TIMOTHY KERCHER

Timothy Kercher lived abroad for four years in the country of Georgia and for two years in Ukraine and has now moved back to his home in Dolores, Colorado, where he continues to translate contemporary poetry from the Republic of Georgia. He is a high school English teacher and has worked in five countries, including Mongolia, Mexico, and Bosnia. His essays, poems, and translations have appeared widely in literary publications.
ARS POETICA

If a man is cruel enough, he will ask you to define this. On some days, you might say that it is simply the skull of a giant, is the clouds in a skull-contained sky. On others, you would say it involves an unnamable beast and a propensity for the hunt. But these nights on your chair when a line seems to have no end, when the full stop of space is hidden in the dark, where a poem emerges only like raccoon from a sewer. You guess that the raccoon could be you. Or the raccoon could be what’s been living inside you. All you know is that it needs to get out.
AS I STROLLED THROUGH GAGARIN SQUARE

I saw a man walking a bear cub on a leash. Initially, I felt a mix of wonder and disgust at the utter absurdity of the scene—a bear on a sidewalk awash in headlights and darkness, lumbering among the people and vehicles heading home for the night—but then it dawned on me that in my notebook I am doing the same—my pen, the leash leading the cub, the walrus, the white-dwarf star.