

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/2

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That music

Somewhere it is playing,
rising softly in the night
and drifting to the stars
that stare in silent brilliance.

Somewhere I have heard it,
curled in some deep-rooted place
and clinging to a past
that holds me in its rhythm.

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Endymion
(*Girodet*)

Nakedly

in shade and mist
you lie uncaring—

the moth-eyed imp
pulls back
a green-toothed drape

to immerse
your perfect oblivion

in moonstruck light.