The Wind-Static On

Chuck Ham

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THE WIND—STATIC ON

The wind—static on the winter walls as time is found in needed words. I feel ashamed at my helplessness in matters of my body (or more likely loyalness)

But the sweetness of this lost-or-found is much too pleasant to forsake for my confusion—so forgive me if I am the spring and you are still the thaw.

CHUCK HAM

WEDDINGS AND LAKE MICHIGAN
(for Ebie)

Child of Mary Godwin, quiet, restless daughter,
Your surgeon’s skillful hands flex at distance
As the sun gives you her atoms.
You engineer blueprinted muscles
And recircuit patterned veins
(Enough to hold your body to)
And wire it for sound,
Waiting for the vernal equinox.

Then—all unknowingly—you trip the switch
And the amperes sing with pleasure
As they nurse him now along.
He quivers with the voltage—
The current’s much too strong
For one so unsuspecting—
Then slowly, slowly, carefully
Smiles sickly, sweatly pale
At the wondering Mother there.

’Tis a shame we never met, Mary.
You missed the point, you know!

PAUL MICHAEL DUMMER