the hardest. It is morning
when I nearly don't remember. But I remember
once how you said morning should come later,
which never made much sense, until this morning.

The middle of the day, my heart, reminds me
of a road I've never been on, it is endless.
The evening is the hardest, it's the darkness.
I shut my eyes and count until it finds me.

One by one the hours fly off, they leave without me.
I can't keep them and I can't see where they take you.

The night won't end and when you don't forsake me
and stroke my cheek and say, "You can't come with me,"
it makes no sense, but then the sky is turning
and dark descending dawn dawns and it's morning.