

Clenched, the fist  
escapes the duvet,  
breaking a layer  
of quilted top soil,

a dancing cascade  
of light gently wakes,  
as a sorcerer - it stirs,  
conducts the limbs  
to shrug airily.

Sleep has ended.  
Dreams blend into reality,  
open buds  
greet **the radiant dawn.**

As she descends  
the timber staircase,  
a subtle hand covers  
her swollen womb,

she suspires a new tradition  
of buttered rolls,  
the god of cravings  
must be appeased.

A timer begins,  
she takes a moment to herself.

Past her reflection,  
upon the pane,  
is a harmony - a song,  
made from the hare's bound  
and showering drops of earth  
kicked joyously,

the notes germinate,  
a morning symphony just for her.

She guards a coffee cup,  
bathes in the aroma  
before proceeding with tasks  
of cleaning and painting,

a nursery sits still,  
a blank wall awaits,

soon, it will be filled  
with wild daisies  
to bless the coming child.

She knows May brings  
laughter, beaming smiles,  
and long nights

but for now she is content  
in this fractal moment,

a time of desire; of suspense.