



...june 15, 2016...

i waken to a maybe day –  
a maybe day of this or that –  
or this and that – and that and this–

of sun and cloud and maybe rain  
of in and out or maybe not –  
a maybe day of here and there –

a maybe day of i'm not sure  
between the morning and the night  
of what i may and what i might –

between the window and the door  
with books and pens along the floor –  
between the dishes and the broom  
with kitchen blurring living room –

from the table to the chair  
wondering the less of more –  
a maybe day of thought and dream  
where nothing is quite what it seems.

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