

Wilderness House Literary Review 16/4

Elizabeth R. McCarthy
Ghost Apples

The rare
ghost apple,
haunts the
dormant tree
with ice glass
crystal
formed of
freezing rain
wrapping
around the wild
beautiful blush
before death
dissolves its
sweet flesh.

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Winter Dreams

They fell gently,
 landing without weight
 or notice

All night in the dark
 while I slept
and dreamed
 of moments past,
 remixed and morphed
into some strange scene
 I wished never happened

Only to wake and see
 a blank white landscape
 where snow had
 wiped the world clean
to start fresh once again,

 to plow through time
until another day
 is done and night
 returns to play its
strange silent movie

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Blind Faith

December is a cold,
 black and white world,
a stark reminder
 of life without light.

Giving us just enough
 to hold onto hope
and see through
 to the accents of color.

The red suckers of
 chokecherry, dog wood,
dry golden reeds
 waving in the wind.

Their long thin arms
 reaching up in faith
from beneath winter's
 white downy blanket.

All is not dead and gone
 if you look deep into
 the forest, its inky space
and shades of gray.

You will see the yellow finch,
 blue jay, and bright downy reds
adorning the evergreens and
 singing their songs of Joy.

All the while, we sit
 in dark silent rooms and wait
for a savior to arrive.