

# Old Mama Saturday

By Marie Ponsot

“Saturday’s child must work for a living.”

“I’m moving from Grief Street.  
Taxes are high here  
though the mortgage’s cheap.

The house is well built.  
With stuff to protect, that  
mattered to me,  
the security.


These things that I mind,  
you know, aren’t mine.  
I mind minding them.  
They weigh on my mind.

I don’t mind them well.  
I haven’t got the knack  
of kindly minding.  
I say Take them back  
but you never do.

When I throw them out  
it may frighten you  
and maybe me too.

Maybe  
it will empty me  
too emptily

and keep me here  
asleep, at sea  
under the guilt quilt,  
under the you tree.”



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