

## Rise Shine

Buzzing interrupts the fantasy I felt destined to realize  
one eye ascends and fixates unsteadily on the sideboard  
reluctantly I rise from the warm enticing covers  
flagrantly aware the furnace isn't on yet  
hard, stark ceramic floor of the bathroom chills me  
I sit, not confident enough for accuracy.

I brush the toxic atmosphere from my morbid mouth  
unsteady hand makes me grateful I shaved before bed  
groping hopelessly for clothes laid out last night  
mismatched socks are an act I don't care to repeat  
I kiss my obviously comfortable wife  
who remains rolled in her sausage reprieve.

Through the hall I stumble conscious of the path  
but unaware of new obstacles that may lay in front of me  
my loyal percolating pot welcomes me  
keys jangle, shoes shine, wallet groans on departure  
opportunisticly they're thrust into position  
as my faithful chariot ignites heroically to life.

"It's going to be a beautiful day", the radio confirms  
on command, protective garage door majestically lifts  
streaming beams surround me in cultivating shadows  
surreal beacon signifies an optimistic journey  
with enlightened radiance from my continued integration  
I thoughtfully reverse into the dynamic horizon.

Excerpt from "The Poetry of Business"  
Author: Tracy Lynn Repchuk  
[www.ThePoetryof.com](http://www.ThePoetryof.com)