Tim Suermondt – Three Poems

Forgiven

The first time my wife and I
danced together she must have thought

This guy is the worst dancer in America.
So bad that those holding stock having

anything to do with dancing took a bath
they have yet to recover from.

Still, she married me and on occasion
we twirl through the living room,

the kitchen and into the bedroom, my missteps
clinging to the memory of the early days

like roses the only flowers I knew to give,

the clumsiness my wife has taken to her heart,
turned into a charm, maybe even for eternity.

Thinking of Dynasty, A Little Bit

In the British Museum the ancient Chinese plates
are arrayed, waiting for inspection.
For my wife this is a piece of paradise
and she'll catalogue as many plates as she can.

I stand over her shoulder, peering at a plate
that has caught my interest—a blue temple
ringed with birds, including purple emperors,
the pattern clear as the snow on a mountain top.

On the upper rim are the words, roughly
translated, The gods don't know everything
although I never assumed they or I did.
I tell my wife I wish I could buy this plate

and she smiles, keeping her focus on the work
at hand. By a huge window I see the rain outside,
glad I brought an umbrella. The lion statues
look annoyed, watch out all you purple emperors.

A Meaningful Day

That is: a day where there's
nothing to do nor fret over,
where the sheep grazing near
Tintern Abbey are the stars.
The sun paints a yellow
on the greens and I'm on the couch,
lulled by the burgundy roses
motif into peerless sloth, ignored
by the world like a politician.

Tim Suermondt's sixth full-length book of poems *A Doughnut And The Great Beauty Of The World* will be forthcoming from MadHat Press in 2021. He has published in Poetry, *Ploughshares, Prairie Schooner, The Georgia Review, Bellevue Literary Review, Muddy River Poetry Review,, Stand Magazine, december magazine, On the Seawall, Poet Lore* and *Plume,* among many others. He lives in Cambridge (MA) with his wife, the poet Pui Ying Wong.