

KENNETH E. HARRISON, JR.

Big Psalm

An other the soul I imagined an organ

filling those cities no longer desolate

as fishermen lift netting I was young

walked along a brook never did sink

a water strider with rocks our father

an other the soul I imagined an organ

like the liver reddish brown secreting

bile but high-ceilinged room enough

for our grief a table & some chairs—