Select Poems

Bruce Meyer

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/thenorthmeridianreview

Part of the Arts and Humanities Commons

Recommended Citation
DOI: https://doi.org/10.7825/2769-5115.1010
Retrieved from: https://digitalcommons.butler.edu/thenorthmeridianreview/vol1/iss1/11

This Prose is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Butler University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The North Meridian Review by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Butler University. For more information, please contact digitalscholarship@butler.edu.
Bruce Meyer has published books of poetry, short fiction, flash fiction, non-fiction, and literary journalism. He lives in Barrie, Ontario.

Garage

He kept supplies of pieces of the past neatly stocked on wooden shelves. He’d pull his car hood close to nuzzle elements his engine cast aside.

Tidiness was never about the lack of clutter; even I hoard scraps of paper, imagining a word or phrase will come in handy someday soon.

Fathers save. They collect the past because the future remains to be written; and having grown up in a home where money ran out the door

to feed the hungry wolf, he knew, uncannily he knew, what each piece was for, as if the future was an open mouth, oh not another mouth, needing to be fed.
Prothalamium

When she was very new, her bald head caught the light with the delicate gold of a quince. The perfume of morning swaddled her in its solemn gift of love. Those who looked on her said her gift was simply the grace of life, as if life was something an artist bestowed, a life made better by a vision of joys ahead of its own laughter. In time, her gift was laughter that grew into soft gold curls and everyone said she was love. Her small, perfect hands each morning reached for pieces of bread. Morning fed her because time feeds each life until it is full and can eat no more. Love was always her second shadow, her head rising nearer to the sun each day, its gold beckoning her like a promise, its gift always slightly beyond reach. A gift I passed to her was desire. Morning brings more to desire each day, the gold that turns treasures into kings, the life that wants more life, until time, ahead of its own hands, runs faster than love and she is grown. Every morning I love how she greets me. I have danced as a gift to other brides with her, knowing ahead I will dance to celebrate her; the morning of dread when she is gone, when my life will pause to say goodbye to her, a gold band on her ring finger, a moment of gold that wraps itself around her pulse. Love is celebrated when love is sealed, and life passes like a secret or a whispered gift, and time belongs to some other morning, and all its futures, like proverbs in her head.
when a child with gold as a gift upon its
crown will cry for love in the morning light,
and life will anoint another delicate head.
Twitch Grass

It stood up like gophers at sunset
piqued as if it noticed his fury,
editing his lawn as if a writer urgent
to take up his pen to tell a tragedy.

The day before, he’d spent hours
mowing straight lines as if a monk
with a staved vellum in scriptorium,
his art, green and thick with words.

Twitch grass reminds me of wild wheat
growing on shoulders of concessions,
exclamations of a secret past declaring
something once ran wild and fecund here.

It does twitch, rattle, and blink,
each stalk startled as if a shock
passed through it a split second,
taken by a leap of surprise:

a man in his Sunday best, kneeling,
uttering curses no Sunday should hear,
his hand wiggling the small roots
from his almost perfect lawn.

Neighbors called it crab grass,
but inland where water is only rain,
I could barely imagine green waves
rolling over hills to drown the world.
The Thaw

—for Jared Carter

There is a moment in every rural spring
when snow vanishes from last year’s furrows
and small nothings come again from nothing.

The shout of an open barn door to bring
in air and chase the months of sorrows
sounds from that moment in every rural spring
when washing appears to kite on a string,
and each day leads to longer tomorrows,
and small nothings come again from nothing.

Flatland and hill farms repeat, and repeating,
are a prayer of dust only a concession knows
in that moment in every rural spring
when pane ice is off the brook, and a sleeping
century of sluices runs in fast, brown flows
so that something comes again from nothing,

leaving time, and change, and every green thing
to keep count. Poetry is life, life to interpose
life and death living in every rural spring,
so everything may come again from nothing.