

ODE TO A MORNING

By Sarah diGiovanna

The drips of coffee say “hello! hello!”
Scrapes of ice chips fall in sync with the harsh needle-like sound of an alarm clock.
Hushed voices of roommates flow dreamily around the crinkling post-stillness of sheets.
The sounds of the day are a mocking melody:

permeating pop music from across the hall;

shrill students soliloquizing into their notebooks;

low laughter in the lunchroom from loquacious ladies;

the tip tap tapping of tendrils on technology.