



Poems From the East village
2005-2007

zaedryn Meade

Fervor: Poems from the East Village 2005-2007

By Zaedryn Meade

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A TINY REVELATION

I want this to be special

I want this to be totally unique

and meaningful

and singular.

But really,

it was only love.

And this is only a broken heart.

ME IN A NUTSHELL

I believe love is the closest we get to divinity

I believe in waiting patiently on the corner for the light to change

I believe in being kind

I believe that as birds fly, and fish swim, humans create;

it is our 'natural' mode of operation

I believe the opposite of war is not peace, it's creation

I believe creative expression is a way to get to know

what we don't know

that we already know

I believe in finding common ground and elevating the discussion

in wanting what I have and giving what I need

I believe in paying my library fees

I believe in keeping rocks in my pockets

to remind me to stay close to the ground

I believe stones and aerial maps of the ocean floor

teach me to fly

I believe to be free is not merely to cast off one's shackles

but to live in a way

that respects

and enhances

the freedom of others

I believe in leaving everything and everyone and everywhere

just a little better off than when I found it

I believe when we let go of who we are, we become who we might be

I believe in asking myself how it is that I will come alive

because that is what the world needs

I believe in psychics, astrology, epigraphs

crossing fingers at cemeteries

lifting feet when going over a bridge

ice cream on the hot days

I believe in swimming at the glacier in the summer
and chomping icebergs like snow-cones

I believe asking for - and getting - someone's consent is sexy
and knowing the pleasure you want and how to get it
is subversive and revolutionary

I believe gender, power, play, and skill are what makes the sex hot

I believe stretch marks and scars are beautiful
because they tell the history of the body

I believe the body is a temple to be worshipped
that we are not separate than the earth, but made from the earth

I believe it feels good to shit outside

I believe in cranberries, avocados and cashews
in redheads and black ink
in leaving a trail on an unmarked canvas
in drawings on skin
in tiny yellow flowers under the chin to check if I like butter

I believe in watching the media, pop culture, consumerism,
and celebrealty with a critical eye

I believe in turning off the TV

I believe in accessories: shoes, belts, bags, scarves, glasses

I believe everything can be cancelled

I believe in identifying that which causes pain

I believe suffering and drama are optional

I believe everyone is the expert of their own life

I believe in investing in the tools of one's trade

I believe in not finishing a book
if I find myself saying those eight magic words:
"I don't care what happens to these characters."

I believe growth requires the temporary suspension of security
in second chances and red balloons

I believe in wishing on the full moon and faery rings
and dandelions gone to seed and eyelashes

and shooting stars and birthday candles

I believe very few people are actually out to get us

but are rather just distracted by their own

human-drama-bubble of daily life

I believe differences are the only way we learn

I believe intentions do matter

I believe in giving people the benefit of the doubt

but still protecting the gentle red-ribbed cage

around my heart

I believe you and I are not mistakes: we are stardust

I believe in unfolding my own mythology like an origami swan,

asking every day,

“what will I do with my one wild and precious life?”

THE TROWEL

we spent all weekend
digging clams at ocean shores
on the oregon coast
sand between our toes
surf rearranging the shore
you forgot to get dressed
I watched you belly-down
on the bed
staring at the TV so
unselfconscious
I wanted to feel
my full fist in you again
staring out at the open ocean
so seamless
so exposed
I'm hiding from you in here
in this chair
this lampshade
hotel grade
I haven't forgotten
the things you promised
to desire when the fire
went out, the beach
went dry, the waves
stopped coming and
coming
I laid my open palms
on the table
took the metal pail
from the porch

and began
with a trowel
prying open
the clamshells
one
by one

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