

WEEKDAY BLUES

D Corson

Sunday

Souls fed on a diet of photo-bloom
And 10 o'clock morning gloom,
Stand facing the back door sabres poised en garde,
Waiting to be framed forever in picture-perfect postcard—
Weekly, these and other Stone-wrought Sunday lies
Low-tack immortalize the sunrise.

Monday

A horse by any other name
Certainly would not be a steed—
And a shaft of light on any other day
Would be far less guaranteed.

So open wide Candlemouth!
Morningtime has come,
Sweetly, quietly, boldly
And unwanted, above all.

Tuesday

Tea three times.
Coffee with sugar, no milk.
Simple things
So sings the sky.

Wednesday

Two hours behind the kiosk line
Will color your lungs darker than a Roslyn coal mine
And tag your toes with blind fugazi snows
Before the lunch rush muffles its industrial scream
Distant voices tinged with punk rock
And stained with prenatal shell-shock—
Fifteen minutes late for afternoon tea.