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Tomorrow

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Tomorrow

by Kevin Hart

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A breeze silks through my room and smells of oak
As evening gathers round the house:
The firefly neighborhoods
Press close these days

And I walk out, as thin as summer rain,
And see the houses holding still
And hear the cinnamon speech
Of lightning life.

A letter brought its silence to my door
A life or two ago today
And threw its weight around
Though flies still burn:

Tomorrow rain may change its slant again,
The wind may push the other way,
New flies may flicker past
And houses last.