

THE NIGHT BEFORE YESTERDAY

I was lying asleep in my bedroom thinking about the
phenomenal
growth of the world and the first person alive
who had no sex but split in half and to prove
this theory
we have spent centuries putting it together,
I had traveled some of it and knew no souls were
buried under six feet
in a contemporary state of decaying impressions,
I knew my imagination of conscious dreams was
gradually deepening
until remembering the promised visits of friends
who were coming to see me in my humone gravity
I awoke to my instant mortality and glanced to see
the sun's rays
like a spider's web of shadows and reflections
catching people
in their lives beneath the eaves of trees,
I sauntered to the window to check on my initialed
stepping stone
a few centimeters from the marble curb but
instead of
the horse-drawn carriage of my doctor a strange
mechanical device
was pumping a foul odor of smoke into the
beloved air of my lungs.
I resisted a devilish scream and turned toward my
hallway and steps
to see what was the matter with my selective
perceptions;
Nothing else had changed because all my furniture
was still in its place
except a different mood seemed to oppress my
subjectivity,
I stepped carefully past my waiting bench to the
vestibule and front door

and opened it to view upon my adopted invin-
cible city
only to find that my eight hour sleep was over
eighty years
and another century had conquered the earth with
a generation
of an international humanity still casting eyes
to the sky,
Simply amazed by the change and awed by the success
of some nightmares
I ate my simple breakfast and hurried to discover
my Self, again;
Since you already know everything about it but do
not know why
it happened this way
I have re-appeared but no one remains who was there
in the beginning of it
and so quickly your eyes avoid the corners of
my questions
because your expectations are greater in
feeling than reality;
new poems and so many new people with modern
ideas,
And so many people, and colors and lights, and
buildings
and so much of a rush to complete the day
before it has bloomed;
and so much new of politics and foreign wars
involving our country,
and so many new menaces brought forth by
science's progress,
And so much confusion of values, of higher interest
rates, of alcoholism,
of offices, of dying rivers, of extinction of
rare species
(as if humans really believed they were the
divine rage)
of supremacy and the illusion of planetary
existence,

And so much of nothing important but the environment
suffering from abuse;
I hurried home to eat lunch and try to find reasons
for the afternoon,
after a nap my venture continued but so much
had happened because
I was just becoming aware of the global community
let alone the functions
of an electronic society with thousands of
satellites,
I was tiring easily and needed to see some capable
emotions but everyone
seemed to be swimming for their isolated
islands in the ocean,
so instead my thoughts became another part of
the silent tongues,
so it seemed the earth was on a course for its
destruction;
I wandered aimlessly feeling guilty of my cowardly
synthesis with the
crowds of strangers doing nothing more than
moving their legs
and eventually the rhythm led me back to my
safe house
where the modern convenience of television
lacked an audience,
I sat down on my stoop and spoke a few vague words
to some obvious earthlings
who were my transient neighbors but not friends
then retreating to my study where only a candle
with a steady flame
lit my belonging features with an intangible
glow;
I sat down in my rocking chair to write a brief
memoir of the new times
knowing far less than what my mind knew before
it
saying to myself that only good is worth
remembering in life.