

David P. Miller

Dinosaur

Bronze pterodactyl with patina
antiqued across wings and belly.

Centered in my spread palm, your wingtips
press the flesh of thumb and little finger.

Immovable in flight, table-top glider.

How do I deserve you? Remnant memory
of my professor grandfather's study.

When I was a boy, I picked you from the desk,
held you, then became that boy with that grandfather.

You and the dainty woolly mammoth roughed
of wood. I took him up and held him to my nose.

Both of you calm oddments of prehistory,
sleepers at night with the genetics journals.

What allowed me to carry you away?

My family expelled from that house, now
thirty-two years. I drive past, angled down that steep street.

The front porch is walled, its street face
shut. Something inside must still know me.

The little bend in the stair, ascending to the study,
knows who I was. Remembers the extinct creatures.

I took the maple dining chairs and table. I have
the seventeenth-century Bible. I took you,

burnished dinosaur green in my hand.

David P. Miller's chapbook, *The Afterimages*, was published by Červená Barva Press. His poems have recently appeared in *Meat for Tea*, *riverbabble*, *Nixes Mate Review*, *HedgeApple*, *Gravel*, *Autumn Sky Poetry Daily*, *DadaBloge*, and *What Rough Beast*, among others. His poem "Kneeling Woman and Dog," first published in *Meat for Tea*, was included in the 2015 edition of *Best Indie Lit New England*. With a background

in experimental theater before turning to poetry, David was a member of the multidisciplinary Mobius Artists Group of Boston for 25 years. He was a librarian at Curry College in Milton, Mass., from which he retired in June 2018.