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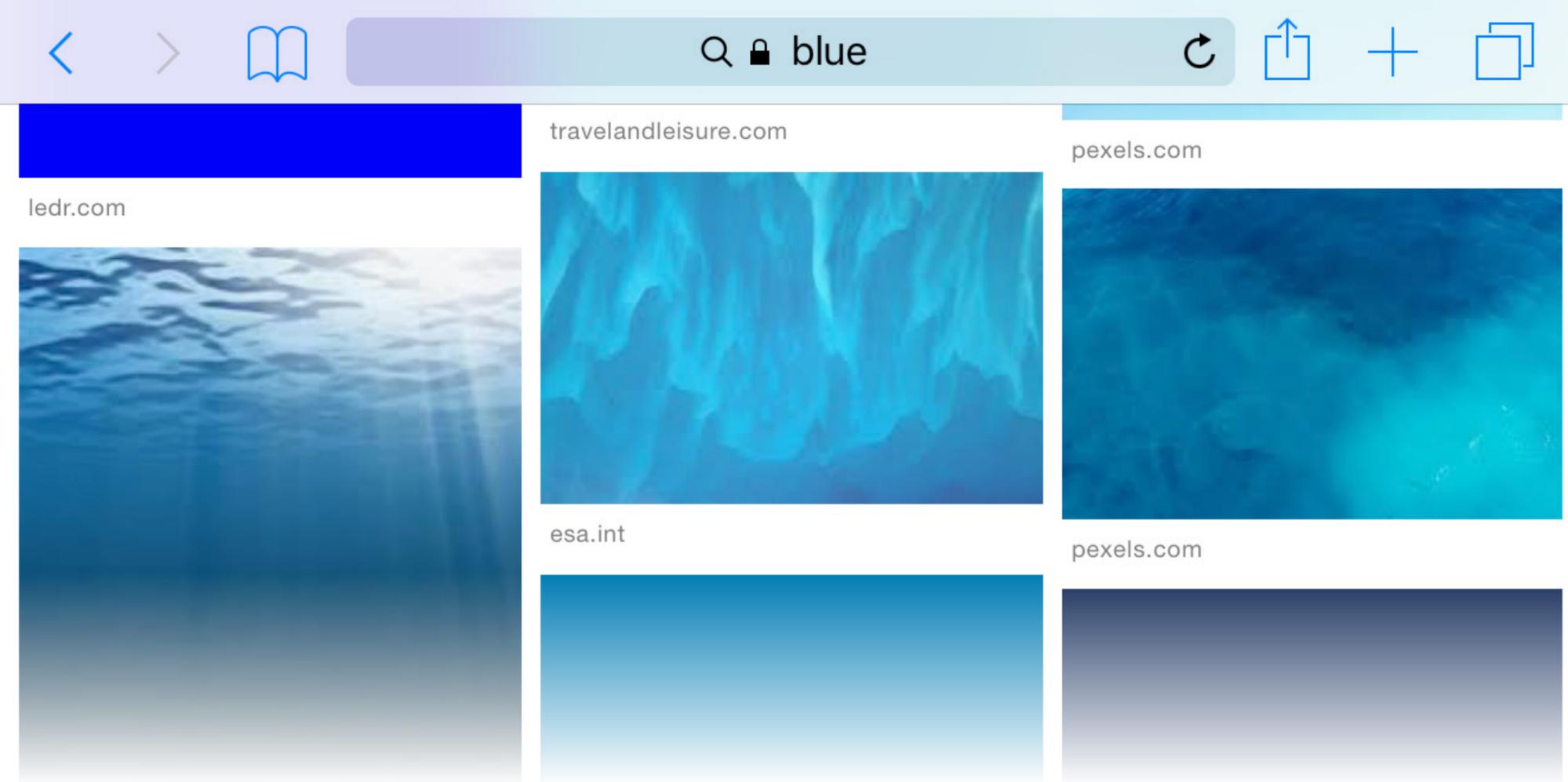
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Weekday Poems

By Hanna Fiegenbaum



The Woman

She had baby blue eyes

And a blue skirt

The elder woman that biked along

When I had bought eggs for breakfast.

