

*Today is Not That Day*

It may be some day you will grow tired  
Of seeing mediocrity run on swift feet before you  
While your path is littered with detritus  
of fools and shopkeepers  
And those to whom  
real talent is a knife held to the throat

Today is not that day

It may be someday bone and sinew  
And nerve held straining to the task  
Will fail you and you will no longer be an arrow  
swift to the far horizon

Today is not that day

It may be some day your mind will not rise  
Swift with thoughts like shoals of fish  
Leaping in delight to the morning sun

Today is not that day

It may be some day you will echo the  
Divine painters death rattle  
And cry to the air despairing -  
'was anything done at all?'

I say to you -

Today is not that day

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