

...june 11, 1994...

i listen to a radio
of music festivals in song
while eating lettuce sandwiches
and writing poems –

i listen to the evening news –
a kidnapping in inverness –
in sweden seven people dead
killed by an officer of guns –

the weather promises the rain
that yesterday forgot to give
and a million people cheer
for world cups and sudden goals –

i sit here thinking of the wash
and ironing that isn't done –
i think of european votes
and sit here writing poems –

i think of bureaus collecting dust
of studies i will not attempt –
i look at books i have not read
and sit here writing poems –

i watch the evening drawing down
in promises of wind and cold –
wondering why i am still here
sitting – writing poems.

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