

# POETRY

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## Friday: Overwhelmed

Would the moon plummet to earth  
if today I did nothing of any earthly good?  
Returned no phone calls, no email,  
bought nothing I need (and admitted I probably don't need it)  
and ate fruit and bread; drank milk.  
Would the stars shatter if I cooked nothing?

Because, God in Heaven, the fleas of detail  
are charging by the dozen up my unshaven legs.  
Those locusts, the Thousand Trivial Tasks, have arrived,  
a plague of voracious jaws, and here I wait:  
shivering stand of wheat they'll cut in a minute,

So today I abdicate.  
Live in the mess. Get yourself an apple from the fridge,  
then come and lie with me on the unmade bed  
until the moon rises where she's always been.