

ALISA GORDANEER

ORDINARY, NOW

What's ordinary about this night, its moon
hung between pillars of buildings, its stars
dropped into windows that wink on and off
like saucy lovers, waiting?
And what's mundane about this morning, pink
rising like a nightdress from the pillow?
I know what's remarkable: I am here alone
and alive. What's ordinary
is how I will pull on socks, shoes, trip in my
usual steps to work, will complete tasks that have
lost all meaning. Until the appointed hour:
Then, the usual. I will continue, home
to where you are not. What's ordinary now
is your absence, the way I reach for two plates
and put back one.