

## Wilderness House Literary Review 15/2

*Richard Dinges, Jr.*  
**Not Noah**

My pond rises gently. Others  
may drown. My bass boat is an ark  
too small. Chickens lay eggs with no  
roosters, step lightly at water's  
edge. I have no need for doves where  
hills cradle my home. Then my pond  
lowers gently, while others drown  
just over that dark horizon.

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### Old Roots

A thick grove holds an old country  
my antecedents abandoned,  
no photos, only fabric from  
a dress in a dark cedar chest  
buried in shadows from ancient  
trees. Deep roots do not wrap my soles,  
do not hold me back, free to step  
out to pond's shore and look beyond.

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### Old Country

Roots don't give up. They suck moisture  
from earth. Pond lowers and rises.  
Trees' shadows presage ancestors  
and memories of old country  
I saw only in old people's  
eyes, their roots and shadows severed  
from their soles, still deeply buried,  
now hidden under old growth trees.