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workshops

All Those Early Breakfasts

by Steve Brown

The new Sun made the day the taste of oranges:
blood sent humming along opened arteries,
one looping shared red circulation.
Narcissus reborn in Echo's love; echoes answered,

with the brilliant solutions of those early days:
eyes ablaze each breakfast with quick genius
- the sheer clarity of every planet,
each aligned on their crystalline spheres.

But Science Says: toast always falls
butter-side down, fresh grits in the taste of everyday.
The sun, now, looks moon-faced, paled behind
the curtains which fray with every opening.

But when the Theory of Everything recedes,
there can always be tomorrow. Perhaps
we can again be bright as Adam on that first morning,
when the day was all and freshly yours,
with all things newly painted: still to name.