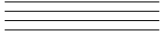


P O E M W I T H A L I N E F R O M
T O M A S T R A N S T R O M E R



J E R E D I T H M E R R I N

Summers, alone, so laden –
one June gone in grieving, one August's erotic estate . . .
With each year's rising heat, a fresh dream of self-making.
– And sensations, sensations!
Pears fallen and studded (as if with cloves) with bees.

Only one season, one-fourth, and, already, too much.

Like refugees (some with babies)
staggering under their loads: mattresses, bags of potatoes,
a pot (that makes sense to carry), an elegant lamp (that does not).

“Many more things happen than we can carry.”
Where shall we put them?
Where can we put them down?