

Sonnet Scroll

Quarter Past Five

By Thomas DeFreitas

At quarter past five, I walked across the street,
and got a sausage sandwich at the Dunkin'.
In the parking lot just outside my building,
I greeted Lisa, my neighbour, out for a smoke.

The guy at the shop knows me now by sight,
knows what I typically order. He asked first,
in case I had a surprise in store for him!
(I'm horribly predictable. If it ain't broke.)

Then Brenda who works at the Book Rack
dropped into Dunks for her morning joe
and maybe a honey-dipped, I couldn't see.

Skies were dark, but the world was waking up.
Trucks rumbled down the Parkway, shook the stars.
I sat and looked out. Fore dawn gratitude.