





# Some Vain Weekday

c. 1850-1855

Wednesday morning.

Sweet  
and soft as summer, maple  
trees in bloom and grass  
green in the sunny places  
hardly seems possible this  
is winter; still, and it makes  
the grass spring in this  
heart and each linnet sing,  
to think that you have come.

lest we should be  
alone and you and  
I have tasted, and  
found it sweet;  
even as fragrant  
flowers, o'er which  
the bee hums and  
lingers, and hums  
more for lingering

I have lived by this. And  
though in that last day,  
remark he does not know  
me. There is a darker spirit  
will not disown its child.

sometimes to the grave,  
sometimes to an oblivion  
rather bitterer than death –  
thus my heart bleeds so  
frequently I shan't mind  
the hemorrhage, I only  
add an agony to several  
remarks a bubble burst!

naughty to write such fretful things,  
and I know I could have helped it, if  
I had tried hard enough till the big  
cup of bitterness is filled brimfull



It steals over me once in a little while,  
that as fingers fly a far more wondrous  
shuttle shifts the subtler thread, and  
when that's web is spun, indeed my  
spinning will be done. I shall not fret  
or murmur shall not care when the  
wind blows, shall not observe the storm.

Thursday evening

I wept a tear  
here, on purpose – this “sweet  
silver moon” smiles then goes so  
far before it gets to you then if  
there were any moon how do I  
know that you see her face sailing  
around the sky. In a little silver  
gondola with stars for gondoliers,  
I asked her to let me ride a little  
while ago I think she was quite  
ungenerous – shant ever ask again

Dont feel it – no – any more  
than the stone feels that it  
is very cold, or the block,  
that it is silent, where once  
'twas warm and green, and  
birds danced in its branches.

there's a great corner still;  
I fill it with that is gone,

I will raise the lid to my  
box of Phantoms, and lay  
one more love in; but if  
it lives and beats still, still  
lives and beats for me, then  
say me so, and I will strike  
the strings to one more strain  
of happiness before I die  
and life has forgotten us!

that you never weary of me,  
or never tell me so, and that  
when the world is cold, and  
the storm sighs so piteously,  
I am sure one sweet shelter,  
one covert from the storm!  
bells are ringing, north, and  
east, south, and your in own

All life looks differently, and  
the faces of my fellows are not  
the same they wear when you  
are with me. I think it is this;  
you sketch my pictures for me,  
and 'tis at their sweet colorings,  
rather than this dim real that I  
am used, so you see when you  
go away, the world looks strangely,  
I find I need more vail sprightly  
plan to import because that

It was only yesterday, that I  
intending in my heart to stay  
a little while, only a very little  
when the latch was lifted and  
the oaken door was closed, I  
realized as never I did before,  
how much a single cottage held



I ran to the door, I ran out in  
the rain, with nothing but my  
slippers on, then I ran to the  
dining room window and rapped  
with all my might upon the pane,  
I am training the stems to my  
flowers, I am working with all  
my might, so as to pause as soon

Friday afternoon -

That you and I in  
hand as we e'en do in heart, might  
ramble away as children, among the  
woods and fields, and forget these  
many fears, and these sorrowing cares,  
and each become a child again - I would  
it were so when I look around me and  
find myself alone, I sigh for you again;  
little sigh, and vain sigh which will not

and up comes little memory and  
paints – and paints – and paints  
– and the strangest thing of all,  
her canvass is never full. I find  
her where I left her, everytime  
I come – who is she painting

To day it rained at home – sometimes  
it rained so hard that I fancied you  
could hear its patter, patter, patter,  
as it fell upon the leaves – pleased  
me so, that I sat and listened to it and  
watched earnestly. Was it only fancy?

the wind blows and it rains;  
I hardly know which falls  
fastest, the rain without, or  
within – I would nestle close  
to your heart and never hear  
the wind blow, or the storm  
beat, again. Is there any room  
there for me, or shall I wander  
away all homeless and alone?

We would'nt mind the sun,  
if it did'nt set - How much  
you cost I will never sell  
you for a piece of silver. I'll  
buy you back with red drops,  
when you go. I'll keep you in  
a casket - I'll bury you in the  
garden - keep a bird to watch  
the spot - perhaps my pillow's  
safer - Try my bosom last

I should hear a foot the quickest,  
should I hear a foot – thought  
of little brown plumes makes  
my eye awry. The pictures in the  
air have few visitors. You see they  
come to their own and their own  
do not receive them. I shall never

They played the trick  
yesterday They dupe  
me again today. Twelve  
hours make one indeed.  
Call it twice twelve, twelve  
three times, add, and add,  
and add, then multiply  
again, and talk about it.



I must say how  
it seems to me  
to hear the clock  
silently tick all  
the hours away  
and bring me not  
my gift my own

Sabbath Day -

I walked - I ran -  
I flew - I turned precarious corners -  
One moment I was not - then soared  
aloft like Phoenix, and anticipating an  
enemy again, my soiled and drooping  
plumage might vainly endeavored to  
fly once more from I smiled to think  
of me, and my geometry, during the  
journey there - It would have puzzled  
Euclid, and its doubtful result feathers  
and Bird had flown, and there I sat

Thank the dear little snow flakes,  
because they fall today rather than  
some vain weekday when the world  
and cares of the world would try

to the usual meetinghouse the  
inclemency of the storm kindly  
detaining alone with the winds

down, down, in the terrestrial;  
no sunset here, no stars; not  
even a bit of twilight think of  
the hills and the dales and the  
rivers it will pass over such as  
ne'er be written sweet month

I at last saw my little Violets,  
they begged me to let them go.  
Here they are a bit of knightly  
grass, who also begged the  
favor to accompany them –  
they are but I fear not fragrant  
now, but they will speak to  
you something faithful which  
“never slumbers nor sleeps”.

There is a tall pale  
snow storm stalking  
through the fields,  
and bowing, at  
my window shant  
let the fellow in!

I rise, because the sun shines,  
sleep has done, and I brush my  
hair, and dress, and wonder  
what I am and who has made  
me so, and then I wash the  
dishes, and anon, wash them  
again, and evening, And, prithee,  
what is Life? much too that was  
dusty, but my bee gathered drops  
of the sweetest and purest honey –



and no more snow;  
and how very little  
while it will be now,  
before you and I are  
sitting on the broad  
stone step, mingling

Monday evening.

Today has been a fair  
day, very still and blue.  
Tonight, The crimson  
children play in the  
West, and tomorrow  
will be colder. In all  
I number you. You,  
seeing yet unseen.

I am going out on the doorstep,  
to get you some new – green grass  
I shall pick down in the corner,  
perhaps the dear little grasses  
were growing all the while – and  
perhaps they heard what we said,  
but they cant tell! I have come in  
here is what I found – not quite so  
glad and green but pensive grassie –  
mourning o'er hopes. No doubt some  
spruce, and then proved false proved

so hot that they burn my  
cheeks, and almost scorch  
my eyeballs, but you have  
wept such, and you know  
they are less of anger And  
I do love to run fast – hide  
away from them all; here  
in, I know is love and rest,  
and I never did not the big  
world call me and beat me

I hover round and round,  
call it darling names, bid it  
speak to me, and ask it if it  
answers, Do I repine, is it  
murmuring, cannot help it?

Danny Floyd  
edited by Kristi McGuire

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