Fall 2012

Before the Tribulations

Greg Wrenn

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss77/37
You can't breathe our air, 
a tasteless, invisible mix,  
so you wear a pressurized suit, a helmet  
like a fishbowl  
over your head. For once  
your beard's combed and trimmed;  
your greenish-gray eyes  
reflect  
the sky like wet sand  
after a wave recedes.  
You've come back for me after  
two millennia, the Fifth  
and Sixth Crusades,  
a plague that hardly kept me chaste,  
so I can escape the hour,  
the centuries of trial.  
I'm frustrated,  
I can't kiss you, I can't bring any books,  
my gloomy  
gratitude giving me  
the shivers. "This world," you mouth, "is just a dream."  
I'll never smell a forest again.  

Never feel a lemur's  
nose. What's the use  
of running from calamity? (So many silently,  
loudly in pain.)
We gotta go soon,
you say in your muffled telepathy.
I rush to mist my succulents,
murmur babytalk to them.
Lock my dirty cell.
Shake out my welcome mat.

I run to grip your glove—