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## The Morning After

late morning sunlight slices  
through the half open blinds

and across the sleeping cat, curled  
into herself on the fallen coverlet

faint lilac of the candles  
mingle with yesterday's cologne

in the air and on the sheets — crumpled  
to one side of the empty bed

discarded clothing leads a trail  
past the bureau and the clock

to the gentle roar of a shower —  
steam fingering the crack of the door

AMBER CARTER