

## Maybe Tomorrow

It was not the walk that bothered me,  
nor the sun beating against my forehead,  
but the trip to the post office,  
no mail in my box,  
I almost cried.  
The third day in a row,  
no mail appeared,  
not even an advertisement.  
I walked in a daze,  
disappointed;  
expecting a letter,  
finding an empty box,  
but it should have been there.  
It is not expecting the world  
to be at peace  
or a grizzly bear to sit on  
a flag pole for one whole year.  
I didn't think it was too much to ask,  
but it was today.  
Maybe tomorrow.

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