

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

dan jacoby
bayou mist

bottle of bourbon
from old dream alleys
full of hitchhiking navajos
wrapped in sad serapes
carrying worried switchblades
on old boxcar night eyes tearing
leaking like third floor tenement toilets
sitting with nighthawks at three in the morning
in an all night Cajun greasy spoon
passing it through the garden of good and evil
taking a rainy cab ride to the bayou
with a tigress with deceiving shirley temple eyes
sad face ruffle laden lady
people with glitter in their stares
looking with that dharma vision
in pink, red hurricane glasses
rain still falling, dripping
from kudzu on canal street
locals hang in dark drowsy doorways
like unbalanced buddhist prayer wheels
starving dogs loiter at dumpsters
or lay dead in gutters
waiting for the storm out at sea
howling a warning surrounding
these languishing lost mad hobos
alcohol is for the pain of memory
creates a movie in their minds
that crashes down like the oncoming storm
hoping that lighting a devotional candle
at preservation hall will chase the demons
as I open the bourbon and look
for a bottle of canada dry

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I sleep with a light on

sleep with a light on
not frightened of phantoms
my mind seems to reach out-
folks I used to know

want to remember them
it keeps them
alive in my mind-
smile at this

their faces over years
living hard
want them to know
wont forget them
in this life

and hope for their hand up
in the next
like they gave me
in this one

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burial mounds

west of otter creek
over solomon and joe's creek bridges
early spring inversion
creates a foggy mist
smells heavily of earth
from low creek bottom bluffs
ancient mounds rise quietly
invisible to modern eye
just fenced pasture
holding rusted metal building
old wooden live stock pens
on rounded ancient crests
the cradle of graves
so many vibrant spirits
raise a cacophony of ancient singing souls
makes hair go up
on the back of one's neck
makes dogs whine and shake
cats blanch and tremble
it's there just look
past the bats and the owls
breathe in mystical vapors of life's emotions
chant with those of the ages
embrace our commonality
be at peace