

unearthed: a weak year

running ghazals

by Karl Meade

41 fall dessert

Hubris, avarice, malice: I take what I deserve.
This wake of lost bones—wrenched neck, parted rib, the black eye

my ego wears. Take the white door, turn left
and keep on giving. Do you think this might save me?

If I fall upon a fallen maple,
can I lie with it?

What I thought I sought: just dessert, and ice wine
to cleanse myself.

If this is opulence, why are you walking away?
Beneath this crossed cupola in the night, I dream you back:

your first swing, swift shimmy up a trunk,
your rattling lungs, just before

your last breath. This is not all wind
I hear these leaves and words upon

your tongue of two-hour sleeps, frozen on the vine.
Hear me pray: the world is anew.

Termite, woodpecker, army ant:
be gentle on these bones.