

FAVORITE POEMS TAMUK

FROM THE WAVE, THE WAY

Valerie Mejer Caso

I chose the poem, "From the Wave, the Way," because it caught my attention. The first time reading this poem, I didn't understand it. It took a bit of time and rereading for me to fully understand the poem. The poem is about a relationship between a husband and a wife and how they emphasize the past. The poem talks about how the wife wishes they could reminisce on their youth even if that means forgetting their current life. We can assume this because they are talking about how it becomes exhausting to care for their children. It opened my eyes to realize that this is the reality that some people live nowadays, and, in some circumstances, it can even end a relationship, which can lead to traumatic lasting effects on a child. Another reason for picking this piece is, while reading the poem, we see that some of the lines will start and continue in the middle of the page instead of on the left-hand side of the page. As well the figurative language that is present, for example the imagery about the house, and the simile of the seaweed, and the allusion to the Wailing Wall, all cement this poem in mind.

Kelly Ochoa
Student

In green water I saw your eye and in it I saw that Arabian palace
filled with birds and broken glass.

I copy an address into my right hand
and fill myself with memories of psalms.
A green fish emerges from seaweed as seaweed from a wave
that rises like the wailing wall.

My sun-baked body at the edge,
wind in my lungs, its whistle,
my torn world, my grief,
my soggy passport, my shell with no pearl,
you lift them, delicate cloud, into a liquid world.

Last night I dreamed of my father's flabby body and of my blue
resolve to run away, to find a way, I dreamed of your eye
and for an instant I found the vertex of the road,
the imaginary line that falls across the earth:
that meridian where the sun on a tiger's back meets the shade at its belly.

Waking up, we are swallowed by wakefulness.
The house swallows us in its terrible thirst. The routine of taking our children
to school swallows us
and so does the *if only I could*.

There was something to that dream. You know it. A direction. A way.
A forest as green as you and your roots.

Give me your premonitions, give me your book, give me your prodigious memory,
give me the blue gaze from your dark eye, give me the devotion of your sleeping birds.

Sometimes the way is a fire
through which the circus tiger

leaps, a perfect circle

returning to me with its stripes intact

and with the endless continuity of this ineluctably feral world.

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<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/56740/from-the-wave-the-way>