

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Kind of Aubade

By Robert K. Johnson

(for Rachel)

Bidding goodbye
to my house's silent rooms,
I open a front door
—to the honking of car horns,

to the chatter of two mothers
pushing baby carriages,
and the high-pitched voices
of children bouncing to school,

to a morning
that leaps alive with sound.
And, of course, I think of you.