

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

2 spring gift

All night we dig in the hills: dust
rising into tinsel. Your death's gift from that not yet golden sky.

I dare one dream: this year will bring nothing at all.
I am sun, I am mountain, I am seed.

My skin wakes west, then east, looking for rain.
An ocean, gathering, you toss stars onto all I see: water, trees, night,

your light touch I dare not cross.
You hum a dawn in Spanish song:

I am the second peak, you said, the left one,
mourning: can such words possibly save me?

Is this your gift?