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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

teaI will feel

to remind myself daily to remember to

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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 clouds
and the water the dirt and the leaves

and then I'll close my eyes tight and let go of belief