

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*Dr. Emily Bilman*

### TRANSFIGURATION

The woman singing with her desert-voice  
transformed the sky and the sand,  
the nomad sitting by the barren bush  
into one seamless immensity. The mirage  
changed into the spring-water, streaming  
along the orange groves in the oasis,  
along the palms, and the date trees  
by the well yet the transient mirage  
of her face, gazing through the round  
wheel-window, could not be effaced,  
the mirage-face still trembling in  
my imagination while the sun blazed  
on the scintillating sand-dunes  
and the desert's redeemed bushes.

THE EGG-YOLK

An orange sun on my plate,  
conveying heat to each and every  
cell of my body, the trembling  
opalescent egg-yolk, transforms  
the skin of my desire to prosody.

The egg-yolk sustains my words  
maintains sugar's metamorphosis

into light. The egg-membrane contains  
the malleable, light-winnowing albumen  
within its translucent net tying the sun-children

to the olympic games, their play-grounds,  
pools, toboggans, tree-tops, swings,  
space-hoppers, merry-go-rounds –

sun-sieved children playing hide-and-peek  
with the sun beams seeping through the trees –  
fun-sifted, laughing, transfigured.

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### AMAZED

Amazed as Daedalus in the humid  
density of the early city, I entered  
the shopping mall, an urban  
labyrinth-in-motion. I crossed  
Picasso's acoustic thinkers, suspended  
in Time with their iron kettles and  
tin guitars, as they wedged into Time's wheel,  
scraping stridently against Time's teeth.  
Like a puppet fastened by the length  
of the six or seven-eyelet strings I bought  
for my shoes, I was too blind to see  
that the urban dampness welling up in me  
would shape my Minotaur-self into a winged  
sonnet as I soared above the city's seamless sea.