

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/2

*dan jacoby*  
**black bird**

On boggy banks  
a lazy swaying  
meandering creek up  
in spring yellow willows  
replete with cognitive history  
a redwing flashes bright, brilliant  
ancient song calling  
to his birthplace witness  
his ascendants millennia  
superficial distracted men most  
take no notice  
natural life cycle so old  
so magnificent

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### **blind observations**

creek bottom lake rolls  
ripples fast in strong south breeze  
warm for mid november  
timber spiders spinning madly  
snares for the hardy bugs  
who fought through cold nights  
tufts of spider borne webs float  
crossing water to far bank  
some don't make it  
like ethereal fateful galleons  
crash into muddy waves  
teal swim and dive  
waiting for the migration  
taking them south  
to rice and cotton fields  
forgotton decoys left years ago  
half submerged tilt awkwardly  
held by unseen snags  
eagles hover high  
waiting for carp to roll at surface  
big lab sits on ramp  
at attention for the whoosh of hurried wings  
stand there I do  
lost in memories  
wondering just how many times  
this play will act out

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### legacy

down in oak filled draw  
south of the sorghum mill  
just above a dry stock pond  
encircled by shards of old barb wire  
late south breeze ruffles stiff dead leaves  
tufted woodpeckers tap a shoemaker's pace  
bushy fox squirrels cut on dry hickory  
sole turkey scratches at the timber floor  
on stone mined once by prehistoric macoupins  
pioneers struggled to build there  
in eighteen hundred and five  
like the souls they displaced  
little evidence of them  
in twilight of a damp winter day  
voices seem to whisper and echo  
dreams purling between calling crows  
laced in the flow of a trembling spring  
linger to listen, to catch their song  
written with such difficulty and vigor  
hidden so easily by time

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### **making music**

in a hilltop cottage  
in stinson beach  
cooked dinner together  
walked on the beach  
sometimes sharing a joint  
no one for miles  
like being inside the sky  
stars and planets  
right next to you eyes  
something special flowed there  
spilling out and stopping  
life beating you down  
changing, morphing to stay happy  
avoiding destructive relationships  
vicious cycles of lost creativity  
taking song fragments  
stringing them together  
a time to sow  
staying away from Nashville  
its dumbing down of the music  
glorifying the uneducated and racist  
apocalyptic mind control

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### gold rush

1849 changed the scope and sanity  
of western expansion  
produced more misery  
than lasting wealth  
california, black hills, yukon  
sutter's mill discovery in coloma  
billed as a ripe opportunity  
became genocide for native people  
landscapes destroyed searching  
white man's yellow iron  
difference between success and failure  
was so extreme  
fortunes could change  
at any moment  
prospectors all gone now, as are  
mining towns, whore houses,  
any records of those that perished there  
was certainly a cruel time  
sometimes lights are seen  
rolling in the fog  
ghost camps of miners  
whispers of piano music  
old smell of kerosene and creosote  
tragedy, failure, and heartbreak all  
left in unmarked graves

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### reverie

moonlit dappled creek water  
reflects in the grey wolf's eye  
drifts and snags in shadow  
cradle whispers of sounds  
causing me to tremble at waters edge  
sensing danger lurking in the mist

night sky awash with stars  
sung to mightily by  
choiring bullfrogs and coyotes  
directing my thoughts  
like so much driftwood  
caught in quiet eddying pools

otter creek is ancient  
created by the great condor  
when the earth was new  
wild flowers adorn its banks  
where it winds through the timber  
decorating deep water pocket dreams

wolf in high grass now  
hunting that coyote or me  
air heavy with sweet summer moisture  
helps to appreciate the beauty of it  
without really needing to possess it  
just leaving footprints.....reverie