

Vernal

Jonathon Egan

what i wanted to say,
but didn't get to:
in the end, there is one great sphere
that contains each lesser light,

and one great compass, needle pressed
to center the circle in every heart,
angle circumscribing all:

the bully in sixth grade
who spat daily on my bike
while it sat chained at school, and

saliva drying in the wind, and

the first time you kissed me
(i kissed you first, but you like
to say it was you—whichever it was
i'm still glad).

this wondrous orb, euclidean, real,
archimedes found could be described
 $v = \frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$
where 'r' also includes

my grandfather, walking pipelines
for the gas company in winter, and
his pneumonia, and
his ferocious independence, and
when he learned his daughter died and
where, and
when he wept and
would have traded, and
had to live—

encompassed and ablated by extraordinary arms.