

**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  
pattering 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*