

What We Know About the Days of the Week
Joan Marie Wood

sunday

outside Yuma at perihelion they stand beneath
the fan palm sun glinting
on his spear she holds the child easily to
her breast they gaze south over
the desert while the one great
eye charges creation

monday

he takes the train forty
miles to Houston counts telephone
poles next month he'll visit her emotional
crisis getting stronger second
trimester a bump in
the white line
later in his cubicle
there's a call from Santa Teresa Hospital

tuesday

bang you're dead says the kid in the
dark red t-shirt it's recess the week
barely begun the wolf has not yet been betrayed
though the posse of seven-year-olds plays war
in San Diego *tell*
the truth one calls loudly to
his friend waving a wooden gun

wednesday

Oaxacan clouds darken the stairway
where mother and child climb

halfway up they pause to shift their bundles
out of sight behind them a bearded old man
floats over indigo cobblestones
his shadow
vivid on the blue compound wall

thursday

he beats iron into a fiery circlet

Chica

in a red shawl finds the hoop where
he leaves it under the cottonwood

the young ones

wrap it in rope twisted from yucca tie it to boards & a
pole *ready to play!*

he watches them thumps the hammer in his
gloved hand grins

friday

her splendid arm holds the gold flame high
above New York pavement we do not see
her necklace all week she's been wrapped in cloaks
under a ship's deck now she rises
to lead the freedom dance the people
of the world turn away from work and
whirl

in her joyous energy

saturday

the party's on a woman in black lipstick
lifts her lace blouse friends laugh
as she bares one breast to a skeleton
painted on the wall

were crops ever

sown in Los Angeles? festivities honoring
the god of grain have become neon
orgies

or do they drink to the Queen of Mictlan
come to swallow the stars?