A Pastoral

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Abstract
Facts are safer than ideas. This morning I woke to the realization we can live anywhere we want.

Keywords
Poem, poetry, flowers, people
A Pastoral

Tim DeJong

Facts are safer than ideas. This morning I woke to the realization we can live anywhere we want.

In the den I suffered through my sit-ups, a flood of sunlight pinning my sweating body to the floor.

I found you in the sleepless garden, tearing roots out of the ground, dark soil in your hair. We painted our tongues with the bright blood of beets as your herbs flowered violently in the window. I can’t remember how we got here.

Without supermarkets we’d all wither and die. At the drive-thru you cried and I touched your face to make it seem as though I understood. The fries were soggy and wilted. I wished it would rain.
You baked rhubarb pies and I threw bread
to the squirrels in the cemetery. Life bursts
up from cracks in the concrete.
If the world is round, we’re all separated
by curves and not by straight lines.
It’s said the greatest part of every tree
is underground, which means trees would be
icebergs if the land were an ocean,
this city a lake for the lights of our small ships,
these paved streets the rivers we swim in.

Tim DeJong is a doctoral candidate in English at Western University in London, Ontario, where he is currently researching the role of sympathy in postwar American poetry. He is the 2010 winner of the Marguerite R. Dow Canadian Heritage Award in Creative Writing, and his work has been published in the journal *ESC: English Studies in Canada*.