

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/1

Peter L. Scacco
Dragon Pine

Wu Boli

Red chops

stamped
on a paper scroll

How the literati
must have swayed

gazing on the craggy limbs,
the sweeping trunk,

the tufted crown
of needles shaded

in relief against
an endless sky.

How many
strokes

were used
to cultivate

so fine a tree?

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Streets of Paris

Gustave Caillebotte

Gray day

in the arrondissement,
a proper couple strolls
along the boulevard

past nondescript storefronts,
captured unaware
as in a photograph,

almost outside the frame
where no umbrellas
are needed to keep out

the rain.

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Rocks

Edmond Casarella

I can feel

their burnished contours
in the shallows,

egg shapes intersected
by slender lines

rubbing the solid blocks
that frame a stream

can hear the water
flowing over stones

on brown wove paper.