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Title

A Morning Like Midnight

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Journal

The Vernal Pool, 4(2)

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Publication Date

2018

DOI

10.5070/V342038579

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

A Morning Like Midnight
By Camryn Melanson

His tired eyes shine like amber gloss;
A smile like white noise extend from his skin,
“What time is it?”

Slits of light paint his silhouette
like tiger stripes,
“9am.”

Crawling into
cold arms that bite like caffeine,
fingertips trailing lines against rough skin.

Lips swollen
from exchanging taste for a moment
before the sun.

If I could have anything more
than another hour in the dark,
it would be the time of day

where the sun falls center
and suburban streets are empty.
When eyes only open to meet,

turn over in the sheets
and slip back
into marbled grey dreams.