

Home

Summer-Fall 2012 Spring-Summer 2012 Autumn-Winter 2011-12 Summer 2011 Winter/Spring 2011 Autumn/Winter 2011 Summer 2010 Spring 2010 Winter 2010 Autumn 2009 Summer 2009 Spring 2009 Autumn 2008 Summer 2008 Spring/Summer 2008 Winter/Spring 2008 Editor's Note Guidelines

Contact

## **Two Poems**

by Erika Meyers

## Definitions

Circles are the context of repetition Words without shape lose their definition.

## **Folded into Submission**

**Dear Heavenly Father** whose perfect ways are pure like the snow we pile higher than ourselves, forgive me. It has been three weeks since my last confession when I forgot all my sins and told several lies instead.

Dear Lord unclench these hands folded into submission. Bring feeling to kneeling knees waiting to be unbent so I may stand as you have stood equally on opposing sides of the same entry

Oh God grant me the vision to see you as you are and not as others would like you to be: propped up with open arms in one direction like a scarecrow.

Erika Meyers earned an MA in Creative Writing from University College Dublin and is currently studying for her PhD in Literature at the University of Edinburgh. Her first novel, Strangers in America, won first place in The Great Lakes Novel Contest and was published by Bottom Dog Press in 2010.

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