

Looking Forward to the Farmer's Market

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Slender lives of orphans, sewage of a nation,
they talk in old age about childhood.
Happy enough now, but the past was bliss,
like storms after a week of heat,
the crunch of ice, the come cry in darkness.

My life now is mostly couches, blankets, socks.
Happiness is the fifteen minutes either side
of a nap. We travel to town for the
sound of the town and sit before the
empty bandstand. The farmer's market is tomorrow.

Slender lives of heroes, pride of a nation,
they have neglected to trim the grass
around your names. The cannon is rust and
droppings. The new bandstand gleams for
the feast of artisans, thick bread, blocks of soap.

My life is lastly the fleshy dark of summer
woods, humus of beech and maple, the
quick elegance of decay. There is a kind of
fern like a miniature spruce, inches tall, green
like the first moment of something I have forgotten.