

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

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Home Is A Million Miles Away

My fingers grope the middle of my face
to make sure the merciless winter breeze
hasn't bitten off my nose; I stop and brace
for another gnashing gust, helpless trees --

naked from their autumn dress -- tremble and cry
tears of dead leaves. Then I look at a bird,
struggling against the wind, I see her try
again and again to go back home, spurred

by the need to rest from her hapless flight.

Oh, how I pray, how I long to guide her
safely through this brutal, heartbreaking plight.

I sob; my eyes cloud up with a wet blur.

My persistent, winged hero dives again
beak set as straight as a needle, wings churn,
but repulsed once more. I pray, say amen.

I move on while my friend makes one more turn.

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Eyes Hear It All

A green accordion
unfolds before my eyes --
frozen in perpetual,
half-squeeze,
while green moss
grows in its cracks,
and birds play tag
along its rocky edges --

Nature's music -- silent
to the human ear,
but a symphony of beauty
serenading the ears of my eyes,
extended down the middle
of Oahu's windward scenery,
a monument carved by time's
masterful fingers,
and frozen in stone,
as if it were alive.