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A Jog to Memory

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by Will Smith.
A Jog to Memory

The odor of wild honey
at this moment reminds me
of the bed from which we rose
without shame, without guilt,
and left the fragrance
of our discovery as real
as winds off the Spice Islands.

Happiness comes, happiness goes,
I do not expect perfume every day,
not in this world of ill winds.
We are what we are and the cry
we make to ourselves must be heard
somewhere among our daily chores.
We hunt for signs to help us
remember the first garden
before we lost our way.

by James Hearst

For John,

On The Birth of His Son

I see the world in my own image.
You must see miracles everywhere you turn.

Outside my window a chickadee sits on the side
of the barn. The side! His neck twists, scattering
the grain of wood onto the blue blanket of sky,
the red paint sings to him and he
sings back.

All winter the bread you bake
has been rising like a woman’s belly
brown skin growing taut
as a fireman’s net.
And one day you go to the oven
and there is Simon, pink and singing.

In the stream beside your house
great brown fish flick their tails and hum
through the frozen water.
Quick! If you catch one
you could feed the world.

writing comes much easier after fifty
bad sinuses and constipation evoke it
after fifty the world slows you down
but your feet can’t stop moving
you see they have made me a dean
put me alone into a great office
once a day i have a one hour meeting
soon i will be sixty five
and i despise fishing
i have dreams of youth
but no mouth for that fierce taste.

by Norman H. Russell

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