



MONDAY, MONDAY

NATE PRITTS

Oh Monday, Monday, won't go away
Monday, Monday, it's here to stay

—“Papa” John Phillips

JANUARY 2

Stunning porch lights, on all night

JANUARY 9

& the cold slaps my cheek, a hint of snow but this

JANUARY 16

false sun blazing. Deep night & still 65 degrees. The green

JANUARY 23

of my lawn is the greenest green & the sun

JANUARY 30

blazing & the porch lights on all night long.

*

FEBRUARY 6

Fool, said my muse to me. Fool.

FEBRUARY 13

Already, buds. Spring starts talking loud

FEBRUARY 20

& the quiet of this winter is

FEBRUARY 27

a slow echoing.

*

MARCH 6

My catastrophe unfolding: this movement, this

MARCH 13

progression. Every other day,

MARCH 20

every other day of the week is fine.

MARCH 27

That new leaf is not the shape of anything I've seen before.

*

APRIL 3

Wild birds spin their spring path.

APRIL 10

Even one bird is striking.

APRIL 17

stiletto beak, such tiny agonies.

APRIL 24

Can you imagine the wrong kind of bird?

*

MAY 1
Rainy day.

MAY 8
This grey drifting

MAY 15
Rainy day.

MAY 22
A slow slip from this to that...

MAY 29
Rainy day.

*

JUNE 5
Rain & the porch lights on all day long.

JUNE 12
The lawn the green of angry birds, their shape

JUNE 19
unlike any other shape, the wrong kind

JUNE 26
of shape, a pressed hand.

*



JULY 3
I make a sandwich. I drink grape juice. I peel an orange.

JULY 10
Today I am a lute in a window & there is no breeze.

JULY 17
Today I am a window with a lute in it. No breeze.

JULY 24
I am a breeze not blowing; over there: a window, a lute.

JULY 31
I peel an orange. I eat.

*

AUGUST 7
Affirmative red, this dichotomy.

AUGUST 14
Can't trust that day.

AUGUST 21
Sparkle-hearted: this dull memory spackled over.

AUGUST 28
& what I wouldn't give for a chili dog.

*

SEPTEMBER 4

A sad monument, something fading.

SEPTEMBER 11

Can a day ever be just a day

SEPTEMBER 18

or is it always the other days it was,

SEPTEMBER 25

a dull history of days, an oppressive rush?

*

OCTOBER 2

The complex certainty of this cloud.

OCTOBER 9

My hand a vast big empty one.

OCTOBER 16

How many days like this, how many days

OCTOBER 23

to make a life? & when is it

OCTOBER 30

enough?

*

NOVEMBER 6

The million intervals, o you unceasing!

NOVEMBER 13

Cyclic ramblings, & this the punctuation of

NOVEMBER 20

grey day & its grey light,

NOVEMBER 27

the grey day & its grey light.

*

DECEMBER 4

& the whole shindig wound down & unwinding still.

DECEMBER 11

Such subversions as this – what's one more year between friends?

DECEMBER 18

I can't tell if you're serious,

DECEMBER 25

if this really is the end of something.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Nate Pritts is the editor of H_NGM_N, an online journal of poetry & poetics, & the author of the chapbooks *The Happy Seasons* (Swannigan & Wright, 2004), *Winter Constellations* (horse less press, 2005) & *Big Crisis* (Forklift, Ink., 2006). He teaches at Northwestern State University in Natchitoches, LA.

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