

Sonnet Scroll

This Day Just Past

By Thomas DeFreitas

This day just past, revivifying breezes:
that uninjurious sunlight's clemency!
No, not a day of snow-blast, no deep freezes,
but bright blue sky as far as sight could see.

And now, as is my custom, midnight oil:
poetry, coffee, prayer-beads, YouTube,
word-craft, word-art, my shelter in turmoil.
George Herbert's verse. A glimmer in the gloom.

This morning I might go to the Cathedral,
see James Parker, John Lane, & Christie Towers . . .
Connection. Grace and gift. In a few hours,
I'll have to go to Walgreens, pick up pills:

need coffee, milk, bread, paper napkins, too.
Elena! I should mail her books, darned soon.