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Orange Shade

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Mornings were our small obsessions.
The later sun rose, earlier
than we would wake, orange shade
speaking to us
between sips of mist and light.
We'd put on our cotton robes,
to join the air on the balcony
the way two points, once together,
become a line. Mornings
we'd forget to close the window. The sun
flew inside, to nest in our bed,
upon the shadow of our last
night. We sacrificed the rest of time
placing our bodies into the wistful rooms
and their mirrors. We looked
for our portraits, but found
only reflections: some in the dark,
and some others at night.

Brian Chander Wiora teaches poetry at Columbia University, where he is an MFA candidate. He serves as the online poetry editor for the Columbia Journal. His poems have appeared in Rattle, Gulf Stream Magazine, Sugar House Review, The New Mexico Review, As It Ought To Be Magazine, Kissing Dynamite, Alexandria Quarterly and elsewhere. Besides poetry, he enjoys listening to classic rock music, performing standup comedy and traveling.