Elegy for a day already done

Or, sitting

The difference is today started with a letter

And while I’ve got some walking around money, it isn’t walking

That makes me think, and so it isn’t thinking

That brings me here. Because when I think

Of it, I’m forever the softer foil

And once you realize all heat is concentration

It’s over. Time is integral with choice

Choice the tyrant, me still the foil

How is it I can even see, as from a window

On a passing train, every day and deity

Of my own making

What was that song I heard today

Again, if not a wake up to go without

A poet goes without, Stefen. So go without