



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

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.

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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