

Meyers all the way down

Emmy's on
Ben's back and Ben's
on Dave's—Dave's on
Uncle Reynold's
and Aunt Michele slides
between his sagging t-shirt
and the floor:
everyone rides the rainbow
of another's spine and
the whole pile gyres a little
as the ceiling fan swirls Emmy's
hair atop a stack of Meyers—

it reminds me of the story
of this woman who said the earth
rests on a turtle's back,
and the turtle rests
on another turtle's back
and so on, forever.
Of course she was wrong—
I know what really holds the world up:
it's Meyers all the way down

—Casualene Meyer