

## Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

*Charlotte Ozment*

### **Off-Course**

Your momentum didn't allow  
for you to realize  
that you had stopped full  
pace, your intent lingering  
though the body did not

The vessel, fully engaged in  
purpose, love and hope,  
continued to seek that  
which had been the course

But cause and effect insures the  
rhythm will eventually sync  
when connections fail  
to meet, and directions are lost

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### Remembrance Lost

Remember when. . . .

. . . We were so very young,  
you'd drive up every hill  
really, really fast, then fly over the top  
and the world would drop down through the seats?  
We always asked you to

Do It Again –

Who needed a roller coaster  
when we had the best of conductors.

. . . You'd wax the grand staircase  
just to watch us slide off the first  
step in our jammies with feet  
and land at the bottom in a heap  
on our sore and rolling rumps  
just so you could join us there  
all giggling like loons?

. . . We'd sit and watch the fledglings  
take their first baths en masse?  
Everything so new and exhilarating,  
so terrifyingly life-altering?

. . . Laying on the floor  
opening presents with the babies,  
absorbing every thrill and squeal,  
every gift chosen for effect?

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. . .When we took those Sunday drives,  
speeding through dappled sunshine  
over hills and dry creeks,  
one-street towns named for someone's dead aunt,  
laughing at the cops who had the temerity  
to scold us and give directions in the same breath?

. . .The years began to speed up  
and days slowed to a crawl,  
but we'd never ever admit defeat  
to the march of time?

. . .When we'd lose a member  
from our circle and tribe,  
then gather with kith  
in the backs of their God's house  
and share a life well lived?

And do you,  
do you remember  
when you grasped my hand  
tightly,  
never letting go,  
forever,  
through breaths taken  
in sickness and in health?

I remember. . . .

Standing in the room of your creations,  
sitting at the table with your last imagining,  
seeing your last thought,  
wondering what you would be doing next  
and knowing I would never get an answer.

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For I remember you  
and shall not soon forget,  
that I love you daily  
and miss you more  
than a lifetime full of  
a thousand single memories  
lost.

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### Wings and Memories

Memories,  
fleeting as mist on the wing,  
so many,  
so deep and barely lost

This. . .  
fireflies  
floating the night breeze,  
jars clutched in eager hands,  
weaving the trees and wild grasses

And that. . . .  
the warm scent of hay  
on a lazy day in spring,  
the lingering hint of hoove and fur  
an echo of itself

When a. . . .  
wave chased giggling feet,  
shells and stars  
tumbling down tan limbs  
to plop and sink

Where. . . .  
moss clung to knobby leaves,  
pungent decay a perfect cosmos  
for a roll  
and minute probe and poke

How. . . .  
frozen flakes  
were caught, outstretched  
digits farflung  
and bunched to crunch and sling

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Were those shadows  
running long side  
these images in our dreams,  
co-pilots of glee and whim,  
pleasure and satisfaction met?

What became  
of those journeys  
interrupted by tenets  
of sporadic maturity  
levied on boisterous events?

And why?  
. . .just why  
have we lost  
the innocence  
that kept us safe  
from life's assignments?

Duty,  
meted out by well-meaning community  
far, far adrift  
from those wings and memories  
. . .and our freedoms, lost

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### Wintrus

I look out this window  
open next to me,  
shades rent to a frosted slate sky,  
dull bark rubbed course  
by a winter's draw

I look out this window  
and see a world unlike my own,  
the needs and want of economy  
biased within the wheel  
of a time's onward cycle ebbing

I look out this window,  
the view a lagging onslaught  
of a juncture's sojourn noted,  
with last and fitful flowers there,  
a seed forgotten here,  
leaves curled in, down to  
a brief home and covert hearth

I look out this window  
and I see. . . .

A place to step into, with a  
yearning to grab hold of, for a  
season to bend old toward,  
where there are so many  
being fleet and beaten bare  
by an eternity's lasting gasp