

Darkling Cafes

Mid-morning thoughts differ
from these at twilight. Every thing is still possible.
The poor showing has no meaning—
the day is not yet half ruined and later is always there.

But now
once we sense the filtered light and we see the sun atop the trees
it is not the same.

How many things left undone? How little time left.
Is there food enough for tonight? Shall we take the last few dollars and sit in the red glow
of the darkling cafes, sipping unnamed sangria
and leaving a little something for Umberto when we go?

