

Jeremy Nathan Marks – Two Poems

Fordism

Turns out it never was so revolutionary
to believe that eight lane boulevards
and the death of street cars
were worthy guests at the birth of the modern

A farm boy from Michigan
wanted to reinvent More's vision

Since I suppose you only can shovel
so much manure
dip your hands in one too many chassis
before learning either to love
or scorn
the Earth its soiling work

Ford
Lenin
Reuther
-even G. Mennen
a prophet's work is insurrection

But who would have guessed
that the great migration
would turn on a Model A or T
and not a burning tree

That would not burn.

Carl Sandburg showed me

Carl Sandburg showed me
how you must love people to be a poet;
I think T.S. Eliot
taught me the opposite.

Chicago,
Sandburg's city,
is filled with spires of steel and glass.
But do they have spiritual significance?

Yes.

Even before the cement has settled
Jacob, seeing the ladder, says to his angel

You might want to call HR,
mon ange
as clearly you are counting on something
if I'm to climb this to the top floor.

For what can I be thinking of if not that crew
working at their lunch boxes
high above the avenue
balanced firm upon narrow beams

While there is not an El
in the loop,
or a traffic cop
or a mother on a stoop
who could call two medics with a net
if I fall.

So hold on to your heights
since, with hat in the ring,
you've come for the view from the top of things.

Jeremy Nathan Marks is a writer, teacher and activist living in London, Ontario. His poetry and photography has appeared in such places as *Front Porch Review*, *Jewish Literary Journal*, *Lake*, *The Blue Hour*, *Up The Staircase Quarterly*, *Nomadic Journal*, *Futures Trading Lit*, *Green Writers Press*, *Eunoia Review*, *Poetry Pacific* and *Wilderness House Literary Review*. His poetry will be appearing in *I-70 Review* and *Word Fountain* in 2017.