

# Abandoned Lines

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a joy no grief goes deeper than

Comfort me, Michael  
with apples

for I am sick  
with love.

that sprig of ladslove  
you made an epaulet of

grass, sweet leaves, and limbs  
transport dream

As though the phrase  
drawn to its close

lifted the sentence  
and let it go.

A world of its own.  
Unto each the same comes  
severally.

The grief of things at strife  
among themselves

for want of due order.

To bow and to bend  
not ashamed

those gathered  
drawn to the light

behind my eyelids  
not as, but to

a feast.

Last night I put off writing  
thinking it a morning work

but sleep broke my waking  
and woke my sleeping.

By a glowing icy light  
she can tell

which tears we weep  
from those we owe the crocodile

who thrives on terror  
and dismembers dreams.

What defines the fabulous  
and what the real?

And how one uprisés  
domestic in the other?

As if all propositions  
brought home the clarity

of their words'  
limpid resolution.

Sun up. First light. Words  
sound in the ply.

Branch, twig, leaf unfurl.  
Their sky rack domes the wood

lightly raking its mind  
green in that panoply

this issue issues. Look!  
those gnats, their hovering

show my thoughts waking.

The mind imagines  
its Knossos

gnats of knowing and  
thought in clouds

in my hair.  
about my face.

A burning wire  
trailing light

from the eyes' cabin  
to the heart's shippon,

a fiery ribbon  
wound in and out

of every bin  
and store.

Get out of bed.  
Write down poem.

To find by dawn  
rhymes that fit

a hymn or rather  
an alba.

A brightness in the blood  
collapses.

Last light out.  
I climb the stair.

Then we built a house  
for every plant to live in.

That is to say,  
we dug a deep hole.

Rose geranium.  
Kitchen window sill.

The heron watches us  
drive down the road.

Artichokes for dinner.  
Semele

brought out of hell.

That which in me guards the hearth  
guards the house as well.

That him of me in whom  
curiosity glints

bright as caution's keen edge  
a homely familiar, a totem.

That chestnut above the barn  
where the drive turns

has in it something wet  
with all March.

Its own sweat  
furious to break

the buds out  
letting go

day by day.  
The pale

green tinge.

What made me look up  
from the book

breaks the world.

Words drift at times.  
Rush at others.

Back in upon  
the dark their going left.

She refuses love,  
wine, and sleep.

Refuses all risk.  
Hides her husband's remains.

Scatters his bright mementoes  
and gathers them up again.

All too precious  
to put them together again.

Go home.  
Take to your heart.

The coltsfoot wastes its words  
on you.

Doves bill and coo.