

# What Day is it?

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The same sky that greeted me yesterday faces me for yet another morning, but I know it really is a different day. I search for signs or clues—yet I find none. I hear my heart beat, but what day does it beat for? My mind is on idle as it knows no other way to go. I look for good news, but if there is any, will I be able to process it?

The rivers of pain and sadness begin to flow again, and yesterday's anger begins to join the rushing waters of my mind. There are no words for today, and there were none yesterday. I watched two delicate feet in last night's dream grasping for placement in new shoes. Rushing waters attempted to take the shoes into their fold and I never saw the outcome. Was she able to put on those shoes and walk steadily into the new day?

Will I be able to walk another day?

But what day is it?

I will not be able to take the required steps until I find out what day the grey sky covers.

I now fear each new day.

