

Jeremy Nathan Marks – Two Poems

The sky

Do you know the marvels worked upon the expanse of clouds (Job 37:16)

Up in Omaha
there are rufous hawks
nested atop
banking and insurance towers
something you would
never hear about
in Chicago

Down in Kansas City
is a woman
on a fixed income
who believes
no world is complete
without Black Footed Ferrets
otters of the prairie

And out in Western Nebraska
somewhere
a priest persists
delivering meals to his
ninety-nine year old neighbor
who isn't even a believer
that man has often fixed the Father's
Touchmaster Five
it's all the parish can spare for homilies

This old man
tinkerer and tradesman
long retired
was born and raised and remains
along the Platte
he has never seen
Kansas
never gone
the short distance
to Ogallala Lake

I know wherefrom
manna comes
he says

The sky-

Highway 1

You
can
drive
for
hours
across
western
Manitoba
in
mid
winter
into
Saskatchewan
and
never
spot
a
single
tree
only
a
blinding
flat
white
which
in
some
ways
is
the
fault
of
the
Trans
Canada
Highway.

Jeremy Nathan Marks lives in London, Ontario. Recent poetry, prose, and photography will appear in *On the Seawall*, *Barren Magazine*, *Apricity*, *Floyd County Moonshine*, *Chiron Review*, *Literary Orphans*, *New Verse News*, *Dissident Voice*, *Unlikely Stories*, *Mobius* and *365 Tomorrows*.