

## Wilderness House Literary Review 16/1

*Marianne Lyon*  
**Flying Dog**

If God created a flying dog  
maybe it would be reincarnation  
of vagabonding Aruba in infinite sky  
her flights    improvisation  
she circles    takes a second look  
not bound to her past

No longer rooted  
wagging tail buzzes  
free to choose any direction  
everlasting immigrant  
gregarious greenhorn  
while beetles    worms burrow  
she dives    spins    makes  
extravagant fool of herself

If Aruba could fly  
maybe her leash would  
tingle magic    rescue me  
from feather-bed boredom  
a chance to start over  
a chance for redemption  
I could wheelie with her  
from one cloud to the next  
her kooky leap-for-life passion

If I could flutter with her  
my eyes wide open    exploring  
through extravagant sight  
fleeting episodes  
fragments of landscapes  
I might rouse unshadowed  
adventures    surprising

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not showing what I saw before  
but feeding me a patient kind of  
aimlessness allowing me  
to be young fool again  
making landing arriving home  
not so difficult

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### Cracks

Her tea cup reclines in my hand  
small cracks reveal years of use  
vulnerable slightly stained  
she pontificated about  
light getting in gusting through cracks  
and major minor melodies  
float brilliant sound into ears  
into darkness inner places  
how light reveals crystalizes  
not destroys shines deep truths

Her tea cup warms my hand  
Earl Grey fills half way  
I lift it to morning sun  
bless splinter of gold  
sneaking through lighting the infusion  
I imagine her anguish despair  
jokes giggles sharing a cup  
with friends her family alone

Her tea cup arouses fears despairs  
fissures that splinter  
but something flutters inside my mind  
something sores from deep lake of memories  
something journeys me  
to a cracked dormer allowing me  
to see unlimited horizon  
hear cracked bell ringing  
summoning us to Mass

I begin to sing affable song  
she used to croon while sipping  
savoring a word here hum there

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I begin to croon even though  
my upper range cracks tangles fights aging  
I see her tender smile lighting up  
dime bright sun wedges through her window

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### My One life

Wild self-willed stubborn  
indifferent to conventions  
contours of my face were sharp  
I would plunge into sentimental novels  
Boxcar Children Charlotte's Web  
swore by courageous life of Saint Catherine  
admired Mother Teresa  
danced with ardor in fragrant kitchen  
preferred solitary walks  
through nearby pine forest  
filling pages with exalted tales  
saving souls in Biafra Mumbai  
thought my scribblings were astonishing  
their brightness color illogical fantasy  
lived in uncensored press

Insistent demands that I interact more  
slurp a coke with friends at Woolworths  
ineffectual  
I trembled when heard of laborious missions  
lifting polio children sighting the blind  
dressing lepers infected wounds  
their haggard countries were mine  
even wore a veil like Mary  
would gladly renounce my saunterings  
in fragrant woods even my notebook friend  
prayers would be my companion

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I lived in two zones  
joy smoldering dread  
one protected by sacred silence  
another of rules notions  
authorized daily grind  
I still identify with elusives in labor camps  
fated miners in Africa stranded immigrants  
hence many mornings I carry ecstatic  
gratitude for every sunrise slice of bread  
still I carry a splinter  
still carry images of suffering  
still call on my luminaria-self  
stubborn self-willed  
wild