She must have been around 70 years old

She wore a golden ring

bleached hair

She had a nice tan

Her legs were slowly turning the wheels of her bicycle

I thought that her richness was that of good experiences

It wasn't the richness of money

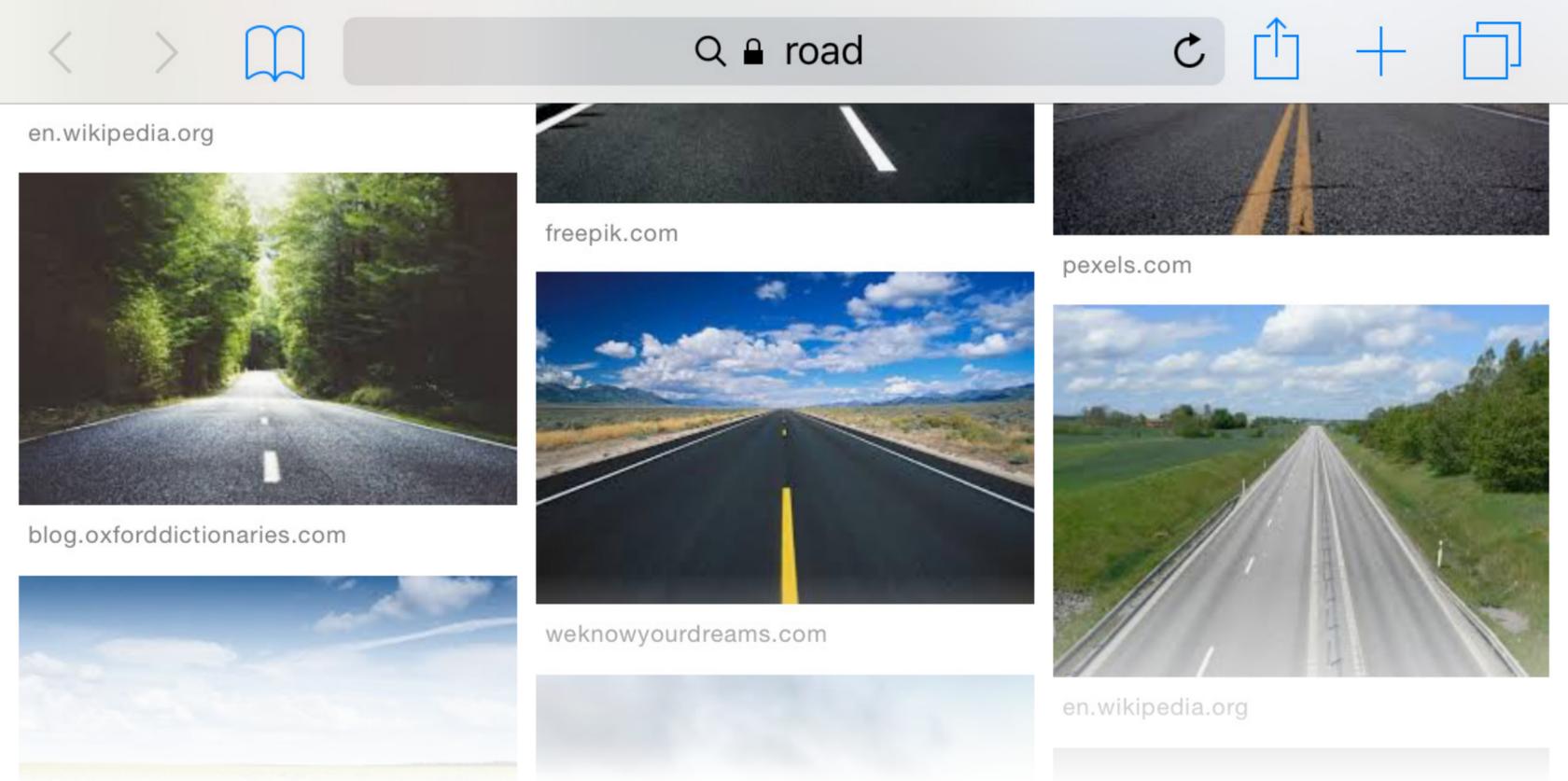
(Though maybe that too)

That gave her that look

Still in bloom in her 70s

I asked myself

How did she do it?



