

///
the seventh day is the sound
of both hands learning to swim,
the pressure one feels to carry
the body or allow it to drown
sunday arms the alarm clock,
walks into the week with nothing,
but with everything left to lose

///
the sixth day is a song
you almost remember
from days you're sure
you almost forgot
*what was the name of that
radio station, you wonder*
but saturday says it's best
just to try to forget—
*it says, the grass out there,
it isn't getting any shorter*

///
the fifth day tells us
we are approaching
the alligator's
mouth—
the view is from inside,
so it can only improve
friday comes on
like a favorite brother
one who's been missing
for nearly now a week

///
the fourth day begins
with words like hope
a sliver of light hangs
from a crack
in the ceiling tile,
catches our half-closed eyes,
but with a spider's constitution
& a funeral's book of songs
thursday reminisces for what
it had so longed to become

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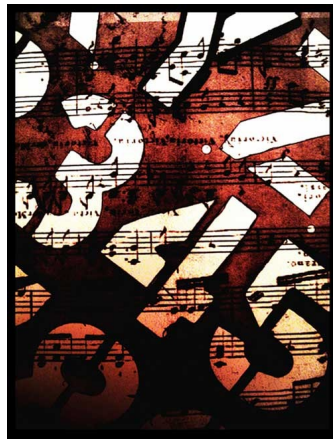
Cover artwork by
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Origami Poetry Project™

DAY + DANCING

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DAY + DANCING



David Tomaloff

///
the first day is a senseless king,
a monogram, striking as though
it may seem, belonging not to you
or anyone else in the room
monday reminds us we are still life
in hostels, carries the temperament
of a storm-tripped car alarm
against the silence of new year's day

///
the second day reeks
of incest & bad coffee
the way hands can go numb
at the very thought of letting go
we gauge our successes
in days gone by—
tuesday is the day
we remember we can sing
///
the third day is a parade
of antiquated horses—
you dream of crossing
a river fraught with electricity,
but horses are for children,
& wednesday's child is cold