Measure

Robert Cullivan

St. John Fisher College

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Measure

I will kiss your neck
press it
gently
till your voice
goes within

I will follow it
to your bosom
stay with it
keeping your voice company

till we can come out
in a word
that is not yours
but ours

Rob Cullivan

Ode to Jeremy

I walk through the door
Seeing toys scattered about
Your pictures taped to the fridge
I hear you call my name
And smile

I remember long walks
Pushing you in the stroller
Reading the Cat in the Hat
Laughing our way through
A jitterbug
Dizzy dancing in the living room

Gentle hugs from behind
While peddling along on my bike
You say
The sun is following us home
In the bushes

Sneakers pounding on the steps
Singing This Ol’ Man
Knees worn thin
You run into the room
Hotwheel in hand
Making the rounds
For goodnight kisses

Jean M. Kase