

WILLIAM VIRGIL DAVIS

## THAT DAY OR THAT HOUR

One never knows the day or hour  
so it seems wise to be prepared,  
from one day to another, for what  
will come when it will come, if one  
can. Last night—it could have been  
a dream it seemed so real—I thought  
I'd lost my breath forever when I  
bent down to tie an errant shoelace  
that had almost tripped me when I  
stepped too quickly from a curb in  
the midst of a walk I'd taken every  
day for a year or more. When I bent  
back up again, my breath halted,  
and, my hand to my head, I felt  
faint and feared falling. It was the  
kind of feeling I'd felt before, more  
and more so recently, and I'd always  
been taken by surprise whenever it  
happened again, even though I know  
I knew it would—just as I know that,  
one day, I won't know it when it does.