

2022

A November Morning

Jules Rizzo
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Rizzo, Jules (2022) "A November Morning," *Exile*: Vol. 68: No. 1, Article 27.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol68/iss1/27>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

A November Morning
Jules Rizzo

I wake under your well-loved blanket—
Under *our* well-loved blanket—
Relishing in the contrast between
The scratchy fabric
And your smooth skin.

We hide from the sun
As it makes its presence known
Casting a golden beam
Onto the grayish cotton layer protecting us.
Apollo's touch cannot reach us here.

I ignore the impending day of restlessness
Knowing that, by the setting of today's sun,
My body will ache
For the not-so-soft-anymore blanket
That has smelled like mothballs
Since long before the first time
My nose caught the musty scent.

My leg is tangled in the fleecy material.
To an outsider,
I only exist
As the side of my calf
And perhaps a few tendrils of squirrely hair.
I consider myself lost to the world.

I dig my face out from the cave,
Eyes aiming for the digital clock
On your desk.
The glowing red numbers that greet me
Are blurred.
My glasses sit just out of reach

On your mahogany nightstand.

Before my head reaches too far above the surface,
Your delicate fingers snake through my hair,
Tugging gently,
Reminding me of the comfort I'll lose
When it's time
To throw the blanket aside
And start my day.

The silver ring that clings to your middle finger
Pulls on a few strands
Of my unbrushed hair.
My head tips back
Allowing the weight of my thoughts
To rest in the palm of your hand.

I breathe in the damp, forgiving air
For a single second
Before sinking into the sanctity
Of your touch
And returning to my burrow—
Returning to *our* burrow—
While we bask in the comfort
Of this kind-of-falling-apart blanket.