

**ROBERT LUNDAY**

**Aubade**

The turntable's faithful skinny arm has needled the 45  
over and over all night while you have lain, I assume,  
passed out. Our shared wall's thin as an eyelid  
so now I know the lyrics "Green Onions" doesn't have  
by heart. Wake up! Night has sung its way to morning,  
the town already fidgets and shouts. The street bosses  
have mopped your vomit from the sidewalk  
and cursed your good times. The clock  
has nailed its coffins for the new day's losses.  
Don't be dead! Wake up and play the other side.