

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

d. n. simmers

Descendants

Ice is quick
lays down
with shadows
after a night of snow.
Warming. Salt
the willing melt
will freeze again at night.
More to come.
Northern armies
of cold converging
On gates .
Lithe creatures
huddled in the cloth of the cities.
Coffee hunchback
computer eyes
hiss out.
Click out while
ice cracks with feet
coming and going
down and up the street.
Sizzling hot pizza
up where the signs sell.
One piece at a time.
And dogs wag their tails to get inside.
Puppets.
Once men and woman
huddle in blanket
around heat vents.
Crash with cardboard

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Stiffening

William Meredith talks of poisons.
Images ooze out of eyes
like maggots' wonder.

While festering sores' hope
pick up the change that has jangled
From large pockets sagged and broken.
While scattered seed have birds
pierced small beaks.

Eyes scan
large prey soar.

While the winter ice clouds
break off onto wings.

Kite and fall onto the unwary.

Fur and feet and tail scattering
in flapped talons.

Just a sky shape a few seconds before
then gone. Gone.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

Slip

Thin fabric
warm flesh.
The sky
a strip of
White. Or
Darkness.
Woven
with morning.
Night
creatures with
Eyes blinking in
Moonlight.
Wait and sing.
Of dying and death.
In howls and hoots
and horror.