2009

One may read it walking: lauds and matins

Marianne Boruch

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6749

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
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.