

Revival

Natalie Homer

The grapes draping the trellis are for the birds,
who can appreciate their seeds and sourness.
Not everything needs to be harvested, anyway.

When we first moved in, I thought: a wedding arch,
kept. Saved. Re-planted.
The truth is rarely so romantic.

I also thought: a river would be a good place
to pray because of the symbolism.
Sometimes on the highway I have to pull over and wait
for the rain to lighten. For someone anyone to call.

We pretend a lot of things, the least of these that our birthdays don't matter
or that it was no problem any time you're welcome.

In the sticky-sweet evening, I note the spider I knocked down earlier
has rebuilt her web over the trash can's mouth,
and from my steps I can hear the church down the road,
their tent revival, and the preacher's tinny microphoned voice
rodeo-echoing into the dusk.