

## **unearthed: a weak year**

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

### **29 tree fall**

The steps you once gave, you once loved:  
renaissance arch, two-tiered cupola, your shining

perfection. My heart is full of acts  
I cannot speak the name of. Confession,

fretwork, your drawer of broken watches. I study those hands,  
dream silversmith guilds, clay-layered fossil: is this what love is?

We asked for the sea, you gave us  
the water's weight, here

behind half doors half sunk  
ships sail goods up streets alive with

one scale, two swords, crossed: is that you cradling wisdom in your lap?  
Death is no accident, you said: time, water, the walls,

trees I have missed:  
this is where we'll meet

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