

Charlene Langfur

ANALYSIS OF THE BEST POSSIBLE DAY

No material theory involved, only light. Everything's all right.
Amino acids, lipo-proteins start off the day like any other.

Early on, a few pied warblers warble, the dog croons.
I'm dressed in a cotton shirt, cleaned, ironed,
a shirt the color of the sea at noon.
I give a class in school on advancing a single thought.
How to hold an essay together
in any weather or difficulty.
The mind likes maps.

In the newspaper, articles about gene pools, buried artifacts,
war in Asia.
Four soldiers died today in Afghanistan.
I think they were lost in the mountains and I picture the steel gray
rocks where they were found.
The war is like air.
It is always there in America now.
We do not talk of it as if it has a beginning or an end anymore.
I think of the soldiers
when I pass the giant sunflowers in front of my house.

All in all, today is like other days and what's new sticks to it
early on. The clock on the wall keeps its steady little beat.
Its eternal numbers. The rhythm of the stars and heavens.
At eleven I'm ready for a hot meal
garlic and pasta, organic olive oil from Spain.
I have game.
I have what counts. Even at the end with no one to smile at me
on my way but a black dog, tail wagging
I am not lagging.
In the east light turns crepuscular, catches at the shadows.
The long float of loss, recession, unemployment,
the color
of your leaving,
ideas for solutions on a pad of paper to hold a small
world together as it passes. Flower doodlings. A draft of a poem
about a good day, the poem holding the day together,
a place in it for the soldiers, the dog's path, the lack of love, in the west--the lilac colored sky