

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

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Walking Connecticut Woods

forest road burrowing
through
hills, the height—
from treetop
looking down
rock sided mountain
the depth
to sparkle
of lake

ancient trees fallen
trunks thick
and dried decompose
generations pass,
moss and lichen
cling –plant life
begins

from out of bush
a young deer
stands
bones carved
and thin, her
black eyed stare
the buzzing
of mowers,
the laughing
of children
somewhere
behind the sun.

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Another Snow Day

One horizontal line
Sticks out above
The snow where
The backyard chairs ended up
Before it all began
The snow falling
And falling
Four snowstorms
In four months,
Six feet of snow,
Flakes falling
In between

Roofs are plowed
Bushes buried
And my neighbor
Shovels paths
For the dogs

On this snowy morning
With drifts and banks
Not yet tamed
And kitchen windows
Shining
Wild pictures
Of whiteness
The radio talks about
Global warming,
Erratic weather patterns
And another storm
Coming

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The ramp

One day I might walk
the long ramp, bent over
with walker
into my home
white hair and loose cotton
pants
and the middle aged woman
will not know who I am, how happy
I am
as she eyes me and rushes by
in her car
on the way to weight training
class, then the mall, pick up
a few things, a cup of coffee
with time to spare
because her children
are grown now
and off on their own.