The Word

*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 as beautiful, it touches you*

*as if you had a friend*

*and sunlight were a present*

*he had sent you from some place 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 safe spare tire?*

*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 any one among them*

*who can find the time,*

*to sit out in the sun and listen.*

by Tony Hoagland