

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?