

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Llyn Clague
Rain

I sit on a porch
screened on three sides,
rain beating happily
on the leaves of the trees in the woods.

Behind the screens,
green everywhere:
the mown lawn, unkempt field,
and the woods on three sides in the beyond.

On a screen porch
I listen to the happiness
of rain beating
on the leaves of the trees in the woods.

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Resources

From the beat of my heart,
from air drawn deep into my lungs,
from the ripple of muscle in my shoulder,
I distill poetry
to affirm the power, potential and privilege
of being alive.

From the anxiety of a miniscule self,
from ambition flaring from the bottom of my throat,
from the melancholy of brooding by the lake,
I distill poetry
as antidote to the poison, proximity and profundity
of oblivion.

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Northern Seascape

Low in the northeast, early summer sun angles
almost horizontally into brown mountain islands,
treeless, cut by ravines, strewn with boulders,
that rise out of a flat blue sea like ogres.

A breeze stiffens, brushing up whitecaps
that flicker like fireflies. On the upthrust bedrock
sparsely covered with grass and stalks with burrs,
exposed patches of snow lie still under watchful stars.