
Pro Rege

Volume 41
Number 2 *Fine Arts Issue 2012*

Article 3

December 2012

Quakes Beneath the Sea

Mary Dengler
Dordt College, mary.dengler@dordt.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Dengler, Mary (2012) "Quakes Beneath the Sea," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 41: No. 2, 6
- 7.

Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol41/iss2/3

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.

Quakes Beneath the Sea

Mary Dengler

When older brothers tell us they are sick
To death, they seem young again, as if
They are the younger now. We would,
If we could, remove their pain or fight
Whatever takes them—be their hero,
Forestall night.

Unlike the little girl triumphant in his found-out
Window-smashing rumble
Behind church, I rage that he is caught.
Unlike the treacherous youth's betrayal
Of his drinking bouts and envious of his stuff,
I'd give him all I own.
His sins seem justified, his errors mild,
The silly actions of a childhood saint. No doubt
God must feel the same.

He pinched my arms and almost drowned me in the lake
But fought the red-haired heavy taunting boy.
He mocked my early loves
But let me ride majestically with him to school.
He even let me double date
And showed me moonlight moves too soon.
But when he handed me the keys to his green car
And left me for a northern school,
He cut my faithful heart.

I bled when he left God
The way his faithless wife left him.
I felt the rift.

The rift evoked a quake—hidden
As he sailed his lawless boat—
Then swelled a current
Running up and all along

His unprotected coast,
Invading far in-land til,
Smashing home and boat to bits,
It left his All exposed to ruin, Mystery
Too dark for even him.
Like all disasters, this one
Heralded dis-ease.
Retired and ill, he's forced to excavate
The sources of his rift, his quake,
An aging infant with a broken will,
Courageous to a fault,
A haggard face, a stalwart, halfway homeward heart.

In daily words, I try to keep us
With the current,
All the plates in place,
But now, like him, I feel the ground shift
Every time we talk.