The Rhythm of Tumblers

Steve Margulis
Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/gvr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/gvr/vol23/iss1/17

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Grand Valley Review by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
As Basic as Breathing

After a spring of memory,
a summer of anticipation,
our bodies rub like great tectonic plates.
We barely hear the seismic quake.
We have become mystics, transported,
bent by a force as basic as breathing.

Like Children

Like children, the autumn leaves
race along streets until,
exhausted,
they crawl into their winter beds.

Like children, the grasses
wrestle with their winter coats,
longing for spring.

The Rhythm of Tumblers

Prepare poems
said Karl Shapiro
with locks readers can pick.
This poem is an open safe
for readers who master its simple cipher.
Press your ear to its skin.
Hear your lips reading
the rhythm of tumblers.
Scoop out its minted metaphors.
Stuff your pockets with a full measure.

Stephen T. Margulis is currently Professor of Management. His first published poems, in 1987, also appeared in the Grand Valley Review. Then and again, he was encouraged by able editors, Gil Davis, Patricia Clark, and Dan Royer.

ild Turkeys, Fir

Brown in and they are
syncopated with love
Carlos onto last

Unhurried past summer, between
they are
by an Aud

emblem
at tangents
less present behind
with metaphor is believed

as still
by my back
They may be having
in service to shake