St. James Park, December

Kerri Meyer

*Grand Valley State University*

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There is no comparable terror demanding a similar act of moral excellence from the people of Le Chambon. The powerful magic that was once here left with André Trocmé and his fellow conspirators.

I'll be going back to Le Chambon soon. I will never forget what happened there once. This time, though, I'm going to visit living people whom I love. I want to see the buildings that are standing there now, the children who live there now. I don't need to search for ghosts. I know there is no magic in the streets or in the houses. I will remember what happened in 1942 every time I stand on that square, but now I will have some memories of my own, as well.

Kerri Meyer  

St. James Park, December

The wood ducks,  
with their clever eyes,  
left some time ago  
in late September.  
Someone has come  
for the old grey pelican.  
She forgets to leave now,  
so they keep her alive  
in the London Zoo.  
The black angry swan  
(the one that hated us  
all summer long--  
hissing and shaking  
at the boys who brought  
their fistfuls of breadcrumbs  
too close to the water's edge)  
he is here with us still,  
the slender black neck  
limp on the thin snow,  
the fragile grey feet  
imprisoned in the ice.