

ANNE LE DRESSAY

Thursday

and I did not win the lottery.
I walk to work on snow that moans
underfoot in the first hard frost
of a late-come winter.

The revolving door shrieks
as it shuffles me through,
its rubber flaps protesting
the sting of salt on the wet floor.

My glasses steam in the sudden
warmth. I carry them in my hand
up the echoing stairwell
with its utilitarian grey walls.

I look past my computer
at the dirt-streaked windows,
at the grey brick of the next
building. No news to startle

my workmates. No reason to plan
the wording of my resignation
letter. Just a regular day.
Not the first of the week, not

the last, not the hump.
I did not win the lottery.
It's winter. And Thursday.

