

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/1

Duane Anderson

Open the Door

I left my thoughts at the doorstep
hoping they would have
time to develop.
Somehow, they did not grow.
It must have been that they
didn't get enough water and sunlight.
Not only that,
some of the thoughts
had fallen off
and were blown by the wind
to places unknown.

Laughing Ships

In seas of cotton candy
clouds float like ships in calm waters
making faces at people
as they pass overhead,
laughing little laughs
just loud enough
to be heard by the wind.

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Life at Sea

If I should fall in the toilet and drown,
flush my remains.
It would be fitting that I be
put out to sea.

The life of the seas,
the stars overhead,
the water beneath,
a woman in every port.

Drunk with thoughts
of life and death and love.
Give me the life of love.
I can deal with death later.

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The Purpose Behind Falling Cookies

The cookie fell to the floor
by accident.
It did not break.
If I try it again
on purpose,
hoping it will not break,
you will know my purpose for trying.