

## when it is sunday

when it is sunday  
and you are vacuuming the stairs, or dusting in corners  
consider:

the majority of what you clean up  
is you yourself  
hairs that have come unmoored  
stray bits of skin carried by a breeze  
to a cranny, nook, or countertop  
we don't notice ---- perhaps we aren't meant to

new follicles sprout  
fresh dermis envelops

this shedding is internal, too ---- organs  
slough off their edges and regrow  
the stomach its lining  
the liver  
the spleen  
our guts are poised on a perpetual knife's edge  
between regeneration and disintegration

it is miraculous to consider  
when you pause in the midst  
of your weekend clean;

every cell in in your body is different from that you were born with  
in fact  
you have been through a thousand thousand iterations  
and yet  
you remain yourself

your heart is still your heart  
your lung is still your lung  
your skin is still your skin, and it still contains within it  
the soft recollection of a girl's touch during a game of tag  
the radiant warmth of sun in autumn ---- reflected from a blacktop  
and the impact of molecules disturbed by your mother's voice, saying  
“not too fast.”

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