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Andover/Bread Loaf
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Poetry workshop #2

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Beginning The Day

I begin the day massaging my mind
Knowing I've walked this winding road before
Gospel rings out of every pour of my body
Like a rung sponge full of spilt milk
Which would have been ice cream
Had we not the night before been so in love
I'm really daydreaming unable to start today because of yesterday
Could life be the smell of french fries
Like the sweetness of your dreams
I could love you like tomorrow
A testament to your copper skinned beauty
Are you sure
Will we swoon?
Our dancing fluid or will it become an abrasive?
Will we stay in love
Life is often a winding road, it can be sexy and strange
Inspiring your heart to beat and attracting your mind to breathe
I begin the day massaging my mind
On my way to tomorrow.