

JO CARSON

#52

I watched the first sunrise
I remember seeing last week.
I am thirty-five.

I'm up at sunrise, I have
a job that ruins my wrists
and two children.
By sunrise, I am already busy.

Once, I sat awake for
a month of sunrises
that began with a call
from the youngest: Mama...,,
The child got sick
he would not open his eyes.
His room faced west.
I watched—I counted—sunsets.

He is thirteen now
and mows for spending money.

So, Saturday, my husband and I
left the house before dawn.
It was my birthday, my choice,
my present, we went fishing.

I love fishing.

The pain was in my wrists
but casting a fishing line
is not the same as
dis-assembling chickens—
that's their word for it—
on a factory line. My job.

There we sat, me shivering,
In the dark with the crickets
and a rim of bright pink
lit the mountains so quickly
I didn't notice it coming.
It looked like an accident.
What's that? I asked.
This sounds so foolish now.
That light. "The dawn,"
my husband said and laughed.
I wept, I couldn't stop myself,
I don't ever remember seeing
a sunrise before.

**“Happens every morning,
where on earth you been?” he asked.**

**Cutting up chickens.
Raising children.**

[From: **STORIES I AIN'T TOLD NOBODY YET**]