

## Linda Perhacs "Morning Colors"

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Fog  
Is catching  
In cold  
Round drops  
And from the rail  
Of his terrace  
Dripping

Some to fall and some to blink  
In colours of neon from signs all along  
His street

His stairs are wood  
And old  
And they creak  
They complain  
When I come  
And talk  
When I go  
But I'm quiet if I try  
And don't stay too long  
And I go before the morning  
And the dripping of the fog  
Is gone

Sometimes I wonder  
Should I wake him to see  
All those bright bubble drops  
In the still slickened streets?  
Sometimes I wonder  
Has he ever really seen them?  
Sometimes I wonder  
Has he ever really seen me?

It's so warm and still  
Fresh coffee  
And oranges  
Soon almond cakes  
He'll sleep  
Until they're done

There hasn't been a sound

From under  
Those signs

Haven't heard a single footstep  
That is rushing to be  
On time

Colors that are dripping  
Help to make up  
For his silence

I think of you in green  
I remember  
He once told me

But when I go  
As I always must do  
The color in his day will be clear  
And  
Blue

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