

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

James Brodows
green tea eternal

I inhale deeply over a cup of green tea:

we throw the baseball around
run, hit, slide, scrimmage
beneath a blue sky in spring in seventh grade
as the sun fades
we sit on the green infield
chewing blades of grass

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Bethel Woods

Drive up Route 17

Listen to the musicians onstage

Pass a joint in the field above hills and valleys

Watch the rain move in, watch the rain move out

Gaze at the female in cloud form

Look to the furthest star, planets orbiting, feel separate, yourself in everything, everything in yourself

Ride the cabin road

Circle a fire beneath galaxies

Hear the frantic bird call

Sleep well

Awake to Old Man Jones calling the cows, "Kaabaaaas!" (Come boss!);
Listen to them follow

Swim across the river, jump off Big Boulder

Turn when Old Man Jones announces the game, "Play ball!"; Walk there
with the others like cattle

Hit one deep for the 10 year olds to chase, throw out Aunt Jane at first base

Hike the mountain, write your name in rock, rest where 100 years ago
they slept in a wooden shack, sit at the lookout

Upon your return she'll smile at sunburnt cheeks

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Int'l Relations

if I had my druthers
those Belarussian women
wouldn't live with others

and of drinking games the French girl declared:
"lowest form of civilization"
"highest form of the spirit" I said

her self-portrait with cigarette in Paris
while studying Int'l Relations

we are left with:

40 feet down the hall
Jose gives a 'fuck you' gesture
I raise a cup of water and dance

buying condoms from the young Dominican salesgirl

delivery guys shout Chinese from bikes

Bulgarian beauties in fur-lined jackets and boots

Mexican cashier catches floating receipt on a shoe
Greek owner: "Maradona!"

Jose inside restroom stall
I throw over a paper ball
"you asshole!" from the toilet

Sirens: stewardess heels on airport floors

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O Tigress down from Siberia
dead skin on my sheets
she will return tonight