Song of Weights and Measurements

By Martha Silano

For there is a dram.
For there is a farthing.
A bushel for your thoughts.
A hand for your withered heights.

For I have jouled along attempting to quire and wisp.

For I have sized up a mountain’s meters, come down jiffy by shake to the tune of leagues and stones.

For once I was your peckish darling.

For once there was the measure of what an ox could plow in a single morning.

For once the fother, the reed, the palm.

For one megalithic year I fixed my gaze on the smiling meniscus, against the gray wall of graduated cylinder.

For once I measured ten out of ten on the scale of pain.

For I knew that soon I’d kiss good-bye the bovate, the hide and hundredweight.

For in each pinch of salt, a whisper of doubt, for in each medieval moment, emotion,

like an unruly cough syrup bottle, uncapped. For though I dutifully swallowed my banana doses, ascended, from welcome to lanthorn, three barleycorns at a time,

I could not tackle the trudging, trenchant cart.

For now I am forty rods from your chain and bolt. For now I am my six-sacked self.

Source: Poetry (March 2015)