

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

Bob Brill

Low Battery

Full body Xray scan
at security checkpoint
stripped me more than naked.

Inhaling the heavy atmosphere
of airport anxiety
was like breathing glue.

The airport prologue done at last,
the plane screamed down the runway
and clawed its way into the air.

A boring magazine with salty peanuts,
a shot of booze, a little snooze,
and another airport rose up to meet us,

looking like the airport I left behind,
same baggage carousel
with nearly identical black bags.

My taxi darted into the street
before my door was closed.
The twitchy driver honked his way

thru snarling traffic to my hotel,
exact duplicate of the one last year,
a thousand miles ago.

In the casino
a hooker tried to snag
a piece of my luck.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

When my luck turned sour
she went looking
for better game.

Home again,
had no fun,
met no one I liked,

but I did resolve
the uncertainty that bugged me:
I didn't get the job.

Woke up this morning,
checked my vital signs.
Another low battery day.

Went back to sleep
till late afternoon
when hunger got me up.

Found two hardboiled eggs,
not very fresh, but hey,
felt lucky to have them.

I live in a world where
lottery tickets litter the floor
and empty wine bottles fill the trash.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

Where the Impossible is Ordinary

No need to pack a bag.
Just shut your eyes and wait
for the dream master
to wrap you in her dark glowing cloak
and project her movies in your head.

Where your beloved dead visit
for conversation and adventures,
and you wake up thinking
you have missed an opportunity
to find out what's going on with them now.

Where the dream story is so sweet
that you never want to wake up
and lose that beauty
beyond all back-scratching bliss,
but you come awake and it's gone.

Where you take such fright
that suddenly you're wide awake,
sitting up in bed with horripilating skin.
You refuse to go back to sleep,
but you do.

There's more in that nutshell
than can be grasped
with our greedy claws
and brought back undamaged
to the quotidian plane.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

Nothing But Words

A breaking wave made entirely of words
races up the beach to deposit its load of debris.
I walk along the tideline to see what words have landed there.
Among the usual words like seaweed and starfish
I see an unusual almost perfectly formed word, *haberdashery*.
Only the tip of the tail of the y is broken off.

I find another rare beauty,
the word *jejune* lying on an unbroken moon shell.
Such words sometimes emerge
from the great treasure house of the sea.
How they get there no one knows.
Perhaps they fall overboard from a passing poem.

Two choice specimens in one day
tucked into my collection bag
and carried home to hang
with the others on the wall.
My house is made of words
like windows, doors, roof and chimney.

The walls are not made of bricks.
They're made of the word brick repeated in neat rows.
I myself am a skin-covered bag of words.
When my brain fills up with poetry
I spew out verse like rolling dice
across a sheet of paper.