

Bill Alberti

Edward Hopper's *Morning Sun*

From eastern horizon,
morning sun slants in low
through the large open window
of the multi-storied brick hotel.

Slants in upon the wall,
throws itself upon the double bed,
and confronts the sleepless woman
who returns an unblanketed stare.

She has nothing more to give.
In this vast city of millions,
another sleepless night alone
has stolen her graces.

But this warm light is a comfort
after a night of cold sheets,
though she longs to embrace
more than just another day.

Her green room is as barren
as her abandoned womb,
and the clarity of the blue sky
exposes her attributes and obscurities.

Flimsy as her negligee,
and somehow just as cheap,
her dreams are all that's left.
The sun beholds her nakedness,

but it cannot hold her in its arms.
It cannot kiss her tightened
lips and force its golden tongue
to free her inner primal scream.

Bill Alberti is a poet, musician, artist, and recently retired Hingham teacher who was born in Brooklyn, NY. He has a BA in English and an MA in Creative Arts. He has studied in Galway at the University of Ireland, and after a brief time in China, received an honorary degree from Nanjing University. His poems have appeared in newspapers and literary journals like: *Divergent Voices*, *Trooper*, *Firefighters Digest*, *Teaching Voices*, *Tidepool*, *Sahara* and *The Aurorean*. Bill conducts workshops in creative writing at the

local library and works with teachers and students in their classrooms as a visiting poet. He and his wife, Mary, raised two children in Kingston, MA where they reside.