2009

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Marianne Boruch
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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.