

Tomorrow in Tonga

by Michael Gillan Maxwell

The illuminated clock winked and went dark
the taut electrical buzz clicked and went silent

is it nuclear war, a polar shift or just a branch on a power line?

In murky dusk I contemplate my pale reflection in the mirror
I put on a blue shirt, red tie and gray slacks
I feed the cat

Across the icy black vacuum of heaven
Cassiopeia and Orion play ring around the rosy
with the moon

In Chicago it's an hour earlier, six hours later in Paris
still yesterday in Samoa
already tomorrow in Tonga

What would you do today
if you knew your time was
up
tomorrow?

