

Yahrzeit

**JED
MYERS**

In this instance, it's early May.
I've taken note, the moon is near
full. Here where I live,

not where he remained and entered
the earth, there are salmonberries
already plumped and reddened. Here,

far from the house I left and the year
he last hung his Wilson racquet up
on its hook in that clean garage,

I've seen him scuffling up close
to the net, heard his forehand grunt,
nearly touched the sweat on his brow

as I did when he thrashed on his final
bed. Here, I've seen a barred owl
shadowing on a low cedar bough.

These days rainless and open—vision
permitted between here and above.
And of the wind—it isn't much

more than a few gusts sweeping through
from the shore around dusk—it scatters
petals torn from the cherry and plum

as I walk toward home. I've thought
I might light a candle, or write a poem.
Both wouldn't hurt. Now while I can,

while the earth's in just the position
it was, regarding the sun, as when
he left. Three years it's been,

and, although I'm not much
taken up with tradition—as he wasn't
one to ever speak of the oneness

of all there is—let the candle be lit.
Some of him must've entered the light.
What I see by it, let my hand write.