

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/3

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THIS DAY HITS ME

hard over the head from the start
but as the damp pulls away
and blue returns,
I settle into the creeping tide of sun waves
breaking across these old wooden floors,
slither into a pain free space

*Almost forgetting that
behind the bars of your pointed teeth
children's lives rattle around
inside cages
as an entire country searches for the
elusive shifting portal to the truth*

So grateful to be here
where relative safety is not questioned
in these solid rooms
arranged into well-built structures,
where sunlight is allowed to scatter and weave,
into the flesh itself,
gather into a bright ball of well-being,

blinding the wolves at the gate

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SNAP

Up and down the beachfront
just over the rise of the dunes
flagpoles stand naked.
It's almost Memorial Day
and not one flag raised.
Along this shore
once proud Americans
flew red, white, blue
Now pain exposed
disappointment unfurled,
in the gusting wind
trust hangs as limp
as these halyards that wilt
against topless sticks
while in the distance
the lonesome train whistle
blows as the Cape train
runs away