

This Was Hardly a Day, Wasn't It?
by Lenhardt Stevens (2015)

This was hardly a day, wasn't it?
The time we spent languishing in the sun,
while the coffee was still in us,
and all the children outside
were still feeling the heat of summer.

So we spent some time looking for a place to swim,
you and I, underneath the brightness,
and you thought about going to the desert,
while you made your art
and I,
feeling outside of things,
made a move to help you
by leaving the room,
because I thought I was distracting

The way I would watch you in your black shirt,
which fell on you like a shroud,
and I felt like we were older than we were,
in a way I cannot let you know
but would care to explain
tomorrow, after we've had our coffee.