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Tomorrow at Nine

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Tomorrow at Nine

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ANN STANLEY-BARRY

TOMORROW AT NINE

Tomorrow at nine

I'll be catching the moon
not to keep it locked up, not to brighten my room
not to squander its soft luscious luminous light

just to know I can reach

whatever's in sight

just to know I can fly on

the soft summer winds

Tomorrow at nine

I'll be shedding my clothes
I'll be burning my bra I'll be picking my nose
not to join a crusade not to launch a new trend

just to prove to myself

I am human again

just to forewarn myself

of what's happening

I'll lay down on my pillow the sweetness of which

will rise up to greet me with exuberance

I will paint my walls saffron and indigo and teal

to remind myself daily to remember to feel

I'll walk very slowly
the smell of the earth

I'll walk to that place where the lake meets the
I'll walk to that place where the moon seems to

I'll glide out to the branches
I'll swing myself up toward
and the higher I swing, the louder I'll
till I'm sure I can hear myself feel
bubbling over and then I'll let

of the branch
and I'll soar

with the lake at my feet and I'll listen so
I'll hear ancestors speak thru the
and the water the dirt and the
and then I'll close my eyes

I'll admire the grass
breath-of-wind on my back
tree
be

I'll shimmy I'll shake
the moon, toward the lake
laugh
myself
go

of the earth
through the stars
closely
clouds
leaves
tight and let go of
belief