

Just Beautiful

Tim Suermondt

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IT'S THE DRIFTING

When I read the laments
over authors who are no longer in print,
I wish I were able to arouse more sympathy.
In my case it's usually about
trying to get into print in the first place.
It's somewhat like rafting in that it's not
the raft, but the drifting that's important—
the slow as sloth movements, sure, but
also the sheer moments of speeding light,
that bullet train in our minds, the worlds
we think we might love going by,
the days full of colors we've never seen,
the nights of falling stars turning the rivers
white as snow and bone, the accumulation
of everything real and unreal that prompted
us to write it down from the very beginning.

RIGHT FIELD

I'm out of place
but at home.

I hear "has-been"
whistling in the wind

and convinced I see
a vulture circling above.

But I have no inclination
to fuss over worry.

I pound my glove
and stand erect as a prince,

royal in my nonchalance,
although there's a tiny

bend at the knees.
If I do stumble

on the first pitch hit at me,
I can say I lost

it in the clouds
like Willie Mays once said,

still young enough to make
excuses means being still

young enough. Batter up—
it's been a long time.

IT HAD TO HAPPEN

I accepted the inevitable: I became an adult.

—Octavio Paz

I locked up my comic books
and my Little League bat.

I worked on my vocabulary
and became quite adroit

at using the word “ubiquitous”
in many of my conversations.

I wore a cut-rate fancy suit
and played the Market well.

I took a blonde scientist dancing
and she taught me the Cosmos.

I quit while I was far ahead
and went boating off Cape Cod.

I championed every exile
and learned to love my white hair.

I once bumped my wife in the night
and told her about the Masked Marvel.