

**Wilderness House Literary Review 14/4**

*Bill Neumire*

**You'll know our lord by this quiet cruelty**

Yellow wet lights of sedans herd the night  
in which the neighbor drives his baby to DC  
for a specialist who says, "There's nothing any of us can do,"  
while the trees & their circles of memory form such a wholeness  
for finches to fall from, so he drives all the way back  
to the yellow wet willows of April  
trying not to look at the thing he wants,  
like a bird that's flown over the drowned world,  
telling the boy every moment he can  
remember from his own life as if to fill him,  
as if to wander beyond the body  
& outside their car

without form

where the spring gives up its sun  
to hot letters of vacancy  
to a hitchhiker  
waving her life like a finger  
at everyone she sees

as you lie in the tub listening  
to the church of yourself do not forget  
you wake one morning confused as a new chrysanthemum  
music soldered to light

& the day wants to keep opening  
puddles that wait patiently to be crowned  
into cloud  
if you move too fast you become  
a myth in pointillism the way by the end we convince ourselves  
we meant something