

frigate

[Home](#)[Search](#)[Reviews/Critique](#)[Essays/Features](#)[About Us](#)[Contact Us](#)[Archives](#)[Shop](#)

On A Seven-Day Diary

[Alan Dugan](#)

Oh I got up and went to work
and worked and came back home
and ate and talked and went to sleep.
Then I got up and went to work
and worked and came back home
from work and ate and slept.
Then I got up and went to work
and worked and came back home
and ate and watched a show and slept.
Then I got up and went to work
and worked and came back home
and ate steak and went to sleep.
Then I got up and went to work
and worked and came back home
and ate and fucked and went to sleep.
Then it was Saturday, Saturday, Saturday!
Love must be the reason for the week!
We went shopping! I saw clouds!
The children explained everything!
I could talk about the main thing!
What did I drink on Saturday night
that lost the first, best half of Sunday?
The last half wasn't worth this "word."
Then I got up and went to work
and worked and came back home
from work and ate and went to sleep,
refreshed but tired by the weekend.

"On a Seven-Day Diary" from *New and Collected Poems 1961-1983*, by Alan Dugan (Ecco Press). © Alan Dugan 2000.
Used by permission of the author.

©2000 Frigate: The Transverse Review of Books www.frigatezine.com

All rights reserved on behalf of the authors.

We welcome your comments and suggestions on our site. Please email webmaster@frigatezine.com.

Back to [Frigatezine Home Page](#)