

*Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4*

**Come either way**

Take the red line to the end, almost—  
step out and cross  
the field, but oh! before you do,  
see herons fly above, and hear  
the red-winged blackbird's watery call,  
and wait—a rabbit or a snake might cross;  
then see the old man dance  
his meditation in the sun,  
and look—Sumac! Yarrow! Queen Anne's Lace!  
let earth-ground work into your soles, then circle  
past the honeysuckle-laced fence  
(save this scent for me), the greenhouse  
where weeds announce abandonment  
and passion flowers mate with Heavenly Blues;  
inhale the tended plots of squash  
and marigold, and pluck  
the words that prance across your heart  
and say your poem (sing it!)  
and here, almost at the end,  
you'll find my house:  
the green one with roses and a fence.

Or.

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If you take the Harley—come through Harvard Square, wind past Benny’s for a smoothie (double mango, extra sugar), stay to hear the drummer, get on Mass Ave, go past Harvard Law, DEAF CHILD sign, pick up a video (surprise me), pop into Wolf’s Mystery Books (see if there’s any James Cain) and at Tuscan Farms, stop! (eggplant for the grill); go past Jack’s Gas (you have to check the tires on my car); at Norton’s Liquors—keep going—until you hit Collaborative Psychotherapy (*boost self-esteem*, they promise); you’ll see Mrs. Welch’s two-family (remember I told you about her, she’s ninety, was born and raised nine kids here?); keep past the fuchsia storefront, the fortune-teller (*be careful with your heart*, she says), and the next liquor store (keep going), and City Hardware (don’t forget the washer for my sink), Fast Phil’s Cuts (wash my hair tonight and I’ll shave you in the morning), turn at the dirt lot by the old gas station (call me from the pay phone if it’s working), and the fifth one in is my house (pull into the driveway and look up—Nice Guy Eddie’s watching for you from my bedroom): the green one with roses and a fence.

Come either way.