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## Wakening to Warmth

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# Wakening to Warmth

Rauthany Ly

He would always lie in his twin-sized mattress  
 waiting for the slightest warmth to caress his worn-out flesh,  
 burning his pores, crawling across his body to his harsh feet,  
 The promising sun managed to welcome him in the morning  
 with the free opera of man's best friends barking at stray cats,  
 the neighbors across the street in the bright red house yelling over spilled breakfast  
 and the whistling of little Jimmy who cause such a racket,  
 dragging his wooden baseball bat across the hard, rough pavement

He takes six mechanical steps to the right,  
 until he feels the smooth textured wood  
 to the cool touch of the metallic handle  
 The opened drawers revealed the neatly folded stack of clothes  
 containing white and black collar up shirts,  
 the second drawer filled with layers of pants  
 and the third—jumble of multicolored socks rolled up inside out in little balls  
 He reaches for the first item he touches because it doesn't matter to him  
 It's all made with the same material, same sewn sleeves and the same old use  
 He walks out of his room and down the stairs,  
 eight entire steps, carpet snuggled underneath his feet

and with his right hand, he feels for the crooked neck of the cane,  
 lightly swishing it back and forth,  
 his destination—freshly brewed coffee with hint of vanilla,  
 Peach cobbler, cherries, granny's apple pies  
 with whipped cream scattered on top, the way he likes it  
 Sitting in the third still, he attentively listens for the clatter of thin high heels,  
 the rattling of ice swimming in waves of fresh, homemade lemonade,  
 layers of paper flapping, the faint click of a pen,  
 his signal for a simple hello, and an order of his typical cappuccino,  
 sweet milky whip swirled on top, the bittersweet taste of delight

He digs in his pocket, feel the crease of crinkled bills  
 Abraham Lincoln folded in half, George Washington smugly unfolded,  
 pennies and nickels, smooth edged  
 dimes and quarters, roughed outer edge  
 Out the door, chimes linger in his ears  
 the warmth of the sun no longer traces his skin,  
 Oblivious to the complete darkness