

A Deal With Tomorrow

by JM Prescott

Today I made a deal with Tomorrow.
It's almost winter there.

He promised me he'd read what I wrote,
And I promised I'd write about him.

"Hero or Villain?"
"Does it matter?"
"I guess not."

Tomorrow has a way of blurring the lines.

I suppose I'd rather Tomorrow be heroic.
It would make the passing of time less villainous.

And I hate to think of myself in terms Yesterday.

"Do you think of yourself as the future?"

He laughs.
I never get my answer.

Someone told me that I'd cross thirteen timezones just to see him.
But I was just going to see what Tomorrow was like.

