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On Edge, A Gift Passed On

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On Edge

On edge of my neighbor's house top,
Red fog thick, spills thin, pink as gossamer sun rise.
I cannot despair this glossy air
Giving comfort of downy blanket upon a rumpled bed.

Fog gray, cat like, linen white, lies waiting, stretching,
Hunching, melting into silver grass warmed by sun's sprayed light
Diffusing breathless into dying night.

Birthing land provides children's laughing feet a bed to play,
Geese flapping into their shared journey,
Wolves preying upon herd's weakened stray.
From forever,
Crows squawking their eternal conversations
As dry pages floating unfinished stories of quiet separation...

I rise from my comfort drink,
Warm and swallowed shallow,
Flowing as my red-filled dawn.
Only I can empty my cup
As sheer fog spills into
Quiet conversations, voiceless
As wordless silence –
Like last leaf, clinging, alone –

A Gift Passed On

A gift passed on, aged,
Varnished layers thick, rests abandoned,
Adorned once with family crystal, curios of color
Gracefully displayed for all to desire, to see, to touch.

Cabinet stands empty
With uncertainty,
While textured lines of pine, grown in grace,
Lie hidden under layers of darkness-
Thick, ridged.

Son and father approach her ancient curved glass and fogged mirror,
Knowing that an awkward touch
Will shatter her fragility.
We dismantle her body parts,
Her time-hardened tenderness,
To save her generous deeply grained soul,
Offering her renewal
To generations of love and neglect.

In freshness of stain and oil of ox tongue,
We smooth her, we smother her.
Texture of her growth reveals stories of her ages
As we bathe our hands
In the knowledge of her revival,
Our survival.

Will Marwitz is an Instructor of First-Year Seminar. A book of his poetry, titled Turning the Cup, was published in fall 2010 by North Star Press of Saint Cloud.