

The Word by Tony Hoagland

Down near the bottom of the crossed-out list of things you have to do today,
 between "green thread" and "broccoli,"
you find that you have penciled "sunlight."
Resting on the page, the word is beautiful.
 It touches you as if you had a friend and
 sunlight were a present
he had sent from someplace distant as this morning- to cheer you up,
 and to remind you that, among your duties,
 pleasure is a thing that also needs accomplishing.
Do you remember? that time and light are kinds of love,
and love is no less practical than a coffee grinder or a sage spare tyre?
 Tomorrow you may be utterly without a clue,
 but today you get a telegram
 from the heart in exile,
proclaiming that the kingdom still exists,
 the king and queen alive,
 still speaking to their children,
to anyone among them who can find the time to sit out in the sun and listen.

~*~

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