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## In the Morning

When you wake and walk  
across the kitchen, each step  
sets the sprung floor shuddering  
like growth rings around a core  
which holds and does not give

like bones, firm within the soft  
sheath of skin and meat, the lovely  
conceit of your body, to ripple out  
to me in bed, drowsy and warm  
as if we had all the time in the world.

IAN TROMP