

THEN TOMORROW

Ray Grant

My mama told me she wants to get out,
but she knows she can't.
I told her I'd write her away from here.
But the next day came,
then the grass was gone downstairs,
the kitchen window was nothing but a bruised wall,
 where she and her friends were supposed to gather,
and the double-sink turned a plastic dish-pail and
sixteen floors to drop tomorrow.
Tomorrow is the worst day of the year.
Yesterday is fine.
I told mama I'd write her younger,
give her a good job,
put roses all over her dress.
She just smiled at me, and shuffled
for the door. She heard the elevator climbing.
She can't miss it. Missing it's like missing
the last train of the day . . .
So she goes,
kisses me out of the way,
because I won't let her leave,
without saying o.k.
to what I just said.

