



Joshua Meyer | *Morningside*, 2020 | Oil on canvas | 36 x 40 inches

## Pablo Neruda

### *Love Sonnet LXXXIX*

When I die I want your hands on my eyes:  
I want the light and the wheat of your beloved hands  
to pass their freshness over me one more time  
to feel the smoothness that changed my destiny.

I want you to live while I wait for you, asleep,  
I want your ears to go on hearing the wind,  
for you to smell the sea that we loved together  
and for you to go on walking the sand where we walked.

I want for what I love to go on living  
and as for you I loved you and sang you and above everything,  
for that, go on flowering, flowery one,

so that you reach all that my love orders for you,  
so that my shadow passes through your hair,  
so that they know by this the reason for my song.

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Joshua Meyer | *Enjambment*, 2019 | Oil on canvas | 36 x 108 inches

## Czeslaw Milosz

### *My-ness*

"My parents, my husband, my brother, my sister."  
I am listening in a cafeteria at breakfast.  
The women's voices rustle, fulfill themselves  
In a ritual no doubt necessary.  
I glance sidelong at their moving lips  
And I delight in being here on earth  
For one moment, with them, here on earth,  
To celebrate our tiny, tiny my-ness.

*Translated by Robert Hass*

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Joshua Meyer | *Parentheses*, 2015 | Oil on canvas | 40 x 36 inches

Raymond Carver  
*Happiness*

So early it's still almost dark out.  
I'm near the window with coffee,  
and the usual early morning stuff  
that passes for thought.  
When I see the boy and his friend  
walking up the road  
to deliver the newspaper.  
They wear caps and sweaters,  
and one boy has a bag over his shoulder.  
They are so happy  
they aren't saying anything, these boys.  
I think if they could, they would take  
each other's arm.  
It's early in the morning,  
and they are doing this thing together.  
They come on, slowly.  
The sky is taking on light,  
though the moon still hangs pale over the water.  
Such beauty that for a minute  
death and ambition, even love,  
doesn't enter into this.  
Happiness. It comes on  
unexpectedly. And goes beyond, really,  
any early morning talk about it.

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