

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4

YOUR QUESTION

Instead of answering

I walk down the steps
leaving only the sound of sole
on woodgrain.

No birds call from the branches,
no flutter of almost-spring.

The breeze fails
to stroke willow catkins
curled with cold.

The sky passes over, blue
without a word.

What else could I say?

HILLTOP

Tonight
the great electric cells pass over
in the dark, cloaking the Long
Night Moon.

An old man wakes up startled,
ionized to bone,
arthritis crying out
for lightning-strike, for

limbs to be cleft
at last,
left monumental, standing
silver snag on a hill.