

April 2014

# Aubade

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## Recommended Citation

Quesada, Ruben, "Aubade" (2014). *Faculty Research & Creative Activity*. 42.  
[http://thekeep.eiu.edu/eng\\_fac/42](http://thekeep.eiu.edu/eng_fac/42)

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## **Aubade**

RUBEN QUESADA

Antelucant, we lie—your body moons against mine. Earlier, I stoked sweat on your neck in the humming of this light. In the dark I listen, now resigned you mumble about the arms of a pinyon pine, say it points to a falling star against the bruised pool of sky. We hear the grackles crackle above a church lot. Then headlights shine on your facesplitting your face, listless lips, half-open eyes—staring out you wait for the occult wreckage of night to vanish from this world holding out until its final moment, until you fall asleep and get lost. Your body light like tulle carried off by a strong current—taken from me—as I helix in the light.