

Wade Stevenson

3 poems forthcoming from In the Country of the Peregrine by Wade Stevenson to be published in early 2023

WOULD IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

Would it make a difference
If you found a word for the wind ---
A word for all the things you loved ---
The way on a certain summer evening
The light lingers in the amethyst air
And wouldn't it be interesting if ---
For the solitude or a human face
You could find a simple way
To make the accumulated pain escape
The dark-eyed stare of living loss
For that you need words that leave a trace
A mark engraved, a rose tattoo
Before, wavering, they disappear
Submerged in the wake of a dwindling day

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE PEREGRINE

On the cusp of this cruel and tender world
Let me die content
Who knows why I was born without a nest?
I knew from the beginning
With the blood knowledge of the badly born
I belonged to the vast country of the wandering
The exiled, the too early departed
I became a nomadic lion homesick for a cage
An angry bee fighting for honey in a hive
A hungry dog prowling solitary streets
I lost my head for a love without reason
I'm tired of that furor and this frenzy
To try to go back would be spiritual treason
It's time to dig down deep in the dirt
Find a real home there
In the sweet, peaceful, all accepting earth

HERE COMES THE SUN

If my body could speak
If only it could find the words to express
What escapes the language snare
Think of how much it would have to say
Speak, body, tell me all you've come to know
The long painful wisdom acquired
Through tens of days, nights, years
Tell me all you didn't ever want to know
The sudden ache of an impaled surrender
The dripdrip torture of a remembered rape
If memory had a key you'd simply press "delete"
What the body knows or can't forget
Is more than hard to find the words to say
If language had a body the mind could touch
It might simply utter "fuck"
Strange how four Anglo-Saxon letters
Contain the most powerful meaning
But here's the secret promise, the real thing
One day soon in one
Illumined moment of your plundered life
A sublime Amor will come to heal
All those ancient fucking wounds