

77 Words About Saturday

by Anthony Van Hart

Untied shoes

A head full of booze

and unprovoked memories of a grandparent dead over 15 years.

None of it invited but nonetheless

all present.

Moving fast.

Rushing from one thing to the next.

Rushing through everything.

Binging on the false hope that what's next will inevitably be better than whatever is now.

Rushing past everything until reason put a pin in the unsettling remorse that only a Saturday in April can bring.

What a show.

