

**Wilderness House Literary Review 13/2**

*Brian Kirven*

**Local Exile**

In a daze I traipse  
along the dry creek bed.  
The prolonged ratcheting trill  
that was the kingfisher's  
is now the Nuttall's woodpecker instead.  
Raspy shrieks overhead,  
suggesting fishing Caspian's terns,  
are Green herons high in the Bay laurel.

x

Fallen willow leaves,  
where fresh water will flow,  
resemble petrified smelt.  
I come to an hourglass container,  
like the one I'd found in low tide bay mud  
that turned out to be a cruet  
long thrust from Tony's Seafood  
where I'd recently lived,  
now just a salt shaker  
without its salt.