I Tell Her

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I tell her: we must get at the ground, 
deep beneath the dirt, where the roots are.

Only here can we make ourselves strong; 
here, where our proofs and reasons lie buried.

We must separate the wheat from the chaff, 
we must harvest only good things.

Remember how we want our lives to feel: 
like drunkenness; gentle and warm,

eyes cloudy with God and smoke, 
with the beauty of cold summer.

I thought of our lives patched together 
pieced together, pressed together

and brimming with purpose, 
lives like old shoes; gentle and worn,

like the stars tonight –wherever they are–
bright but hidden.

The cabin’s air was stale and cold 
His rotten heart iced over 
A blood-shot flight to Walden Pond 
To escape his new ex-lover