Between

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Journalism, Sr.

I stepped on a mirror at dawn
And, looking down, saw six
Pieces of early-morning me;
We are vulnerable at that hour
To weather and stale coffee
   (It was Iowa—cool then
   But New York—thick
   And the coffee most bitter)
Marshall McLuhan on the subway
Told me the comfort of numbers
And I did not want to leave
The underground anonymity,
But I did
   (I can be alone and vulnerable
   Anywhere when the day is beginning,
   Waking and stretching)
What makes me think
Of African violets
So early in the grey day:
Is it the song of the teakettle
Or the feeling of living
A haiku, syllabic and present tense?
Now Petersmith calls
To soothe my mind
With business words
   (Small things will harden
   Me to noon
   And lunch at Woolworth's)