

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

1 stone winter

Now it is just you and me: smoke on a midnight table.
Your hands, my cup. There's no escaping you and your secret

listening: you've heard my morning cry, and yet what?
I ask you: is there light ahead

or just more strummed lines of guitar,
psalms of night wilderness, flashing past.

This is winter: stone, pockets, my blood on a shirt.
You can't take it with you, you said. Time is just

silence, flashing past. I wake old and emptied
of the stones you took, with you, the weight

is what I hold: your damn near
impossible memory.