

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

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LADY LUPUS

She glides about my little house:
At night, she roams the halls
And wraps herself in shadow as she
Taps upon the walls.
She's coughed away my neighbors –
They're certain they must leave
To run forgotten errands,
To sail the seven seas.

She makes a shifty housemate;
She'll pocket odds and ends,
And without a warning – there are things
I'll never see again.
As of late, she steals my flowers:
Ties them up and throws them out.
*This is a sickly situation! There is
No air for extra mouths!*

Someday, my house shall be rebuilt;
I've planned new and lovely rooms;
Morning will spill down like coins
As birds chirp from the sill, good news –
Someday, it will not matter
That she took the old walls down.
Chatter will get going, and friends will come around

To tell me that they always knew
I'd manage through it all.
I'm here for good – a lady has no chance against a
Wrecking ball.

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STILLBORN

"Deep in their roots, all flowers keep the light." – Theodore Roethke

Beneath a cradle of flower
Pollen, you are a sailor or
A farmer, or a
Welsh miner with the
Sunlight at your head and in your
Hands.

Beneath a cradle of flower
Pollen, you are a
River, stars along your small
Knee:
We bend to that light.
Someday, our long bones, too,
Will bloom speedwell,
Bluebells, roses.

Previously published in here/there:

Lighting A Candle For My Father On The Anniversary Of His Death

This is not a sure bet
On the ponies, nor a call to the
Boys in Chicago:

This isn't thunder rolling in
Over New Orleans where we got in with a
Half-tank of gas, and a couple of
Names.

This isn't good whiskey and bad
Pills, although that's all you wanted
Once you buried your
Youngest –

It's just me, with one foot on
Beelzebub's wing so that,
Even now, you can pack up and
Run, Daddy, run.

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