

## Not My Day

*Russell Hoban*

I got up on the wrong side of the day  
and came right off; it walked away  
showing the whites of its eyes. 'Stop!'  
I said, 'I mean to get on top  
of you.' It kept on going;  
I followed, knowing  
days don't always do  
exactly what you'd like them to.  
'Stand still,' I said, 'I'm going to try again.'  
I thought I heard it neigh a little, then  
it kept on walking while I stood there talking.  
'All right,' I said (it sounded like a threat),  
'I'll see you later.' But I haven't yet.

## Everyone Sang

*Siegfried Sassoon*

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark-green fields; on—on—and out  
of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;  
And beauty came like the setting sun:  
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror  
Drifted away . . . O, but Everyone  
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the singing  
will never be done.