

## Samsara Counts

### Wake

I fight off dreams of lying back down. I breathe  
the sharp air of morning, fill space with sound.  
Your playlist preludes the familiar sequence:

the dark lingering in the windows, the coffee machine  
beeping. I pour. *Don't*, you say,  
*your hands will shake even more.*

Inertia takes the place of peace.  
I skate the fear of stopping, of unoccupied  
time. Avoid memories beginning

to dim. Each morning I never quite reach you, yet  
each morning is the same: rituals followed  
in the absence of those to come.