

Monday When It Sees Me Coming Knows Why

each week this day shines with light and promise.
Not a day to do errands, laundry, or scan emails.

Children are bussed off to school and my spouse to
his clean-desk, many-windowed office. Monday is

for avoiding the world that says take me – do me –
bake me – make me. Mondays, I head for depth.

If I tell you about a frozen lake, a timber ice house,
a stool, a pole, and a bait bucket, you may trust or

mistrust me. Every lie has some shred of truth to it.
Ice-fishing may be real or imagined. I chum the surface

with yellow scraps, as I sit alone with my Uni-ball
and pad – waiting patiently, so patiently, for

something big to tug, something I might reel in and
land myself without breaking the line.

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