

The Messenger

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Bartley

Janine Hummel

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Bartley

leaping
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 ee eeching 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