

ALL THE WOMEN I KNOW ARE TIRED

By Maude Carolan Pych

Dead tired

I see it in their strides
their slumped shoulders
their shuffling feet
as they drag themselves
through their tasks

I see it in their uncovered yawns
their dull expressions
the darkness below
their lusterless eyes

All the women I know
are weary, drained, unfocused
They stare into refrigerators
they stare out windows
they stare at papers
they try to remember
what they intended to do next

All the women I know
shower rather than bathe
drive rather than walk
phone rather than visit
They dream about
what they hope to do
when there's
time

All the women I know
are sleep deprived
up too early
down too late
rest-less
as they try
to get it all done

They can't get it all done
there's not enough time

All the women I know
are tired. Dog tired

especially during the holidays—
Because they love, they
shop and clean
cook and bake
wrap, decorate
send cards
invite, invite, invite

They're exhausted

especially those who go to work
especially those who go to work
and have children
especially those who go to work
and have old, ailing parents

All the women I know
fall asleep over teacups
in the evening
or over a book
or over the bills
or in front of the TV

All the women I know
believed the lie
drilled into them
in the 70's
that they could do it all
be it all
have it all

All what?

All is nothing

when they languish
in their shoes

*The above poem won an honorable mention
in the national Allen Ginsberg Poetry Contest.