

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

William G. Davies Jr.

Endings

The tree from which
we hung a banner
announcing the return
of our son from Iraq
has died,
a toothy pine
all but negligible
alongside the driveway.
Like the sailor
and the woman,
the end of World War II,
kissing in an exuberant arc
on the cover
of Life Magazine.
The flavors of ending
become so spontaneous,
as a frayed rope
midway up a dead tree,
an epaulet on a once
pristine green uniform.

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Home

Evening settles
like a soft comb
through mahogany hair,
the clatter of supper dishes
stacked one on top
of the other
still warm
from the dishwater,
love and weariness
crenellated into this
clapboard fortress.

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A Blessing

To Pat Napier on her eightieth birthday

If you could remember
the first time the word
love was spoken to you,
in that moment
had you no other
intuition at all,
you were suddenly raised
and a feeling
subsumed into your soul
though it were a secret
to be found.
The letting of
that musicality
to those with whom
it is embraced
lends the enviable delusion
of heaven on earth
and the prime governance
of compassion over reserve.