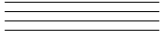


L O S S



J E A N R O S S J U S T I C E

Let it come back, the dullest day we ever had – smells of breakfast,
You reading the paper under the lamp,
The river across the street sluggish and sullen, like us –
The dullest day we ever had,
Let it come back.

Now, toward twilight, the trees are bleak and skeletal,
The sky rosy, tinting the river,
The river “enriched thereby,” as you once said.
I must turn on more lights.
Let it come back.