

Tomorrow
By Mary Rose Kaczorowski ©
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Tomorrow is always encircled in
Mystery, anticipation.

Tomorrow, ever buoyant
Promises nothing and everything.

Tomorrow, a haven for dreamers
swallows the past whole.

Imagine now,
Tomorrow hitched to millions of shapes
Unconfined, a slippery
Blurred barrage of nimbus moments.

It is forbidden to envy tomorrow.
Tomorrow will follow you around,
Springing upon you with
Uncompromising
Bedlam of twists and turns,

Tomorrow fizzes out the night
And,
As the sun bathes the morning with brilliance
Tomorrow applauds, again,
For no one owns tomorrow.