

# Morning Shift

*Suzi Mezei*

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I have lost interest  
in the sun  
but it's outside  
as always,  
watching the Indian brides  
in uniforms and flat shoes,  
juggle trays and cutlery,  
tap the bald heads  
of luke-warm eggs,  
the sound of breakfast arrives,  
chatter and a mandatory change.  
I prayed once,  
to your strange god  
to spare me such dependence.  
But I am Darling,  
I am Sweetie,  
coaxed, cajoled,

bent into position,  
made naked, dried, padded  
by latex hands,  
I am agog at the white  
of her teeth,  
the scrape of her black mane  
into submissive pony-tail.  
I let the cuff  
of her shirt  
brush my mouth,  
taste her home,  
her soap,  
the scent of her iron;  
I know I should  
love her  
but I have lost interest  
in faces.