

# Samuel

by Michelle Kate Potgeter

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My brother lives—  
In the city,  
Hands stuffed in his back pockets,  
Whistling,  
Smoking his pipe.

He is tall—  
A redwood stretching  
Ancient palms to clip the faces  
Of clouds.

He is like the men  
Who have lived in forests  
Without going crazy—  
Just laying in the palm of  
Nature—in the oldest  
Form of the world.

But he is also new  
Eyes bright as this song playing—  
As the guitar  
Pressing the atmosphere  
Back—drawing calm  
From somewhere and setting  
It on me.

I let myself feel alive  
Just sitting—  
Turning pages with Sam—  
Talking of Siddhartha,  
Of quiet and living without,  
Of creating—  
Like God

And isn't that  
What he has always wanted  
Even when I didn't know him?  
Finding his way  
Through other places—  
Continents, Kentucky.

And if anyone is made  
In the image—I suppose  
My brother was,  
Ancient, new—  
Sky-wide Man.