

## **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?"