

CHARLES WYATT

The Pleasures of Hope

I hope to get to the end,
if it's the kind of tune you play twice
and then twice again

and then the whole thing again.
Fingers, where am I? Oh, there.
No, here. I hope the sun. I hope

the angels. We'll dance to it,
brave tune, and a fine tomorrow,
but better, a fine today, somewhere

in the tune the double rolls begin
to play, and there's no one place
to be. It's all here. The end, I mean.