JACK MYERS lives with his wife and two sons in Winthrop, Massachusetts, where he paints houses to make a living. His first book of poems, ***Black Sun Abraxas***, was published in 1970, and he has completed his second book, entitled ***Getting By 20 Below Zero***. His poems have appeared in ***Poetry***, ***The Nation***, ***American Poetry Review***, and many other magazines.

LEAVING

Each year we pack our things
swearing this is the last time
our kids will see their friends
as broken toys. I take my son
to show him how the bathers are
warming up to cross the world,
how they pour the cold blue sea
in their ears, then swim out
over their heads and come back
laughing with beautiful bodies.
So he runs flat out with me,
his thin white body like a kite
trying to break its tiny sticks
to win that final letting go.
We pass people like poles standing
on a track and shout we are leaving,
leaving, does this go all the way?

HOW TO GET OUTSIDE

We took the best years of our life inside a cage
and filled the space between the bars with room
for more responsibility. When you hung the baby's
wail up for a clock and screamed more sky, I blew
a blue note to its limit, as if I were outside
straining like the rusty train that wants to break
this house apart. Come on, let the hard years fly
like the underwear you used to kick above your head.
Imagine that train hauling everything we have been
for years, is roaring through right now.

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