Bartley

Janine Hummel

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Bartley

Bartley is a genius with a IQ
and when we talk he flits from flowers
to his
tory to the in (and out)
sides of computers
He falls in
to pools of silence, you know,
people think he's crazy
but Bartley knows no one
under
stands
so he stopped bothering so long ago
Bartley’s robin egg eyes [ hide ] behind tortoise shell rims until sun rays make specks of swaying daff o dils appear like golden flashes when he blinks

Continued
Always, I
went out with out
saying “good
bye” to Bartley,
I heavysighed,
    thinking he wasn’t feeling
but now his teal eyes cloud, and
    I skid to a scree eeeching stop
above
Frantic, he stares
my billowing hair
for meaning
    in studded skies
he
    buries
    his cracking china face
into my shoulder, weeping
I love you but I can’t stop thinking
    and it hurts so much

Janine M. Hummel

Winner of the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry