

## A Little God on a Cold Morning Dreaming

I wake up to day dissolving under my tongue. Birds have already shattered. I hear hollow bones above the supermarket, soft air popping over sugared candies and oranges shiny as debutantes, hopeful after their journey. Everything on their way somewhere while I watch sun melt against the armour of my window. A cold sun, judgmental, authoritarian as if it doesn't play with clouds more than you and abandon you all night to darkness. As if it doesn't know the moon has more than one face while yours is never quite right. Always glaring or blinking, this sun. Fading at crucial moments. All that torment.

All things should dissolve like this day, already twisted under the soles of a tomorrow that hasn't even been born. And like this, the necklace of hours and weeks worry under my fingers. With a flick of my thumb I could sever its spine. Sun sleets against my window, hurling want.

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Eirene Gentle is a mid-sized writer of little lit based in Toronto, Canada. Published in journals including *The Hooghly Review*, *Litro*, *Maudlin House*, *Roi Faineant*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, and *Bull*, coming soon to *Leon Literary* and *Does It Have Pockets*.