

[*MJTM* 22 (2020–2021) 88–89]

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD

John Terpstra¹
Hamilton, ON, Canada

. . . and I are holding and un-holding
hands as we make
our slow way
along the sidewalk,
around the neighbourhood,
seeking perfection in all things,

and finding it.

A man gives me the thumbs-up
before climbing
into his truck,

and I know
that he too is in the club;

greybeards, elders at the gates.

We were once like this one too!
I shout
crazily, across the street
and he nods, sagely.

I am stupid with love

1. John Terpstra has published ten volumes of poetry, the most recent being *Call Me Home* (Gaspereau, 2021), as well as six works of creative non-fiction and two books of prayers, *In the Company of All* (St. Thomas Poetry Series, 2016) and *Wild Hope* (St. Thomas Poetry Series, 2020).

and fool enough now at last to see
how it came to be
we were forgiven

before we ever knew
from sin.

MESSENGER

John Terpstra
Hamilton, ON, Canada

Apropos
of I know
not what

but pandemic

while sitting on my lap
where we've been playing
making faces
 and each other laugh

(do I make too much? over do?)

his eyes take on
more light,
he reaches out,
softly lays an open hand
upon my chest, says,
Calm down.

The room is very bright.