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## October Jogger

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John Poch  
**October Jogger**

Kierkegaard would frown at my longing for her ponytails  
alive with love. No race, her patient autumn rhythm spells  
the turning of the leaves. I'm driving, storebound, out of fruit,  
and she seems a cornucopia to me. All peaches and pears,  
her yield demands the others stop. She jogs her warm-up suit  
around a Studebaker, its back seat a love bench, threadbare.  
Like that, I'm past. I leave her in exhaust,  
the rear view disappearing until all is lost.

Regina, my heart's a liquor-spill. Run, reign, fell  
a family tree, but leave alone an island where bread  
is the yeastless cracker of exile and a new Bible smell  
rises after every rain. The first freeze of fall, and a fear  
drops in me. Like my pen when I drift off in a chair,  
it wakes me up and rights me toward a better bed.

*"October Jogger" originally appeared in Salmagundi*  
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