

A Day

In the morning,
a new day is born, glowing a bright gold
it ages as surely as the hours pass
by dusk, it's tired, and old
but it lingers.

Darkness appears
however surreptitiously
but it perseveres
until the sun, exhausted and curt,
finishes the day's work.

Cashier

They stand there at the ready
for a question, or a purchase, or a return
at times long queues of customers almost overwhelm them
but quiet comes, as surely as the seasons turn
soon there's nothing much to do

but watch passersby
and listen for the distant hum of activity
that triggers random thoughts and an occasional daydream
that makes the wildest fantasies seem
like reality

but the shoppers come back as they always do
with most of them in a hurry
some recite how much they have to do today
interrupted only by a cashier asking,
"how would you like to pay?"