

**P. Armit**

## **IT'S SUNDAY**

Sunday!

Making love in a bed bestrewn with  
The Papers and the breakfast things  
and crumbs of toast in my navel!

And the sun parting the blinds spying bare bums  
leaves quietly

And the big grey cat  
sitting quizzically on the bedhead  
marvelling such expense of energy  
the jiggling the cups and saucers giggling  
wonders should she leave  
deciding to stay

turns archly to scrutinise the wall-paper  
because it's Sunday!

Because the nextdoor children are home  
fighting over the pedalcar  
and screaming its sirens up and down the footpath  
and their father's mowing the law with the muffler off  
to drown their racket.

The birds outside are not there  
Gone to the Coast for the weekend.

Well . . .

it's Sunday!