

Markie Metzelaar

TRANSCENDENT

For three years he sat on the shore of the lake

In a cabin borrowed from kindness

and would stroll down wooden lanes

Leaves crunched and brittle underfoot

Wind whispering down the branches
speaking

In words he knew but could not shape on his tongue
Of life and love and holy things.

When he came upon the town, he found
Among cobbled streets and copper crosses
And hands placed on the holster of
Leather spines

A county clerk and roving poll tax policeman
And a chocolate house on the road
(bars facing out amongst the trappings of
The courtyard
Where neighbors bustled by without a thought)
And a house tucked among the ivy boughs
Where he would have dinner most nights.

Sitting in the drawing room
A glass of brandy clinking ice or
Cigar smoke unfurled like living tapestries
snakes encased in harsh-fuzzed yarn
Diction thick with politics and rhetoric:

How best do we reach the fountainhead
From which divine truth flows? And from
Whence do we derive the purpose of our being

If not through traditional methods?
How therest to find the guiding hand
Or invisible eye of God
Of us?

Sitting in the backyard on dirt-cracked chairs
A sprig of heart-shaped leaves in green gradient peeking from between
the rust-wooden slats.
A speckled glass-blown bluebird perched against the swoop
of a thick power cable
Listening to the distant cries of the train whistle
and counting sprouts of clover
and blowing clouds up into the night.
Asking the same questions and
Getting echoes of an answer.