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Samuel

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Samuel

by Michelle Kate Potgeter

My brother lives—
In the city,
Hands stuffed in his back pockets,
Whistling,
Smoking his pipe.

He is tall—
A redwood stretching
Ancient palms to clip the faces
Of clouds.

He is like the men
Who have lived in forests
Without going crazy—
Just laying in the palm of
Nature—in the oldest
Form of the world.

But he is also new
Eyes bright as this song playing—
As the guitar
Pressing the atmosphere
Back—drawing calm
From somewhere and setting
It on me.

I let myself feel alive
Just sitting—
Turning pages with Sam—
Talking of Siddhartha,
Of quiet and living without,
Of creating—
Like God

And isn't that
What he has always wanted
Even when I didn't know him?
Finding his way
Through other places—
Continents, Kentucky.

And if anyone is made
In the image—I suppose
My brother was,
Ancient, new—
Sky-wide Man.