

The hour of lost moments

By three o'clock the revelers have departed.
What remains?
Confetti, overturned glasses,
 the litter of yesterday's plates,
I stumble among them;
 there a misstep
 here a threadbare hope.

It is the hour of Lost Moments:
jostling one another they queue up,
impatient once more for the spotlight,
they stamp and shuffle in the darkness.
The damage done long ago.