

**TRIPLE TIME** by Philip Larkin

This empty street, this sky to blandness scoured,  
This air, a little indistinct with autumn  
Like a reflection, constitute the present --  
A time traditionally soured,  
A time unrecommended by event.

But equally they make up something else:  
This is the furthest future childhood saw  
Between long houses, under travelling skies,  
Heard in contending bells --  
An air lambent with adult enterprise,

And on another day will be the past,  
A valley cropped by fat neglected chances  
That we insensately forbore to fleece.  
On this we blame our last  
Threadbare perspectives, seasonal decrease.