

Back to Work

It's the same sky this morning. And the neighbour's palm frond
is once again outstanding. Things by and by appear
no less or more significant. The six lanes of traffic
poorly imitate an ocean current, in sound and movement.
The traffic light's reflection through the bus window
makes a green sun hang over an overcast city skyline.
Now it's red. Women are still reading books,
men making business transactions on mobiles.
In various environments this situation is no doubt reversed.
There is a thick mist of people. They appear to have somewhere to go.
It's clear we are all the same, in our desire to be who we are
in our struggle against who we are not. This much obviousness
is enough for any morning, a load as full as any day's work.