

JACKIE CRAVEN

Morning Unmoors Us

My misery sleeps through sunrise,
sheets twisted, comforter
crumpled on the floor. I've been up for hours,
brewing coffee, jingling spoons,
but nothing can rouse her,
not the revelry of sparrows in the eaves,
not the blush of light on our bedroom wall
or the sultry aroma rising
from the mug I bring. My misery lies
on her back and listens to her clock radio—
glaciers weeping, pathogens carousing,
and in Martha's Vineyard, manatees
washed ashore. My misery floats
on the River Styx. I smooth her sheets
and fold hospital corners, every crease
a lumbering disappointment. I'm a manatee
making origami, and she's a pillow
stuffed with sparrows, plush
and nettlesome. They warble beneath
the weight of burning ice. Polar bears
sit on her chest. For only \$9 a month
we can save a polar bear, but
can we afford to restore the world?
One doomed eye creaks open. Let's.
Just like that: Let's, and my lungs
swell with feathers.