I Like to Wake Up (To You)

Kisses on skin

Shoulder, neck, and eyelids

Blue eyes, good mornings, and full body hugs

Somebody drifting around the kitchen

The clicking of the gas stove

As water gets put on for coffee

The sun sweet-talking his way through the blinds

Showing off the new day like red light on long legs

As the cat rests upon the window

Slave. Bill Withers. John Coltrane. Prince

And clean blue sheets

Rain outside the window

On a day I don’t have to get up

Just

Hide away

Beneath the day to another home

Where language is more sincere

Your voice like

Payday

A day we’re going somewhere

Children laughing as they try to wake

Us out of bed

New dress. New boots.

Your voice like

Friday

mid-night dancing

someone visiting

visiting someone

Strong margarita on a hot day

Hot cocoa on a cold day

Bubble bath

Your voice like

“Good Morning”

Brushes of a palm on my hair

Eyes looking at me like a friend

Discovering something special

“You.”