

“Let us make man in our  
Image.” See the mirror  
On the wall, “Oh my God,  
What have I done?” She sighs,  
I’ve tried, I’ve tried my best,  
Tomorrow let Me rest.”

FRIDAY:

Today is for the birds,  
For the fish swimming sea,  
For creepy, crawly things  
To swarm upon the land,  
To slither, I suppose.  
What for? God only knows.

THURSDAY:

No sun at High Noon nor  
Moon over Miami:  
The Almighty says “Oops!”,  
Puts two light in the sky,  
One to rule in the night,  
One to paint the day bright.

WEDNESDAY:

What the world needs now is  
Dry land, vegetation.  
God, give us Africa,  
Asia, America,  
Avocados and beans,  
A green grocer in Queens.

TUESDAY:

## WHAT A WEEK!



by  
**JAMES B. ROSENBERG**

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**Origami Poem Project**  
WHAT A WEEK!  
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SUNDAY:

God comes along and says,  
“Let there be light!” The man  
At Con. Ed. pulls the switch,  
All Manhattan takes back  
The night. Soon the East Side  
Begets silk-stocking pride.

MONDAY:

An inconvenient truth:  
The sky is still missing –  
No place for bird or plane,  
No firmament on high;  
And the earth is still flat.  
God says, “Let me fix that.”