

We were immortal and invisible; under
 influenced and loaded. We surfed the rain
 on Superior Street; broke bottles and jumped
 fences. We became whip-smart and motored
 up. She saw me from a high windowed palace.
 She was a distracted miracle, a ripened star;
 another one more chance. That summer is
 distant, obscure; we climbed stones and buried
 sins. You put my hand on your heart to keep it
 warm. The sky is a wheat field, fertile and rich;
 we are home. In the scent of hills, the crunch
 of leaves, we become an element that lives
 between water and fire.

Friday's child is loving and giving

That night I got arrested was star-spangled
 and dry; a blood moon wrapped in white
 gauze. She had my coat. She had to walk
 home. It was the last time I made her cry;
 she loved me. We are armed and unarmed;
 too shy to have a childhood worth remembering.
 That great lake swallowed us whole; drowned
 our handsome voice. Our past lies in a city in
 a far off land across an ocean buried in a hill.
 You're in Chicago; New York; you're a winter's
 kiss. We're a made-up dialogue on the curb,
 a secret waiting to be shared.

Thursday's child has far to go

It was the first day of spring; like any other day
 but flatter; a tight-chested-wait-for-the-shoe-to-
 drop day. We tried to be good, tried to placate the
 part time gods. Parked cars heat up on Main Street.
 She's newly minted in her halter top, sling backs
 and black tights; that buzz should be over by now.
 I watch the sun fight shadows on the downtown
 skyline; can't keep anything, can't imagine words
 anymore without you in them. You play piano:
 soft, low; a prayer, a processional song for saints
 and the forgotten. I have to say everything twice;
 make sure I believe.

Wednesday's child is full of woe

Her hands folded, as if in prayer; a neon shadow
 crosses the bed, we're a blur of drink and smoke
 and promises. It's a safe bet the river will flood
 soon; the bars will empty and the all night girls will
 pretend to run from the all night boys; someone
 gets lucky someone gets lonely; someone always
 pays. I will not fuck us over, won't recreate heaven
 and earth. You are a confession, a sacrament,
 keeper of faith; hands clasped as if in prayer.
 Tonight the sky holds salvation. The difference
 between what's lost and what's holy no longer
 matters.

Tuesday's child is full of grace

Monday's Child



Alex Stolis

Please recycle to a friend!

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I recognize you everywhere: you are a little
 bird, your bright wings, a melancholy quiver
 that wakes the sky from a deep cloud sleep.
 We walk to the river, after the flood; count
 star trains. I play with the buttons on your coat.
 You bite my lip, speak of moonlit crows, white
 hot vigils; mourning and hymns. I tell you stories:
 my first car, bench seat and wing windows; a girl
 without a name, hiked skirt, black heels; a shared
 flask of schnapps. I climb to the top of the hill
 overlooking the water; throw stones at the devil.