

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*Michael OL*

### **In Case that You've been Asking for an Update**

Things plod along at languid pace.  
What cause have we to urge them?  
We're told that progress is no race  
What's picayune's emergent,  
But lasting causes linger on,  
Whether we care to dote upon  
Or disavow with breezy wave.  
Thus in my choosing to behave  
Detached, to deadlines nonchalant  
And minimally stressed, I'm wont  
To wonder if I've missed the boat.  
Or if instead the sailing's dumb?  
The bilge-pumps fail to keep afloat  
The leaking hull. And who can plumb  
How deep the dinghy might submerge.  
Don't start the voyage; fight the urge.

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### Preferring Sunset to the Dawn

Ought not rebirth bring gleeful pride,  
And twilight wistful downward slide?  
No. Dawn's not rosy-fingered,  
Instead, the sunset's ruddy lingered  
And Homer's tired metaphor is wrong.  
That sunset's opulent embrace is long,  
But limp austerity of dawn  
Keeps one in bed, with blankets drawn.  
No eagerness to wake or rise,  
To court another morn's surprise.  
Sunset's majesty is soothing;  
Day's complete, and onward moving  
Towards amusement and respite  
In a sanguine close to light.  
Sunrise caps austere night's coldness  
Goading with unwelcome boldness.  
Sunrise is a blackish-blue,  
Passing to light through listless hue,  
Unvariegated, sullen, boring,  
How can first-light be found restoring?  
No, rather to behold the darkening day  
And turning westward, breath our final say.

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### A Paean for Online Dating

Madam, how should I approach,  
Diffident and smarmy?  
How my nature I'll reproach,  
That your words won't harm me?

You are younger, of an age  
When the stakes are lower.  
Shall I simmer in dumb rage,  
When the flames burn slower?

But how far are we apart,  
If I reckon rightly?  
What possesses thumping heart,  
When your eyes so brightly

Cast their glow across the bar,  
Over din and prattle,  
And I ponder from afar,  
Judging you like cattle?

No, I dare not entertain  
Hope of finding favor.  
Too apart we shall remain,  
Thwarted by the labor

Of a venture oft performed  
By a billion suitors.  
I, with wherewithal malformed  
Stare at my computer.