

Kali Harrison

## **Far Below**

His four-post, antique bed engulfs the bedroom  
with giant, oaken frame.  
Freshly laundered linens lace the air, perfumes  
of lavender and jasmine.

Far below, the corner of 28th and Jackson bustles.  
John, the hotdog man, gleams behind the red canopy of his cart.  
Numb toes tempted by guilt over stony, building's ledge.  
My graceful descent in chaotic remorse.

Awaken, fumbling puddles of warm, Egyptian cotton.  
The alarm blares like the horn of a downtown taxi-driver howling.  
Humble rays peek behind creamy, sheer drapes. Morning  
greet me with the agonizing comfort of a lustful stranger's bed.