

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **A Porridge Morning**

By Ruth Arnison

A Sunday wind belts against the morning house.  
Sinking into my mattress I contemplate  
the day's possibilities.

A beach walk, dismissed. I've no desire for a  
vigorous sanding, even if it offers  
a free facial.

Window-shopping involves a certain amount  
of reflection. I'm not in the mood.

Best to start with little steps, like gathering  
milk and oatmeal, then allowing the day  
to unfold from there.