

My Love, My Morning Routine

A Letter to My Husband

Chanel Hardy

In the morning, the sounds of the coffee pot brewing wake me up from my sleep. You call my name from the kitchen to ask if I want a cup. I say yes. I lay on my back because the bed leaves me sore. You walk in, I sit up and you hand me my cup. '*Days like today, I wish I weren't a muggle.*' That's what my cup says. You know me so well. You give me this mug all the time because days like today are every day. I think about when I first got off that plane. A transplant starting a new life in the desert. Not even coffee could shake the feeling of being an unwelcome stranger. I drink my coffee as you rub my shoulder, asking if I slept good. I say yes. But *yes* is a lie. My right arm still hurts, and my chest is still tight. My body is a mess, but this cup of hot coffee makes it all better. It's warm and inviting and gives me hope for the day. Those fifteen minutes before my coffee goes cold are honestly the best fifteen minutes of my day. After that, there is nothing to keep me warm on the inside. Except the warmth from the sunrise over the mountains. The rest of the day just drags. I don't remember much about my day most days. Just that when it's time to go to bed, you rub my shoulder again. And kiss me goodnight. And I fall asleep eventually, looking forward to that morning cup of coffee with you again. And that sunrise over the mountains. I hope you slept well.

-Chanel Hardy



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