

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

27 fall cache

Money, money, money
makes the eyes go cross: another equinox,

another haircut. My flip-flops sound the rhythm of failure.
Success: give me one bright solstice

to hang my honeyed, hungover head. Courage:
I look to my younger self, the stones I once loved. Once lost,

my heart mouths the words I should have said:
nothing. I lie on this arch over water, beneath my sentence of cold moon, listening

for your rainbowed voice. Always this damned nothing.
A bell and two footfalls some sleepless soul above me muttering

you and me were meant for each other's
nomadic hearts. Where are your footsteps now?

I cannot take it, or leave it: I am not nomadic. I am no
follower of northern suns

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