

AIMEE PENNA

## **WORKDAY AUBADE**

Drive-of-(no real)-shame this morning  
through the lightening mist of Valley Forge,

where ghosts of soldiers huddle together  
in their replica cabins, frost-bitten feet

hanging over the edges of too-short bunks.  
One spirit shivers at the end of an overnight post,

crouched behind a cannon he aims at joggers  
and an army of deer. Your cat slept curled

at my feet all night long, until you reached  
over me and turned off the Reveille alarm clock.

In the sky, a smudge of moon remains, like a stain  
on sheets the day can't yet bring itself to wash.