

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Anca Vlasopolos

Amphibian Landings

on this living mirror
subtle ripples as if on old glass
you see
a flag pirate colors
 plant itself white-and-black
then do its baffle act
here duck here not a trace of me

you see
first
shapes swift-moving launched arrows
then
cacophony of churning water
turning to symmetry circle within circle within circle
as these tough customers
ten in all I count them
plunge giraffe necks black beaks
 in opaque depths
while their plump pointed backsides
spear
skyward

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December Deeps

for so long now so long so long
our chief star has suffered fatigue

look how he barely drags himself up
our high windows whence he blinded us each morning now empty

at noon on the wind-swept beach light waves goodbye from waters
ready already to frolic and flirt on the world's other side

solstice came solstice went
each day miser adds but a minute more before sunset

how do we live oh despite all our artifice
how can we live i ask in so much without

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Lemons, Before and After

it never made lemons because

she says

I ate the flowers

I couldn't help it

they taste so sweet

assuaging guilt

though she seems not to feel it merely amused at her mis-
deed

I say

that poor scraggly indoor tree

has loads of flowers

can only keep

one or two fruit a year

one daughter takes the lemon with her lens

can stay the cutting in

makes it a jewel in still life

the other

starved Mayan child forever pummeling within
voraciously consumes

unfurled promises