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Mornings By: Rachel Hanks

Our mornings remained dark; enclosed by dusty cloths draped atop the crud and slime stained windows (evidence of a brutal Spring). Our olive-green curtains always drooped a little to the left, where the sun could creep through its top corner; the glass remaining exposed.

I always woke up first, so I would watch (as I drank my morning coffee) as he walked into the kitchen, squinting his eyes and raising his arm to block the harsh rays coming in. This was quickly followed by a stumble to the refrigerator, where he drank directly from his carton of 100% Vegetable Juice (with a 50/50 chance he would miss his mouth). His teeth gleamed red the moment he smiled to say good morning.

I frequently wanted to ask him when he would fix that fucking curtain.

Instead, I made a bet with myself. A cynical thought; of both undisclosed humor and frustration. Would he adjust the curtain (a 5 second task) or leave it as is? Time went on, and each morning he awoke, moving about in the same mechanical motions. Squinting his eyes, peering towards the crack of light, and continuing to the fridge. He even added the "chair hop", to his methodical rituals; one last attempt to overcome "his dilemma".

The sun seemed to wait to rise until he was already sitting, beaming its light unswervingly through the crack of glass. From the window behind the curtain, that is just so conveniently drooped slightly to the left. Then, traveling through the kitchen, where its harsh rays could beam into his cornea, his pupil, and his lens; through the gelatinous, vitreous humor and into his optic nerve; where it goes to the brain for processing. Through synapses and impulses, nerves and receptors, his irritation increases, causing him to "chair hop" 2 inches to the right. Day after day, the same exact motions; the exact same thing.

And not once, did he think to get up and fix the fucking curtain.

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