

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.

