

8:05am

Patrick Kilmartin

She's been up for an hour already,
while I toss away my sleep-in.

Through the walls,
the breakfast rattle of a nine-to-sixer . . .
Pre-commute panic: the interest rate of the real working
world.

She's got it tough,
my bank-owned girlfriend.

The sound of a key in a lock
and a quietly closed door
is our only interaction.

A cold coffee ring
in a steamy bathroom,
her only traces.

Fossils of us for me to find
when finally, I rise to the mirror
to take a look at myself.