A Lesson

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I encounter my difficulties,
like long-lived friends.

Across the breadth of a dozen states—
I hope you wait for me.

And then what more?

I am not the man,
putting color to the leaves.

And you are lovely, corazón,
but this is my history.

Sink in the Morning

“That’s where your brother takes his baths,”
My mother says to me.
Her breath on the top of my head is gooey
And smells like chamomile.

She is holding me up by my armpits,
Over the counter of our kitchen
And above the metal sink.
Which, in its magic, is shining.

All of its scratches form arches in the light.
All of these arches were moving out

Away from me—
Like the ripples move in my brother’s water
Away from him.

“You used to take baths here too”
She says to me.

Can I still fit my whole body inside the sink?
She sets me down next to it
With my feet at the bottom.

She watches me as a farmer would a prized pumpkin or squash,
I feel old for the first time.
The soap and bubbles rise in between my toes.