

77 Words About Nothing (Sundays)

by Anthony Van Hart

Sunday nights weren't massive.

They weren't even nights.

They were Sunday mornings that remained.

Even as the sun would fade,

The slept in clothes remained -

the coffee breath

- constantly refreshed -

remained.

And the empty feeling from facing the day's remainder in a
steamy one-room

box where the TV antennae was the only non-geometric shape -
remained.

The floors stayed clean.

Mirrors weren't smudged.

The words weren't spoken.

and.

Sundays

weren't

massive.

They weren't even.

