Sundays Are Extra Ordinary

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I stick my head out of the window
like a dog, smelling the exciting world outside.

Arousing my senses, feeling for its own sake, the wind
washes my face like a splash of cold water.

The energy outside excited me. Millions of people
living, operating, in a strangely familiar cycle that is
only completely understood on a quiet Sunday evening.

There is a sixth sense of satisfaction that can only be reached on
this day of the week.

I gaze over the horizon by the shine of the
moon and orange glare of my street light.

It all rushes in, blends perfectly in solitude.

The flicker of lights on the highway
and in far off apartment buildings that shine from
the city, remind me that I’m not alone.

This feeling is all encompassing
and yet void of thought all at the same time.

I make my rounds.
Shut the lights.
Lock the doors.
Retire the day’s duties and tasks.
Until the sun rises on another day.