

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

D.C. Lynn

Nephilim

*...Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! A savage place! as holy and
enchanted As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted By woman wailing
for her demon lover...*
S.T. Coleridge

There's a spot East of Eden I've heard them say
o'er misty mountains where night is day
wing'd-serpeants fly,
unicorns play
for the lambs seek refuge in the lion's den
& angels know the daughters of men.

There's a mystic place I've heard them say
o'er verdant dales far, far away...
giants roam free,
elves ne're dismay
for the wild stallion wanders without reprieve
& damsels give birth from enchanted seed.

There's a Xanadu haven I've heard them say
o'er azure seas where love holds sway...
hounds run rampant,
but seldom bay
for the Watchers teach & the knowledge grows
in the land where the milk & honey flows.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

Breakfast Blue

(previously published in Other Poetry)

Time-out for coffee sitting cerulean in a cheeky porcelain cup.

Six-and-a-half weeks left in the semester.

I have been taking a solitary egg sandwich each day in the blessed
silence of a deserted faculty lounge.

It has hospital walls and French-whore couches.

The repast slides unspoken down a passive throat

wondering with a mind of its own

if the hen which laid it shaved her legs

or posed nude for Picasso's blue period

in another re-incarnation.

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

Lullaby

*there is a silence where hath been no sound...there is
a silence where no sound may be...
Thomas Hood*

There's a hole in my dreams where memory finds
a soothing dead calm in the eye of the swirling storm,
where all my childhood trepidation and adolescent
fears
hang in gilded silver frames
adorning the cold marble walls
of a golden staircase
leading to infinity.

There's a hole in my visions where memory treasures
the inanimate wind-calm
in the vortex of the churning sea,
where stars cry silver tears
and the nightingale sings
unvoiced
in a golden cage.

Hear it sing

...silence of the deep
...stillness of the tomb

There's a hole in my dreams where memory finds
the soothing silent dead calm
in the eye
of the swirling storm.