



## Two Poems

by Meg Eden

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### The Hour of Death

On the kitchen counter, a spider curls its legs up  
as if ready to enter a long deep sleep,  
but we know he is really dying.

His movements are spasmed and slow,  
and his already-small body shrinks  
into something even smaller,  
as if to acknowledge that He must increase  
and we must decrease in the hands  
of the One who Made Us.

Unlike us, the spider wears  
immortality with acceptance, folding in  
the way artists deconstruct their exhibits,  
and store them for a later time. Only we  
would be so bold to say that the spider  
will never return, but there remains  
a God-part in us. We are sour  
with sin. What can we know about  
what has yet to come?

### They would have been married.(photo prompt)

Now, when I look at dead men, I can't help but wonder  
which lonely girl was waiting for him, if he betrayed her  
with his body, or if he too believed she was the only one  
who could ever tolerate and be tolerated by him,  
that love lasts longer than pressed bodies—  
but how can I know of his sincerity? even the living  
can't discern these truths.

The back says his name, but not hers,  
and it's these kind of pictures that make me wonder  
if I should get married now, at 21, because who knows  
what might happen to him, what might happen to me,  
if life is so fragile and despises our desires,  
and wouldn't it be better for us to be happy  
at least in short if time gave us no opportunity  
for withdrawals?

Even as a girl I dreamed  
of my tombstone with the ravens  
flying over my dirt-body.  
These are the dreams I had before  
my birthday parties, wondering  
if this would be the last one I'd have.

Mom asked me if there were vultures  
with polka dot pants and I laughed

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but knew we were dodging the issue.

It makes me wonder if I was built  
like early apoptosis, if internal worries  
are driven by a greater need—

It's tragic for the young to die but not  
for the old, as if we expect that people  
have to pack up their bags at some point.  
But if all of us must die,

Will my story be told through pictures?  
Or will someone find these poems  
in the one dollar bin of an antique store?  
Or perhaps, in some more terrifying a place.

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**Meg Eden's** work has been published in various magazines, been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and received the 2012 Henrietta Spiegel Creative Writing Award. She was a reader for the *Delmarva Review*. Her collections include *Your Son* (The Florence Kahn Memorial Award) and *Rotary Phones and Facebook* (Dancing Girl Press). Check out her work at: <http://artemisagain.wordpress.com/>.

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