

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4

The Lattice Fence

My teen-ager has raised a fence
between us. Not a real defense
because through it we see large and small
plainly. But still, it is a wall.

Gesture

I'd gone to see the ancient sites
Of Christians, Moslems, Israelites
when a Palestinian woman rose
to spit at my American clothes.
I'd already felt a guilty pain
for my new suit since we deplaned,
but her spoiling of my spun silk
helped absolve me of guilt.

WILDERNESS HOUSE

At dusk when we arrive,
the headlight beams
bounce back from
the eyes, alert, alive
of a stunned doe
in the drive, before
it bounds over the lawn.

Tomorrow

we'll find

our flowers gone:
the price for living on
the edge of town
and building where only
wilderness should thrive.