

**The Word**  
*By Tony Hoagland*

Down near the bottom  
of the crossed-out list  
of things you have to do today,

between “green thread”  
and “broccoli” you find  
that you have penciled “sunlight.”

Resting on the page, the word  
is as beautiful, it touches you  
as if you had a friend

and sunlight were a present  
he had sent you from some place distant  
as this morning—to cheer you up,

and to remind you that,  
among your duties, pleasure  
is a thing,

that also needs accomplishing  
Do you remember?  
that time and light are kinds

of love, and love  
is no less practical  
than a coffee grinder

or a safe spare tire?  
Tomorrow you may be utterly  
without a clue

but today you get a telegram,  
from the heart in exile  
proclaiming that the kingdom

still exists,  
the king and queen alive,  
still speaking to their children,

—to any one among them  
who can find the time,  
to sit out in the sun and listen.