

Emmaus

He overtook me on the road to Emmaus
and we walked together discussing

what better path I might have chosen
given the lay of the land, the slope of trail,

whether or not the Pass was closed.
He so favored my dead brother,

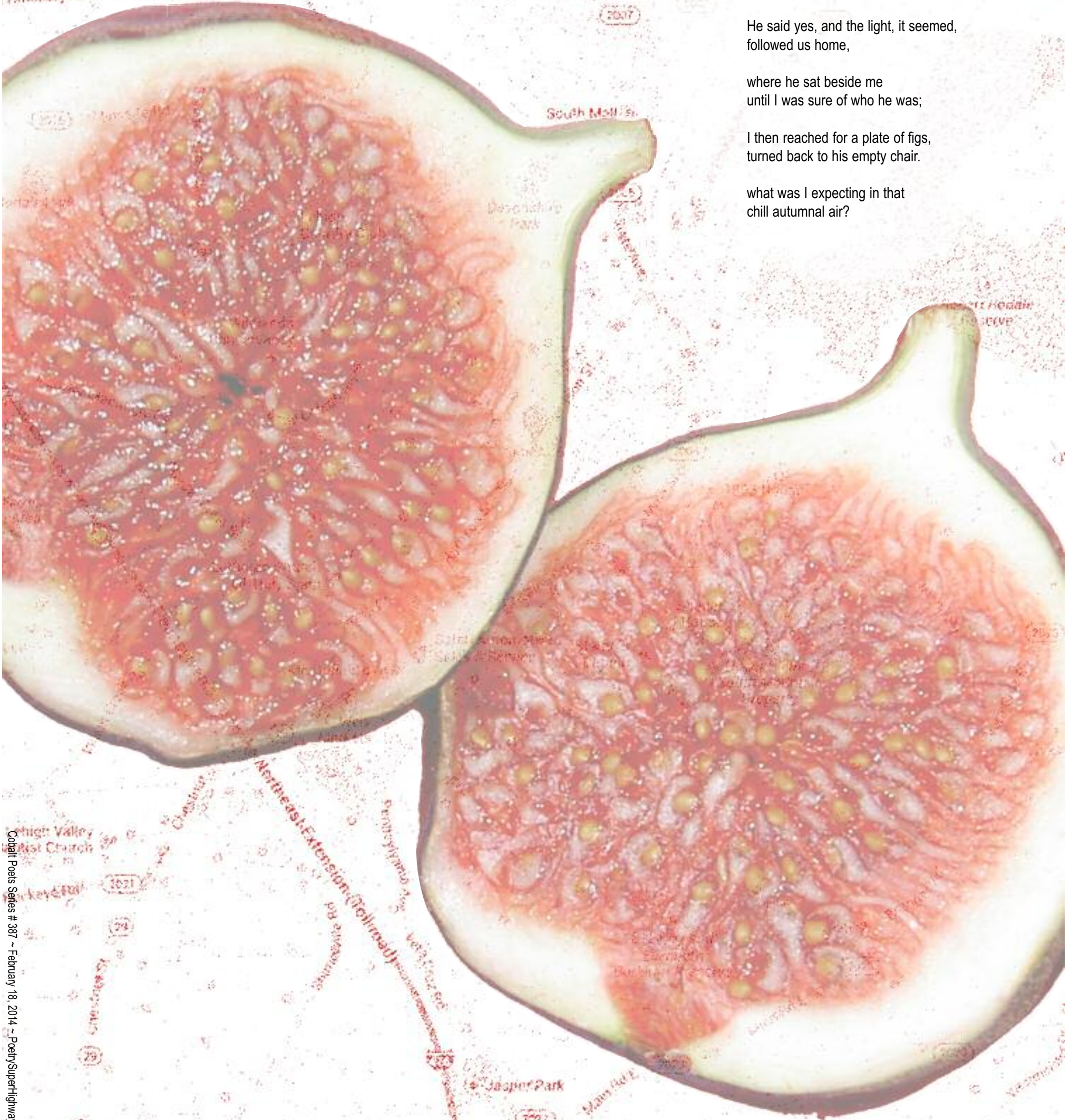
I could not take my eyes from him
And asked him to supper.

He said yes, and the light, it seemed,
followed us home,

where he sat beside me
until I was sure of who he was;

I then reached for a plate of figs,
turned back to his empty chair.

what was I expecting in that
chill autumnal air?



Jackson Wheeler

Born and raised in Andrews, on the eastern slopes of the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina; now happily residing in Oxnard, CA, Jackson Wheeler is a social worker/poet. The author of two collections, *Swimming Past Iceland* (Mille Grazie Press, 1993) and *A Near Country: Poems of Loss* with Glenna Luschei & David Oliveira (SOLO Press, 1999). Work has recently appeared in *ASKEW* and *5 a.m.* in addition to the anthologies; *Down Low and Coming On: Dangerous and Delicious Poems About Pigs*, (Red Dragonfly Press, 2010) and *Southern Poetry Anthology, Volume III: Contemporary Appalachia*, (Texas Review Press, 2010). Work is forthcoming in *Appalachian Heritage Review*, and *Southern Poetry Anthology, North Carolina*. Over the years he has been an editor for literary journals and has written reviews of books of poetry. Since 1989 he has hosted the Arcade Poetry Series. Since 1999 this popular reading series has been part of the cultural offerings of the Oxnard Carnegie Art Museum.

