

## Wilderness House Literary Review 16/1

*Diane Webster*  
**FRIVOLITY**

An angel streaks over your right shoulder  
as you snap the picture and catch  
its contrail of gossamer silliness  
zipping down from the sky.

It hovers behind with two fingers  
sprouting over your head  
while other angels laugh behind their hands  
wishing they had the courage  
to buzz a human, hoping God  
conveniently glances the other way.

Angels fade like fog under sunrise's blush  
before another picture catches more  
than a streak of hallowed merriment,  
and clouds yo-yo shadows across  
canyon peaks and valleys  
on their course across the sky.

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### NO ENTRANCE

Weeds grow up in front of the door  
measuring themselves like birthday kids  
higher and higher, high enough  
to reach the door knob sheared off  
for no-entrance purposes before green  
tries to pry through keyhole tunnel  
no longer gaping for a lost key  
to tumble metal combinations.

Not even ants suck it up enough  
to spelunk through  
rusty fissures to explore caverns  
behind welded shut door. No looters  
allowed. Only dust motes  
stillborn in darkness float inside  
or so the story goes.

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### JOURNEY

Journey suggests distance  
from perspective of here  
merges like parallel train tracks  
no matter how far here travels.

Journey turns corners  
in OCD repetition  
when you beat your head  
against the same wall,  
turn the corner.

Journey onward, downward,  
toward, upward, sideways,  
crossways, causeways.

Journey  
journal of words,  
travel of travails,  
voyage of visions,  
expedition of experiences.