

**MOST EVERY DAY: ©
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**I'm thinking a poem
giving it shape
giving it form.**

**My poem is being born
But at the same time... I have
so many other things to do.**

**For that is life today,
life is, so many other things to do.**

**A job to turn out in the computer
And I have, oh, darn
I have to make my lunch
I go to work tomorrow
I have to make my lunch for tomorrow.**

**I run to the kitchen.
Take out the lettuce.
Have to make my lunch for tomorrow.**

**I take out the lettuce.
But the computer rings.
I run to the computer. It
tells me I must feed it a new leaf.
A white leaf, a new leaf.**

**Back to the kitchen.
But on the counter there is
only this green leaf.
Meantime my poem,**

where did my poem go?

**I was thinking a poem
between the computer
and the lunch
I was giving it shape
I was giving it form**

where is my poem now?

**Is it in the computer or
is it in the lunch bag?**