

Morning Bliss & Blues

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They would wake up at 6am. Sharp.
Jump on their poor mother's bed,
Begging her to wake up.
Sprint down the stairs once given permission,
to see if Santa had come.
They ripped open each carefully wrapped
gift with no remorse.
Stuffing their faces with cinnamon rolls
at the commencement of gift-opening.

It is the same day, with the same people but
the now college aged girls are woken up
by mom at 9... maybe 10 AM.
The magic of Santa is replaced
by pangs of guilt when they don't like
the knit sweater they know their mom put
so much thought into.
Breakfast is put aside until enough
coffee to caffeinate an army is brewed.
Presents are opened slowly
in a desperate attempt
to make the morning last forever.