

## WORK'S END

*Phillip A. Ellis*

I would write this you, my fair,  
as the clouds pass, as the air  
is moved by something as light  
on glittering breakers. Night,  
and I think of you, alone,  
heart weighed as with portland stone.

This morning, the grasses' dew  
refracted my dreams of you  
into memories of kisses  
invoked by the couples' blisses  
I see, passing—in my bones,  
heart weighed as with portland stone.

Minutes fade too slowly, pass  
slow as years within a glass,  
and after work homewards turn  
my thoughts. I drive, yet I yearn  
to lay briefcase down, atone,  
heart weighed as with portland stone.

I wish there were something more  
than a nine to five job, for  
I would dream you a poem, yet,  
platitudes are all I get,  
small change for ten hours alone,  
heart weighed as with portland stone.