

# Wednesdays They Pay Us, But Now It's Thursday

*by* Bud Smith

sometimes yes  
now, no  
instead  
lay horizontal  
til all your fluids  
ideas and juice  
plus gravity  
are carried off  
somewheres else  
where god herself  
only knows  
the dreams  
of dreams  
are getting close  
a purple wolf whispers  
the sun flinches out  
fire rolls through  
the drive-thru  
and who  
are we to guess  
our lives  
are small  
un-mechanical things  
occasionally wounded  
often folded  
seldom to be melted  
down to gold.

I've just gotten my paycheck  
and it wasn't enough  
now I'm going to sleep  
see you there,  
in all your Light.

