

MARIANNE BORUCH

*One may read it walking: lauds and matins*

One may read it walking: lauds and matins  
and vespers, the major hours. And those minor, at rest,  
the little hours in prime and terce, sext and none  
and compline, though compline—before bed, blessed

mimic of almost death—*considered separately*  
*by the rubrics*. Their pace, the natural day, dawn  
to what follows. The little chapters, canticles, psalms.  
Vestments white or red, depending, and violet

for high vigil, black made from the oak gall, once  
shrouded by the brilliant toothed leaves.  
No antiphon to be repeated the same hour, never  
the same words. Advent or Lent or Passiontide,

but *the liturgy of Tuesdays is of no great*  
*character, not to purpose or saint or mystery*. Believe  
nothing. Or begin: Tuesday, *a day of conflict* like  
any, all workweek. Rubrics end best with a semicolon.