

Meditations from my notes app or Meditations for Luca, who hadn't even learned to roll over yet

by grace (ge) gilbert

1.

driving to the
chain bookstore

i recognize

I am
a municipal
act

the sun caught
at its flat

angle
i am looking for

the critical
Perception

tragic hero
Says weep for me

Says it is human
to shed for others—

2.

it is February a baby
buried

in what looks like
a jewelry box

people continue
frequenting

the local
coffee shop

where his mother works

the mourners

in black

but for Market
purposes

making Drip

for strangers
avoiding eye contact

in the back
washing a dish /

constellated

muffin crumbs

3.

During the happy baby pose I cannot help but think

the form of grace
is a blank wrist

turned inward
in Yoga beneath

exposed brick soft
palettes

we sit spread-
legged praising

each other with
our knees

O it is such a privilege
to curate

this kind of armistice
with the body

it is a privilege

to be this vulnerable

& still
to last

grace (ge) gilbert is an Emerging Poet Laureate Finalist of Allegheny County, 2020-2021.

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