

## Four poems by Anna Monardo

### My Day

It's all a big to-do. Today,  
pay bills, pay self, do  
homework for the child. Inside  
me, who wants all this  
done? Not me. I want  
sleep and resurrection. I want  
this room cleaned. Now. Mop  
it. Stop what you're doing, empty  
the curio shelves, delve  
in with fists. Force out  
papers, known news you can  
tear and toss; turn  
it over to God where he lives  
in the dumpster down the street.

### Recovery

is this thing, not that  
it matters how long you work  
the system will find you, as birds  
find glass doors. Take a step, then  
another. At least try. Again, lift  
your foot, galloping hoof,  
harsh mane, sleek willow  
tree of your sadness.

### Omaha Origami

Ambitious cherry blossom,  
diplomat governing  
our neighborhood, intersection  
of decision and doubt, hosta  
unfurling, pink petal rain, napkins  
of dogwood blooms soiling the lawn.

### Is There Someone

You are tide and sea, the fish  
and float of debris, the brisket,  
banquet and bouquet, baguettes  
you nibbled from the stroller  
on Paris streets, the rolling  
wheels on French cement, cast you  
in the film-noir opulence of some  
memories you know and don't know,  
remember and never knew. Every morning  
I must recall how it is: My mother,  
alive, still with us, coming to dinner  
tonight, in need of doctor, or is she  
gone? And my father? Is there someone  
I need to call or just pray for, pray  
to, pray?

Anna Monardo's novels, *The Courtyard of Dreams* and *Falling In Love with Natassia*, were published by Doubleday. Her memoir of her family's immigration, "After Italy: A Memoir of Arranged Marriage," winner of Creative Nonfiction's Writing Pittsburgh Book Prize, has been excerpted in *Creative Nonfiction*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Cimarron Review*, *More*, and *Fourth Genre*. She teaches in the Writer's Workshop of the University of Nebraska at Omaha..

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