

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

Llyn Clague
The Reach

From early childhood
I raged at an adult world
that walked above the heavy, gray, concrete ceiling
of a low basement.

Now in late adulthood
I reach back to that small child
below the bright, blond, polyurethaned oak floor
of an airy living room

with a tenderness
I, in my better moments, extend to others.