

Tim Suermondt – Three Poems

The Pope

In his desk he keeps a card,
the words written by Mark Twain:

“Faith is believing what you know ain’t so.”
He does to help him remain grounded,

to ward off as much despair as possible.
Even now he has more questions than answers

and turns every night to the Beatitudes
simply because they remain his favorite section.

Often he’ll see angels flying by his window,
carefree to the point of heartache: “Good heavens,”

he’ll say many times, “this is what I want
to believe is true” and flap his hands like wings.

The Moon Over Paris

is great, full, white as marble.

Sartre never wrote about the moon,
but the famous are always given a pass.

I on the other hand are known
by five people (I counted), but what a five!

My wife, lovelier than Paris herself, says
“Why are we inside, let’s take a walk.”

On the elevator down I can hear the moon
clapping, preparing its serenade.

In The Bones

People mobbing the city's streets

because of the gorgeous weather,

like a souffle run-amok.

“All the human flesh” as Montale
put it, every type on display.

And the river and the cafes, beers
in the afternoon, the not well-known

bookshop where I go to hide out,
people going by the old bay windows,

the books wishing they could join them,
rustling when they see me near.

Tim Suermond is the author of five full-length collections of poems, the latest *Josephine Baker Swimming Pool* from MadHat Press, 2019. He has published in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Georgia Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Stand Magazine*, *december magazine*, and *Plume*, among many others. He lives in Cambridge (MA) with his wife, the poet Pui Ying Wong.