

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

John Talmadge Vernon
Urban Wilderness

Step out the door and walk down the path of dirt
The ladybugs have just come out
Thousands are swarming the trees
Try to ignore the crunch beneath our feet
Little beautiful red dots make the path into lava
The smoke gently glides from the end of a pipe
Creating patterns that dance through the wind
Fresh air creates reassuring feelings throughout our bodies
The water runs through the stream beside our bare feet
The waterfall is always refreshing surrounded by green forest

Step out the door and lock up the house
There is a new scent surrounding the mattress on the sidewalk
Try to avoid the waste on the concrete
Trash and mystery litter the sidewalk in the afternoon
Tap our cards and jump onto the bus
The vapor expels out of our electronic cigarettes
The polluted air makes us wonder about our health
Water runs past our feet
From the hydrant in the street
Walk to the fountain filled with toys
The waterfall is always confusing and surrounded by skyscrapers

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Spoon Chime Daughter

You wear a white clay woven hat upon your head.
Flowers lie along the brim. Purple, Green, and Red.
Lines fall down aside your white clay hat.
Once polished spoons along your side have gone matte.
You are the spoon chime daughter, restless winds
Would sing your song through storm wound waters.
The day has past where light bounced off your metal mast.
Put the polish to the metal, and wind through your strings,
Only through the storm can anything make you sing.

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Purifier Of The Waters

The lake needs to be purified
So tie what plants you can find
To a large branch and throw it into the water
And become the ancients who drank from this lake
Standing on the log protruding into the wet
Along each side the high mountain brush grows
And keeps the edges garnished with eloquence
Each particle within the brush once united to a branch
Turns into a purifying force that even water cannot take
With the care of the branch the spirit of the lake can be preserved
Cleanliness is brought among the water that is unclean
Like water fails once were the past humans
That drink from it in the present

You found the vine that blossomed
Even though it was dead and threw it into the waters
To make the lake clean from the shadows
That swam through the waters turned black
From ash floating serenely onto the scene
The sun shines on the water
Reflecting everything that is above onto the surface