

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

28 spring tide

Your young volcanic mouth: river, milk, honey.
This heat wave, consumed and consuming

your first knot: a heart unraveling, bravely
into the ocean. You spawn stones of geodetic lust, bright and brief,

your great adventures: swing, teeter, slide.
They said it was no small hole

in your heart stopped mightily that day
the dim voice entered.

Spitback of ash.
The high bar you fell from, back up again:

you are the love wave, breaking
through seaweed and bivalves, the golden seismic

tremors we devour.
Sleep, my love, sleep.

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