

"A bit less hot Tuesday"

by Neil McCarthy

The faces of the sun remain unaltered across the
seven day forecast.

I am sweat-glued to a poem, looking up at the
wall-mounted TV in a diner in the Valley,

trying to pronounce the title of the weather report,
considering the euphemism

and how, if it were applied to the rest of the news,
it might placate a nation.

Perhaps this Tuesday we might hear of a few less
dead in Syria, or

a little less unrest amongst the Greeks, at which
we might perk up,

drive to work with a smile and a tolerance for other
commuters. Then again, maybe not —

maybe we will sit in traffic dripping mechanically,
the air-conditioning on full.

An obscenity may escape our lips, involuntarily,
holding its own against the sheen.

