

JED MYERS

This One Leaf

Under the dawn's ripe-apricot sky,
I and the rest of the living return
to our limbs, lungs, watery eyes,

in through our mouths and nostrils, in
through our pierceable skins, from our other
lives and battles, other skies.

Under December's silvered rooftops,
we rise. Under the wall
of the hillside's green-black trees, we begin

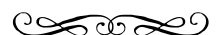
to remember our lives, forgetting
the dead we survive, leaving the angels
who'd lighted our dreams alone again, turning

from the ghosts with whom we'd taken up
griefs and hopes unspoken in daylight.
Waking we call it. Back in the spin

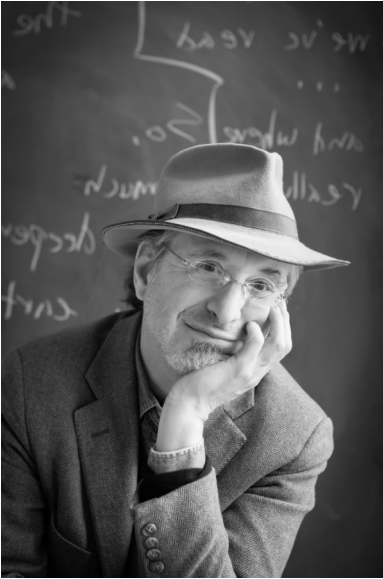
of electron and planet, friction
and press of the blood's pulse, heave
of the breath, hoist and trudge of the flesh

down the hall, face in the glass—is this
the actual? I want to keep this
one russet leaf I've torn off, brought

back from the beech grove where I stood
with my father a minute ago, ankle-deep
in the mud, agreeing we'll find the road.



ABOUT JED MYERS



(photo © Rosanne Olson)

Jed Myers lives in Seattle, Washington, where he is a psychiatrist and a clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of Washington. He received an MD from Case Western Reserve University after completing a degree in English with an emphasis in creative writing at Tufts University. His work has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Atlanta Review*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Nimrod International Journal*, and *Southern Indiana Review*, as well as *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. Both a chapbook and a full-length collection are forthcoming: *The Nameless* (Finishing Line Press) and *Watching the Perseids* (Sacramento Poetry Center Press). He has hosted numerous poetry and music-and-poetry events, including the NorthEndForum in Seattle, and he is a member of Band of Poets, an ensemble that weaves together music and poetry. He also participates regularly in community discussions about poetry and medicine.

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