

Peace! The Charm's Wound Up

by Jacob Budenz

Give it a rest if you've got what you want or
set your sights even higher? You are nowhere
near the Mississippi River or the life you
spied in a dream long ago when you left
the tropics, but thrice to the wind you've
thrown your hopes, and now, at least twice,
they've returned to you. Peace! The charm's
all in the pitch of the voice, the errant gesture,
the fertilized egg yoke crushed beneath a spoon
and leaked over your grandfather's tombstone
although he'd have claimed that such things
came of the devil or the minds of Catholics.

So turn away with prisms on your tongue
and reach toward the waking of the sun.