

Good Morning!
 Hugh Behm-Steinberg
 Mary Behm-Steinberg

In 2010, Hugh kept a morning journal where he wrote down his first completed thought each day. The text of "Good Morning!" is derived from pieces of this journal that relate to waking and dreaming.

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 Text: Hugh Behm-Steinberg
 Art/Design: Mary Behm-Steinberg



In my sleep I dream I'm asleep, and that sleeping body, a representation of my sleeping body, is curled up in sleep. We multiply, my whole house full of bodies, sleeping, sleeping and watching.

An ostrich carefully walks into our bedroom. We pretend to sleep as we hear her footsteps, as she gets in bed with us. Her body is so warm, I can't help it, I start to stroke the smooth skin of her neck: then we take turns, you're delighted by the sounds she makes when we do this. We do this for hours. Another ostrich head appears, she says is it safe for the rest of us then?



Each day I grow too big for my body, so you search my body

Less accessible, and elbow. My wife sleeping as carefully as she can.

for its seams. You pull together. Just to have a complicated thought, expressed in a long sloin of inter-twinings, delicate and ornamental words, supported by wit and metaphor and allusions to life as it is, to feed, all the classics, by turns obscure and clear, as long as the longest road.

Spider in the corner of my windowsill, reminding me I have no possessions, not even a windowsill.

morning the apron knees. Rich. One day I grow too big for my body.

each night, different spiders.

Knees upon knees, upon knees upon knees.

for my body.

so you search my body

for its seams.

You pull together. Just to have a complicated thought, expressed in a long sloin of inter-twinings, delicate and ornamental words, supported by wit and metaphor and allusions to life as it is, to feed, all the classics, by turns obscure and clear, as long as the longest road.

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The red silent moon

Woke up thinking I heard our lost cat mew, but was only dreaming I was hearing her. Waking was like climbing out of the sea, the tide in my mouth.

Cars, never a passenger. A courseway, the heart of a field. Several slashes where birds loop down.

You taste salty. I'm supposed to you say. I'm the sea.

E.g. FF.