

# It's Too Late, Baby, Now It's Too Late

James Croal Jackson

Giant leafy spruces  
sway in soft wind

to Carole King cranked  
loud at Nervous Dog

Coffee Bar the way  
dark buds have nipped

then overtaken my mind  
since July— these unemployed,

broken-up days of longing not  
for the past but the future,

life moving at a pace  
I want, still feeling unable

to capitalize on my time alive—  
pink petals dance

and I am on the other side  
of the window, not

making an effort.