The Ladybug

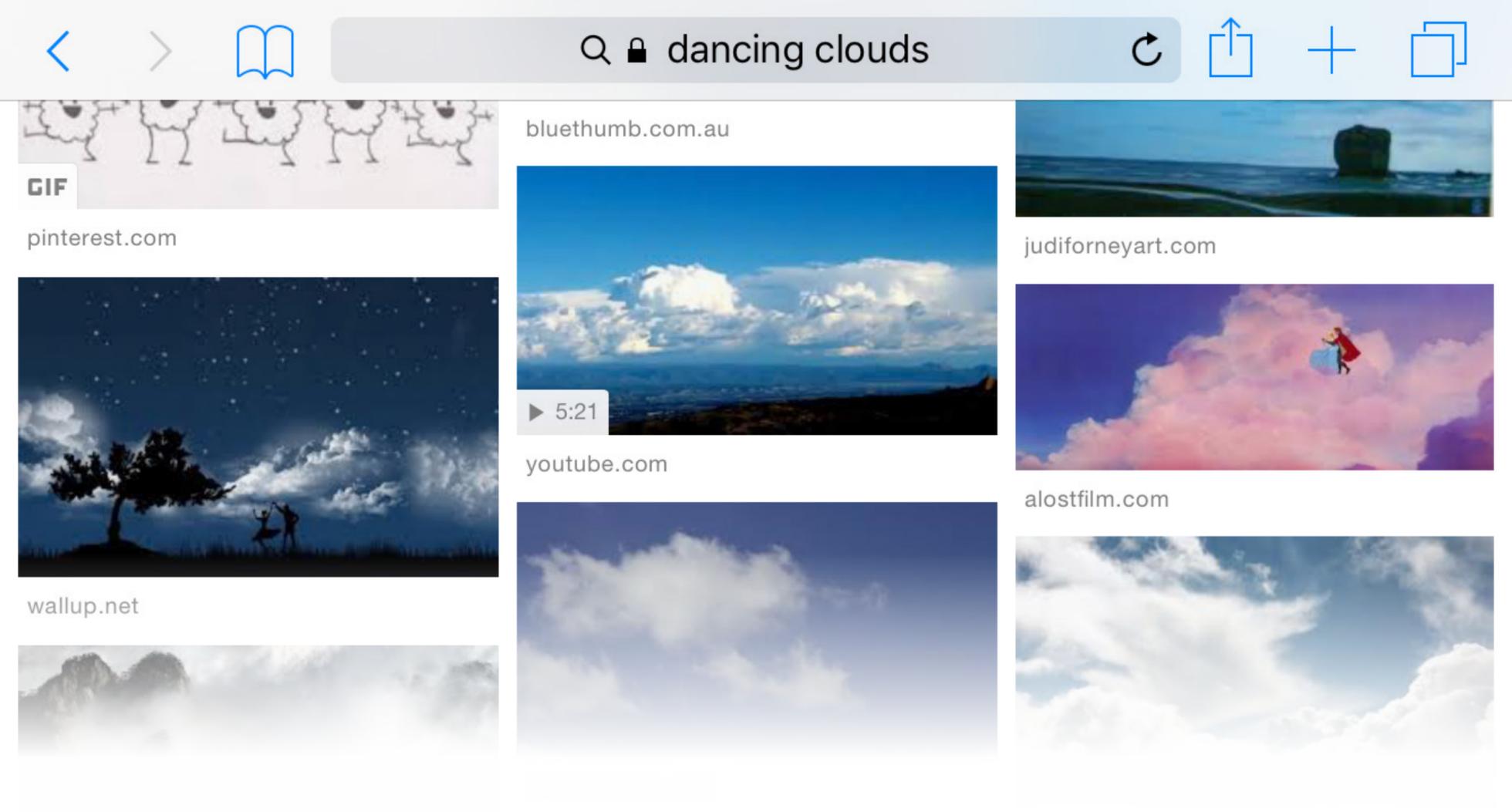
**It had blue eyes printed on it
And black dots on a red coat
I bought it in a shop on the road
And it was for nothing**

**If one wound it up
Making a sound like unzipping
It would walk on its many tiny black legs
For three seconds or two
And then be too sluggish to keep on going further**

**A shiny windup toy of a ladybug
I bought it in a shop on the road
And it was for luck
But rather dysfunctional**

**When you saw it
You only laughed at it
But it was my guess that luck just was that way
You couldn't control it
It was tardy and heavy
Nesting in one place
It wasn't exactly a happy bird**

**I wondered if I might start feeding it
For better returns
You kept directing toward it
All your scepticism
Turning me into a lunatic**



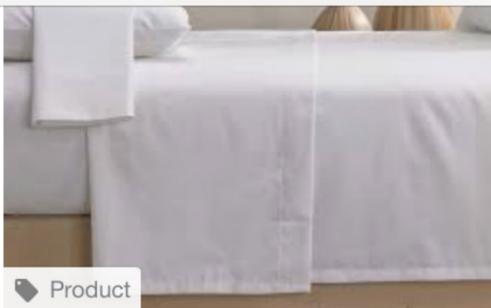
Little things

**I watched the dancing clouds
Softening around the ground
Of their motivation
Creamy strangers
Alien movement
Out of the powers of little things**

**I watched the dancing clouds
Tears in their yellowish eyes
I knew I was weak
But I couldn't resist
Where were you?**

**He had rose coloured Macarons in the pocket of his jeans
He fed me I took them between my lips
Both were of the same colour
So this was where they belonged**

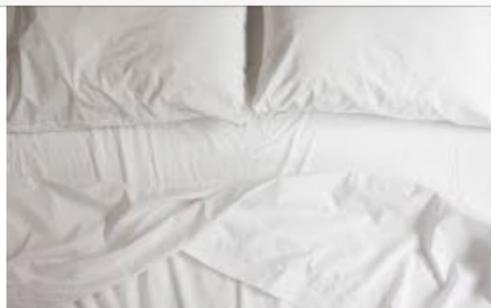
**I saw a couple of little things
They looked kind of sad
Like bad teeth**



Product
goodhousekeeping.com



Product
amazon.com



thewirecutter.com



Another Love

**They had another love
They had found a way
To get along**

**She bought sheets at IKEA
he fixed his bike
And the windows of his studio**

**When he turned away from her
He would think of chocolate with crisps
When she woke up in the morning
She would go running
And make herself a coffee
Staring into the bright sunlight
Like into burning wood
With someone saying on the radio to her
That apparently
her kiss were one of the best things in life**

**They met at Hanover railway station
In the middle of the distance that lay between them
To spend a day at the public swimming pool
She wouldn't miss her train home
Due to his attention for his wrist watch
And his phone**

**They had another love
And a lemonade
On a Sunday afternoon
When sun set too soon
Turning into the Monday of work**

**They had another love
Booking trips to Malta
Playing table tennis
And the game of stupid questions
They had found a way
To get along**

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