

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!*

ORIGAMIPOEMS.COM

*origamipoems@gmail.com*

**Origami Poetry Project™**

Cover Art: Julia Klatt-Singer

[www.juliaklattsinger.com](http://www.juliaklattsinger.com)

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*Monday's child is fair of face*

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.