

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Gene Twaronite
On Sitting Still

If it's true, as Pascal says,
that all human evil comes
from being unable to
sit still in a room, then
I'd better sit here a while.
Who knows what troubles
might befall the world
from my wanton travels?
OK, I'm sitting—now what?
The writer doesn't leave
me much to go on,
just to stay still.
So talking to myself or
computer games are out.
Can I look out the window
at least? Probably not.
Better close it and
turn off the light.
Damned difficult, this sitting—
I find myself itching
to do something, *anything*,
but how can I when
stuck in this dark room?
There, I've turned on the light—
much better. I can see the clock
now—how slowly it ticks—
at least it gets to move.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

The air is getting stuffy,
hard to breathe, but the window
stays shut. I can feel my heart
beating, slower and slower.
Thoughts closing inward,
less chaotic now—bits of chaff
floating in a placid pool.
I feel nothing—no self, no striving,
—all is still and the world is safe.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Tug of War

Often it starts in the bathroom—
a hairbrush out of place or a
pill bottle moved to a
different corner of the cabinet
or a roll of toilet paper
going the *wrong* way.

You go outside and it's worse.
Now the car's parked in a spot
where it's never been before.
The garden hose is not rolled up
the way it should be and all the
lawn chairs have run amok.

Impatiently you reposition the hairbrush
and move the pill bottle back to the
right corner of the cabinet,
while you half-seriously contemplate
why anyone in their sane mind would
place the toilet paper that way.

It is a tug of war as old
and wide as the universe,
the same push and pull that
holds our relationships in place
like the earth and sun moving
together in another sunrise.

It is the yin and yang of the earth
and moon in their dance of the tides,
the forces between galaxies as
they rush apart in space and
then come back ... or not.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

With planets and stars whirling about
and the fate of the universe at stake,
I debate my next move.

What if I *don't* return the hairbrush
or pill bottle to their rightful places?
Will the earth fall out of its orbit
or will I?

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

On Lost Keys in a Parking Lot

Scattered across the pavement
they lay, like shiny petals
plucked from their flowers.

What packrat amassed these
foolish gains only to lose them
here on this lonely sea?

Maybe he just liked the way
they jingled in his pocket
and made him feel important.

Or maybe he was on a quest
to reach the improbable goal of
finding their matching keyholes.

How many doors and locks
did he try till he found
the one true lover that fit?

And when the moment came,
did he just sigh and walk on,
or choose to open it?