

## *The Very Different Days of the Week*

*Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for a living,  
But the child who is born on the Sabbath Day  
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.  
from Mother Goose*

*Monday's child is fair of face*

### **The Dimensions of Beauty**

What's fair of face  
Will plainly go  
Without a trace  
  
To be completed  
Monday's children know  
Is found in the dark and deep-seated

*Tuesday's child is full of grace*

### **Tuesday Tells Us That Grace Can Come As Knowledge**

I awoke to a defective construction of Tuesday.  
There were many small cracks in the sky  
where the darkness showed through.

The perspective of the distant hills was all wrong.  
I saw a bright green squirrel  
and my fingers were blue.

Three times I called out my name.  
That's one way to get out of a dream  
and I woke up anew!

What a relief.  
But there was still one small crack in the sky  
where the darkness showed through.

*Wednesday's child is full of woe*

### **Wednesday Works His Woe into a Vision**

The crack in Tuesday's sky was like a vein  
That Wednesday opened wider on the dark,  
Encrypting in its archives each event,  
Registered there outside the wraps of time.

Other beings behold our flowing folds,  
Our wrinkles, and our small entanglements,  
Yet see beneath these coverings who we are  
And know what is to perish and remain

And know that though we brood on loss and gain,  
And launder our garments over and over  
(As well we should) although they won't withstand  
The next transition darkness holds for us:

New chapters in our endless stories, blended  
In cosmic song no outer ears can hear.  
We're spreading in directions all at once,  
Constant and moving like a living river

Ever flowing through the blessed darkness,  
The sacred womb of all that ever is.  
Behind our clothing that reflects the flow,  
Is what we are—and what we'll undergo.

*Thursday's child has far to go*

### **Thursday Brings the News from Farther Than Far**

They all assumed that Sunday was The Big Day:  
The joyous trumpets, the colossal processions,  
Getting the dead out of the cemeteries  
Into dazzlingly choreographed crowd movements.

The Angels were busy smoothing their wings,  
The Cherubs scrubbing their cheeks,  
The Saints polishing their immaculate robes.  
Then all of a sudden, *God spoke*:

*Move it up to Thursday.*  
Their self-involvement was tiresome.  
He added: *Sunday is too holy for clamor.*  
*Now let's hop to it.*

So Thursday came in brilliant navy-blue,  
And golden blasts sounded throughout our little Universe  
And all of the other ones  
In our tiny microcosm of Creation.

But one of the Saints — Christopher —  
Was busy preventing an accident on a faraway planet  
And couldn't make it to The Judgment.  
He suffered this.

*God promoted Him.*

*Friday's child is loving and giving*

### **Friday Reverses the Telescope**

Friday declined to be interviewed for this poem,  
But after I importuned, she acquiesced.  
She said that her absence was an act of kindness,  
That love begins with a longing we cannot name.

When your last egg breaks on the kitchen floor,  
And instead of the instinctive curse you remember Eternity,  
And you burn with the knowing that what happened actually happened,  
That's the taste of a different kind of love.  
(She said I often arrange these happenings.)

Then what is a different kind of giving? I asked.  
The ultimate giving, the superlative giving,  
The one that all of the other givings prepared us for,  
Is when everything unnecessary  
Is taken away.

*Saturday's child works hard for a living*

### **Saturday Talks about Living**

Saturday doesn't work harder than you.  
He seems to work just the way most of us do.  
Sometimes unflaggingly, sometimes so-so.  
There may be solutions or nothing to show.

“The ducks and their ducklings that swim in the lake,  
So easy and soft so their waves never break,  
Are like engines that hum without effort or heat —  
But under the water, those bicycle feet!”

Saturday said, “It's the work we don't see  
Of the ducks, of the ducklings, of you, and of me.”

*But the child who is born on the Sabbath Day  
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.*

### **Sunday's Secret Is Not to Be Anybody Else**

Sunday is a piece of peculiar work  
He's the king of his country  
He spends all of his days shilly-shallying along the beach

He looks for carnelians  
In washed up pebbles  
He's never found anything

Sometimes he builds sandcastles  
But the design is bad  
The castles crumble before he finishes

He gets bruises from falling over driftwood  
Because his gait  
Is congenitally unsteady

He brushes away in-your-face bugs  
Often massive waves arise without warning  
And wash over his picnic basket

His food gets all soggy  
He eats it anyway  
What can he do?

When night comes he remembers  
All that befalls him  
Every day

Sometimes he makes up a poem  
The meter's consistently uneven  
If there's rhyme, it's an accident

*(cont'd)*

Suddenly from the creamy whiteness of heaven  
A dark demon cloud emerges  
Roaring with an alien rain

Exceptionally wet  
He rambles toward the palace  
Circuitously

He sings through the downpour an old air  
He forgets most of the words  
He doesn't have a great voice

Now he needs to rest  
He sits down on the soaked sand  
Utterly drenched

He looks out at the rain  
It falls magnetically into the sea  
He's not thinking about anything

Through the mist a pelican spirals perfectly down  
For a single instant he is immensely glad and he almost cries  
But mostly he is full of sorrow

Funny thing, though  
In this entire country  
Full of factions and arguments

There has never been a single all-out war  
Or even a hint of brutality  
And he knows it