

POETRY

*Jacob Boyd*

INTERRUPTED MEDITATION IN A RESORT TOWN

There's a semi-wild zone at the end of the switchbacks  
And that's it. Even the rich have paved themselves in.  
There are recordings of bells but no ringers.  
Belfries hung with bullhorns. Wires and speakers.

There's the callous impulse unchecked. Even a chimp  
Thinks twice. There's the spinal cord's resemblance  
To a silverfish. And the hockey stick. The chip-  
Munk slapped from scrambling in the garage:

There goes its body, limp and arcing out the open  
Window. There falls the daughter from the bridge.  
There, on the diving board, her back to the pool—  
But why drag the bones? This road is already so

Steep I have to pause, unzip my coat, remove my  
Hat, and breathe. I thought I might climb this peak,  
Stand looking over my life in a moment distilled.  
These crows or ravens are trailing me. Each few

Steps they shuttle onto the tips of a different  
Pine and ride the wend of arrival. If I stay still,  
Maybe they'll lose interest—it's this hat she handmade,  
Hats this handsome are rare. Look at them eyeing it.