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Moment

Peter F. Neumeyer

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JEAN JEFFRIES

THE LAST GOD

fragile unicorns,
tinkling hooves sounding
down the verdant hills
of earth

a pool revealed incredibility
and (fearing laughter)
they vanished into myth

PETER F. NEUMEYER

MOMENT

The skin, the vein, the meat, the seed—
Don't talk of microcosms; don't profane
This grape, plucked from its fellows on the vine,
bitter still, but ripe and covered all with dust,
with grape dust, pollen and the sweat from sun on fruit,
And don't demean the object with comparison
to think of grape to Horace—grape to Keats
or grape to anything but this one vine and
 this one moment, this one fruit
not to be crushed on tongue but by the teeth
and seed spat forth, projectiled into bush
and this one grape and this one summer moment
 this one fruit
and—still I am drawn back again
to all the warmth and all the love and all the balance
of the lands, and of the men who worshiped this,
 who worshiped grape, who worshiped love
 who worshiped—most awkward to confess today—
 the grape
 the gift
 the sun itself
most awkward; I must think on this.