

Morning

The curtains slowly turn from black to white.
Birdcalls announce the passing of the night,
And welcome in yet another day.
I must get up and go and earn my pay.

My wife is in the shower a-washing of her hair.
I cover up my head and pretend that I'm not there.
My work sometimes is hard to endure.
My bed is warm and makes me feel secure.

The clock radio has given me the news
And filled my ears with other people's views.
I will get up and go and face the sun
Today may not be as bad as some.

I shower and shave and dress myself.
I take my breakfast off the shelf,
I eat it under a grim grey sky,
Without the coffee I forgot to buy.

The train could take me anywhere:
To Wollondilly, Wooloware
Wilcannia or Willow Tree
But it's just the usual eight-twenty-three.

I leave the train in a cascade.
I join the dark suit or dress brigade
We walk surrounded by city sounds
Like ants scurrying to our mounds