

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4

Snowflakes Melt On Wet Earth

weary,
limping in gravity,
settling like shy cerements,

they sip thin warmth
as if beckoned by absolution,

dying

as many more waft down,
casting off the gift of white
and its hint of angels-

they know what they are,
and what they've done,
and now it's time to repent-

to melt into fertile darkness
and perhaps feed, with failing grace,
the moist embryo of a rose.

Windy Day

a gray-green haze
drizzles and spats,
saturating the kicks
of worms.

ill leaves
lurch on supple gallows,
crossbeams once alders
and winsome oaks.

too many beards
cling dripping
to a prayerful
grandmother.

the doyenne totters,
her spine chuckling,
starting to crack,

and wind,
rather than scold,
tangos the old trunk down,
easing it gently

into a witch's garden
of wrinkled comfrey
and thyme.

Ruins

on the outskirts of you,
tangled in verbal ivy
i harden my tongue,
needing the oration of a blade,
one that slashes
through creepers and stranglers,
and the toys you left here,
now garrisons for slow ants.

i'm guarded by worms,
swallowed by vines,
pinned to the rusty knees of fences.
i stare through hatchets of shadow
at stars that mock what once knew flight.

figs molder near my prostrate thirst.
tangerines nudge with wizened frowns.
everything here is senile, mumbling in mildew,
while i slowly embrace the humus.