



Issue I.ii, Spring 2013

On a Monday Without Windows

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it notes

On a Monday without windows
I will sit and stare at the walls
Watching the long-dried paint crack
and fall away into the void of the late afternoon

On a Monday without windows
I will pay no heed to the calendar
Nor its apocalyptic rantings of the inevitable days to come

On a Monday without windows
I will barter greatness for mediocrity
I will survive solely on stale bread and room temperature water

face



On a Monday without windows
I will pray silently for days to come
Grasping at stale ideas until nightfall
withering myself to sleep
and letting that eternal Tuesday wash over me

