Un Beau Demain

The group strolled
in the azure night
where a champagne moon
trailed her silver mesh
dream sail-path on the sea
and the small boy, netted,
looked and said
‘un beau demain’

of forward
to the glimpsed far rocks
in a child’s striped ball days
of green white red umbrellas
nations’ tricolor flutter
as speedboats foam the blue
in adult run from self

and later memory-store
of sun-barred roads
drowned in green gold
patterning at sudden showers
by streams to inland secrets
vines and caves and fountains
new things promised
making self
adventuring safe by love
now and in what’s to come.

I hoped it wouldn’t dawn
cloudy and cold for him.
But the sun shone
on time yet
for a pile of fine tomorrows
into the years
those yesterdays ago.

— Alastair Macdonald