

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

William G. Davies Jr.
Harvest

The sky is serrated
by the same knife
that cut the plums
and watermelons,
the horizon, an apron
hanging on a silver hook.

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Immigration Tonsure

The couple exchanges
pleasantries alongside
a dumpster.

Their baby, not much older
than a green coconut
shines olive on
a scale of justice
feted to the stroller
offset by a measure
of desiccated sun,
the same old
slight-of-hand
minus the blindfold.