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TIME, DON'T COME FOR ME

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At times, I have a second,
a split in pace, two fractured
minds which cannot be reckoned.
One space, manufactured
by some impulse to keep
the clock, the other, stock
of memories which creep
out from their key and lock.
Sometimes, I need a minute
as I pull one side from
another. There's a limit
to thought, to truth; we succumb
to madness and beget
realities askew.
Time, don't come for me yet,
I still have much to do.

1. Maya is a Canadian writer and MFA candidate at the University of St. Thomas (TX). Her chapbook *Life Cycle of a Mayfly* won the Vallum Chapbook Prize. She has published in *The Literary Review of Canada*, *Modern Age*, and *Rattle*, among others. Maya can be found at mayaclubine.ca.

GATEKEEPERS

This gate we keep will rust
and fall off broken hinges.
And when we turn to dust,
to dust this gate shall go.
So all this too, shall pass,
but each seed we once sowed
behind this gate will last,
return each spring, regrow.

BEAVER POND

I saw him once. Between two quiet moments
when everything was cloaked in the warm sun-
fade and the haze of frog song by the pond.
He pierced the surface like a finger in
an open wound, leaving a wake behind
him big enough to haul a bright new world.
Since then, I haven't seen him. Maybe I
scared him away, or maybe he has changed
his route for fear of his disrupting me.
But still, at every turn, I look for him.
I'm left unsatisfied by that first glimpse
and go on hungrily searching for another.
Something about his presence reassures me.
I yearn to know that "Beaver Pond" is not
some teasing name a child once gave this place,
attracting false hope with a camera round
its neck. And so I wait along this bank.
I cannot see the dam. I cannot swim.
I'm subject only to the ebb and flow
of faith with every unrevealing ripple.
But even so, each night as my mind wanders
through all the violence that one life can bear
and must go on rebearing till it ends,

I hear a splash come through the open window
and think the beaver must be out there still:
kicking beneath the surface, rising sometimes
to meet the sun, his toothy smile expanding
into eternity. I guess that I
should know, for once he let me catch a glimpse.