

Fall 2001

Caesarea Philippi

Michael Carlson

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CAESAREA PHILIPPI

There was a frenzy in that town
unspent on speech.
Whole fields rotted into color,
often shifting all at once
as if the earth agreed on now.

The women who sold used books
reminded me that snow
was an emotion, a pure thing
that fell regardless, making
all our taste buds spare.

Other things happened right.
Careless men misspelling
gravestones forgot the chore
and everything else
that went with stalling hope.

I studied moisture clinging
to bugs. A criminal taught me
languages that didn't end
in shame, or suffer any flags.
Livestock. No crucifixion.

I came because I knew I couldn't.
Autumn cured the boredom.
There was belief, a hill and grasses,
mountainous gauze across
a hip of chimney, fence, and roof.