

renaissance

shreds of 'mares rest from the night
grey shadows mask the early light
quiescence blankets street and borough
before daily endeavours hide the sorrow

a saxophone begins to play and
the first bars guide the thoughts astray
the minor scale with a well-known theme
resonates well with the earliest gleam

outside the glasses a bird appears
some leaps—then ascends to higher spheres
tweeting cuts the greyish blue
awaking glee—and envy too

the glowing computer claims the room
hot coffee scent deletes the gloom
sweet biscuits sit ready for crispy bites
the duties start with the morning rites

the houses are calm, the roads are clear
no barking dogs, no chatting men
trash is collected somewhere near
some food is driven in a van

in front of the screen a user takes hold
the cup is warm but the mind feels cold
a gaze of longing drifts through the space
moments of mistrust in a familiar place

the glow of the screens turns stark and bright
a spark of purpose strives to ignite
with deepening focus the last doubt resolves
to inspiring fires as the day evolves

Felix Nagel

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Contact: literature@felixnagel.org