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Tuesday

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Sometimes it is not possible to mend
what’s broken, either if you meant
to prove something impossible, or else
to save someone. Your best friend has
not eaten for six days. Your father loses things.
Your brother lies.
It’s Tuesday, so the week’s no longer new, and yet
nowhere near done.
All you can do is move
and keep on moving, trust
time changes shattered things
and lies once known are maps.

Author’s Note. This poem’s form is taken from the structure of the field with
seven elements: the meter, in iambic, follows a pattern based on 5, 4, 6, 2, 3, the
nontrivial values taken by powers of 5 (mod 7) as it generates the group of units
of the field.