

Survive & Thrive: A Journal for Medical Humanities and Narrative as Medicine

Volume 9
Issue 2 *Poetry Issue*

Article 11

January 2024

Swirl

Tuck McGeehan
Self

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.stcloudstate.edu/survive_thrive

Recommended Citation

McGeehan, Tuck (2024) "Swirl," *Survive & Thrive: A Journal for Medical Humanities and Narrative as Medicine*: Vol. 9: Iss. 2, Article 11.

Available at: https://repository.stcloudstate.edu/survive_thrive/vol9/iss2/11

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by The Repository at St. Cloud State. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Survive & Thrive: A Journal for Medical Humanities and Narrative as Medicine* by an authorized editor of The Repository at St. Cloud State. For more information, please contact tdsteman@stcloudstate.edu.

Swirl

A sky river
Flowing
Unseeable
In night
Surrounding
Slapping everything
From up
To down
Porous Earth
Absorb essential
As we our sins
Slip away
Fading murky
Eyelids wet
Visceral
Contentment
Drift away
Upon forever
Resourceful
Liquid dream

Drink

Swirl has
Lessened
Without wind
So many sounds
Of other
Play a part
In orchestra
Here, have this
Says the sky
To Earth
Nourish now
Everything
Will drink
Soothing comfort

More Than Murk

More than murk
A washing audio
Splash in darkness
Overwhelming
Dramatic sound
Curtain of rain
Proceeding
It all just
Hangs there
Like staring
At a spider web
Positive and
Negative space
Are equal
And cancel
Each other
In depth
Perception

Now the Murk

Now the murk
A wetness
Light veil
Drifting unto
This Earth
From tallest
To crevice
Swirl has
Lessened
Without wind
So many sounds

Painting without Sound

Did this wondrous movement of
dynamic poetic clouds pass above
these towering pines or did these
bushy treetops paint the sky above
with animated brushstrokes of
billowing? Occasionally, brief moments
of time and space feel as if they are
performed for my soul. To what end I
can only hope to recall and translate
into my art in some fashion.

Cricket

Bowing his finest
Fiddle chirp
At the moon
Upon the one
He wishes
To love
The bleating tune
Under tree leaf
Echoes proudly
To no response
Perhaps another night
But he has only
So many
What's a poor boy
To do?
Keep on playing
Violin until
Amore
And the candle
Is blown out

Murky Midnight

For some time I listened to the barely damp fog. Accompanied by crickets rejoicing. Eighteen legs danced in slow motion, two beats different than the fiddler intended. Then, with one slight motion unintended, I swirled the gray molecules of atmosphere surrounding and changed the course of the moth's wing.

Unlike a Moth

A Polka Dot speaks. A Polka Dot is seen.
A Polka Dot lives the life of its own
accustomed apparel seamlessly.
A Polka Dot can be trusted.