

Man, leaving

You walk down the staircase
barely touching the red walls,
towards a light so clear it could be five a.m.
You walk down the staircase
carrying nothing, as if you needed nothing
on your journey from kitchen to world,
a coffee cup still warm on the table,
a plate with half a slice of toast.
You leave behind a woman whose alarm
is set for seven, when she will rise
and struggle into the day in a blue overall,
sit at a checkout for hours
until her head pounds and her legs itch.
You go quietly, forgetting
the warm bed and her warm arms,
her dream of being a sea creature,
her fluid body swimming through the dark,
because outside is a new morning
and you want to burst into it,
like you've been submerged all your life
and have suddenly lifted your head
above the surface and breathed a first breath.