

**Wilderness House Literary Review 15/1**

*Joseph Farley*  
**With A Raised Fist**

My will cannot be broken,  
at least not any more than it already is.  
I have the strength of grape soda,  
and nearly twice the fizz.  
I shall rot your teeth and stain your clothing,  
but I shall never yield.  
I shall remain forever angry  
and yelling at the moon.

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### Onions For Breakfast

jazz on the radio,  
raw onions on my plate,  
listening to the sad sweet music  
that has become my life,  
a tear comes to my eye  
as I take another bite.

**Seeking the Golden Bird**

There is what you want,  
and there is what you settle for,  
the bird you try to catch,  
and the one that wind up  
in your hands.

One may have borne you  
on its back,  
across seas and summer fields  
to its eyrie  
in the peaks of your desire.

The other, well,  
it sits there,  
and maybe gives you eggs,  
or just turds,  
but it is yours,  
to feed and care for,

or pluck and eat,  
if you think you are  
still brave and nimble enough  
to grab golden feathers  
in the wind.

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### By the River

The sky is dark.  
No one is around.  
I sit alone,  
warm beer in hand.

I've been here all night  
seated on this log  
watching the river rise  
from yesterday's rains.

The banks may yield,  
or the water may crest  
before this small place  
becomes submerged.

All the same I wait,  
not caring either way.  
Let the water rise.  
on this log I'll stay.