



ABOUT TIME

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ABOUT TIME



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2 0 1 4



1 Yesterday

Yesterday never happened, or maybe
It happened to someone else, I forget who . . .
Who was that guy, anyway? Could it possibly
Have been me? Does it even matter?

Yesterday's missing, with its cast of characters,
Plots and subplots, scattered, unresolved,
Already confused, fading fast into fiction.
Yesterday's only memory and memory's mostly myth.

Start from scratch. What little I can remember
Is surely all the yesterday I'll need today.
Close this back door. No rear-view mirrors.

Yesterday was fun, wasn't it? But that was then,
This is now—if it's anything. Perhaps it's everything.
Today trumps yesterday. Yesterday has no future.



2 This Day

Another imperfect day . . . What's new?
They're all less than perfect. Always are.
Where did we get this idea that everything
Should be the way we want it to be?

What's the answer? Shrug? Stop trying?
Stop looking for perfection? Give up? No!
Just accept it? Smile when things go wrong,
Shift gears? Decide it ain't so bad . . . after all?

What's the answer? Give up the question!
Not the effort to make things better. Not
The need to try. Just the need to win.

And the fear of losing. Nothing to lose
Except this day, this gift. There aren't
That many—these imperfect perfect days.



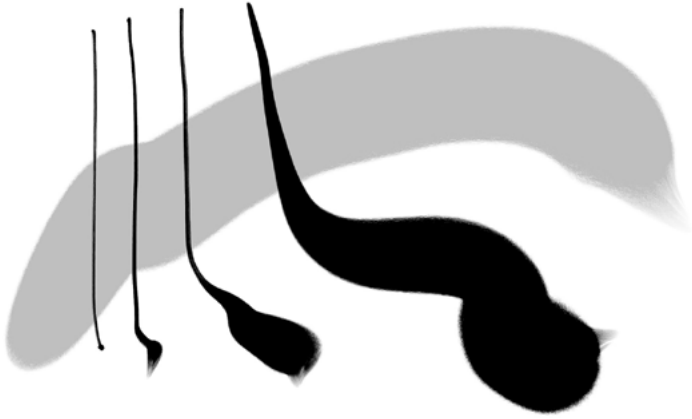
3 Today

Maybe today is when we finally catch up with ourselves,
Say: Here we are, now what? now when? now or never . . .
An infinity of nows in one short day—now.
Now, but never “now and then.” There is no then, only now,

Although we have such trouble seeing it, being it, being there.
Start today, start now, one breath, one thought. Is that it?
Just one thought? Or none? No need to think about it . . .
Savor it and go on. Don't stop to question this moment.

Today's the day, the only day. Tomorrow will never get here.
Today's the day, first and last and only. Why wait?
Now's no time for waiting. Now is no time at all.

It's not a choice. We're trapped in the here and now.
Couldn't leave if we wanted to . . . here . . . for the duration . . .
The duration is only now. And now is forever.



4 Tomorrow

Tomorrow there will be another tomorrow.

Of course,

but who'll be here to see it, live it?

Who deserves even one more tomorrow?

Who deserves an easy, happy tomorrow?

Who now can earn a better future?...

Who now can cool the planet? Heal it?

Save a species? Who now can say

They've done their part? And relax? . . .

It's over, but it's never over. Can't stop

Trying, defying the logic that says: No,

We're toast. That better future's now.

Tomorrow's a fiction we all believe in.

Tomorrow is that promised land

We all fear and blindly chase after—



5 The Future

Beauty is no defense against the future,
It will avalanche on top of us.
We try to put it off. Later, we say, don't
Hurry, we aren't ready, may never be.

That's it. Beauty doesn't travel well
Through time. It belongs here and now.
But we can't stay. Here and then . . . can't
Even remember how beautiful it was . . .

Take it in, don't try to take it with you.
Breathe it in, let it go, no goodbyes,
Only hellos. That damn future,

Always pushy, elbowing its way
Into this too perfect, too passing
Present. Beauty may still be enough.



6 Remaining Time

Wrestling with the rest of my life, but not too hard,
Learning to let go, let it go, go on, on and on.
Too late to stop, rethink, make a new plan, start
All over again . . . why would I even want to?

What is it they always say? Live life one day at a time.
Sure. Like there was a choice. No one ever says:
Live your death one day at a time—but so many do.
Practicing? Getting ready for less and less, and still less? . . .

I'm not buying it. Why slow down? Why speed up?
Was there a moment? A frontier? Between a landscape
Of choices to make, and another of choices made

That perhaps I crossed without knowing it? Careless,
Tangled in time, but still just in time—sure—still time,
To do what? What a question!—maybe the only question.



7 Someday Soon

Someday soon, maybe this summer, maybe next,
The story will wrap itself up, but the last chapter
Won't be very good, too many loose threads,
And no surprise ending, *ni trompettes, ni tambours*.

The cavalry won't arrive in time, missing in action,
Or inaction, no messiah either, but lots of fakes
Fighting over scraps as the curtain comes down.
We all saw it coming, shrugged, and looked away.

Still quite a story: so many twists, false starts,
Crazed characters, bad actors, millions of extras,
No, billions—and a few heroes. So many good folks

Fighting the good fight. But it was rigged. A few saw it,
Sounded the alarm. Nice try. But no one was listening:
Participants or onlookers, neither guilty nor innocent.



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