“Acceptance, Finally” and “In Our Time” (poems)

John Gery
University of New Orleans, jgery@uno.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.uno.edu/engl_facpubs

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Department of English at ScholarWorks@UNO. It has been accepted for inclusion in English Faculty Publications by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@UNO. For more information, please contact scholarworks@uno.edu.
John Gery

Acceptance, Finally

as when a street out of town
evens, narrows
    without warning
into a gentle right turn

neither of us anticipated, then
abruptly enters a dense fog
    so we stop and
log hours of lying still on our

backs like two girls at the toe
of a tall pine, tugging at our wrists
    and tilting our knees
up until at last bare needles

high in the trees scribble
across the sky’s clearing (we
    twist over each other
squinting to see) what one day

we will remember as, the
clouds now sweeping south, a surge
    of sheer delight:
our blue prize.
In Our Time

In our time we needed no walls to protect us from our enemies, not because our enemies had no ladders, as they’d had in earlier times, nor because we had finally made peace, but because walls, as we built them, consisted of only water and earth, so soon would crumble. In our time our enemies came to believe in us and fear us, both, as though they knew we knew our strengths were justified. In our time, our enemies, no matter how carefully they tried to avoid us, could be found everywhere—at least by us. In fact, whenever we traced them, we could defeat our enemies each time we found even one of them wanting, so in these acts defeated ourselves. This was not new, but in our time we became the ones anxious to expose our enemies as everyone else’s enemies, looking away from ourselves, always looking away from ourselves. In our time, water and earth were plentiful and cheap, almost as plentiful, in fact, as our enemies. We stood still only when no one else was paying attention.

In our time, we worshiped the money we printed with the tenderness of love, not because we intended to oppress those who refused to oppose our enemies
and devote themselves to our searching, 
nor because our money was beautiful, 
but because our money began to disappear, 
replaced by the phantom of money 
in which we believed but which soon, 
no matter how carefully we traced it,

we came to fear—a phantom of a love 
we sensed we should never question, 
despite its sweet scent, not as an idol, 
really, but more as a living god we 
hastily yet faithfully, in our earnest 
desire to suppress all our known 
enemies, even those we need not 
defend ourselves from, had devised 
as the justifier of all the unjust-
ified things we wanted to be done.

We needed no walls, we needed no 
enemies, and we most of all needed 
no more money, really. We hardly 
needed water and earth, looking away, 
always away from ourselves. We had 
our phantom, for which we stood still, 
but we had no ladders for climbing 
so defeated ourselves while no one else 
was paying attention, and not long 
after that, we crumbled.