

***David Rosenthal***

**Another Aubade**

For years, he's lived her loss this way, and he  
has given to routine to guide his day –  
like setting up the kettle for her tea,  
and pulling back the curtains on the bay.

He sits with her, without her, one last time –  
each time a little truer to the lie  
that this sun is the last one he'll see climb,  
each morning less unwilling to comply.

The wrens in the arbutus make their play.  
The neighbor's cat makes mischief on the lawn.  
The sober definition of the day  
unfolds, as daylight settles on the dawn.