An Aubade to the Quotidian

by John Ranahan

*The honeyeaters begin their morning*

*serenade in the brightening mangrove swamp.*

Our fans whirl dust into the air by the coffee maker,

waiting patiently for six, as our cookware dreams

of pork loins and omelets. The wooden knife block

obstructs the cuts to careless hands

before we dice the leeks, the lettuce, the limes

we’ll pull from the humming icebox near the stove

and shelf where we prepare our daily bread.

A ceramic left foot props open the door—

above it, a pewter swan tail buoys up a rose

cut from the bush near the porch. Fading pictures

collect more dust in their unopened albums

on a shelf beneath the baskets of coiled poison.

Sleeved Bizet, Bach, Brubeck, and Buffet

sing silently to the expectant room.

Waiting to take on the weary weight of visitors

or replacements from the substitution bible,

two stools guard the sheeted love seat

that gazes at *Climbing Back to the Sun,*

my painting from the hospital days, floating above

an outrigger canoe which sails across the white shelf,

seeking its distant home.

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