

...september 12, 1990...

where is tomorrow?
too far away to grasp –
today has been enough –
too much morning
too much noon
and always too much grey –

i need a different light
fragmenting windows
realigning carpet squares
and asking nothing
but the right to be –

where is tomorrow?
no silent moon to answer
no midday sun –
no midnight prayers –
skies do not respond in stars
and no winds breathe –

green walls fade –
a distant clock ticks endlessly
but does not move
while i sit aimlessly
spinning ceiling thoughts –

too much evening
too much night
and too much dark –
the only answer
is to go to bed
until tomorrow –
tomorrow –
always one step ahead.

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