

## Wilderness House Literary Review 15/2

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### MOOD VS. MOOD

In a mood for calm, when calm  
restores the silences of the heart,  
a fulfillment of urges primeval.

In a mood for clamor, when dancing  
and the wild beat drive me  
to lose myself in sounds primeval.

In a mood for questioning,  
I rake over the coals that remain  
from heart-sickness,  
and wash my mouth with ashes  
scorched from the fires primeval.

I give the flame away,  
then, like Prometheus bound,  
eagles tear my inwards;  
they are healed, then torn again  
in retelling the myths primeval.

In a mood for calm, when calm  
refreshes the broken places,  
I bind up my wounds, and hope  
lingers falteringly.

CRISS-CROSS

City milieu, criss-crossed  
with urbane patternings;  
these forbidden paths that perchance  
I may never cross again.  
Smoke-filled bars, idle drinking,  
watching, waiting,  
bowstring taut and tense  
with the anticipated  
atmosphere of desire  
waiting for signals to be received  
amidst the empty revelry  
where harlequins dressed in purple,  
motley and vert await  
to enchant or entertain.

City milieu, the exalted ego is  
far from the daily grease and grind  
forlorn and incognito.  
Are these the paths that I will  
never cross again?

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**AT THE BOTTOM OF CREATION**

I have seen the entrails of existence;  
days and nights moving onward  
without the gold of sun  
nor the running river silver of the moon  
to reflect the shattered fragments of my hopes.  
I have seen tears, death, and walked alone  
with the leaves blowing cold in the wind  
without a handclasp, a warm embrace,  
a smiling face.

I have seen the entrails of existence;  
days and nights, friendless and lost  
without the gold of sun  
nor the running river silver of the moon  
to guide my scurrying dreams.  
I have walked with the sound of tears  
like rain in the lonely fields;  
lost as a child, lost as a man,  
and where is the way I am to go?

I have seen the entrails of existence;  
days and nights I have wandered restlessly,  
and now stand again, though at the bottom  
of creation as a lonely star, yet alive,  
as I reflect upon the gold of sun,  
the running river silver of the moon  
shining through all my days and nights,  
and though hope dies, with such light  
I breathe again, alive with fire.