

**Wilderness House Literary Review 18/1**

*George Freek*

**THE MOON AT WEST LAKE**

The sky is a hole stars fall into.

It's an emptiness

that will never be filled.

Night brings a freezing wind.

Ice forms on my windowsill.

My body is quiet, but

my mind is in motion,

like a one-legged man

trying to climb a steep hill.

Stars huddle like lawyers

examining my will.

The moon sleeps peacefully

in its celestial bed,

eyes fixed on eternity,

but of course it's dead.

In a fierce wind

branches bend, then break.

The moon finally shrinks,

until it disappears.

I stare into the void.

I begin to count minutes,

as if they were years.

**THE BLACKBIRD HAS A BOXWOOD FLUTE**

How can I escape this place  
I'm in? The sun no longer  
shines on me. To the sun  
I'm no more than a petrified tree.

And the moon is in hiding  
like a worm in a pear.  
I wish I could tear that worm out.  
But why? I leave it there.

Beetles swarm around my feet.  
When I step on them,  
they quiver in the dust.  
Their death is indiscreet.

There is life in this desert.  
But it is sullen and black.  
And when I turn towards the sun,  
it still remains at my back.

THE UNPLEASANT CANTICLES

The day moves slowly  
like a mouse from its hole,  
moved by fear, not by love,  
and with nowhere to go.  
Snow from North Dakota  
freezes the trees,  
and winds from Minnesota  
bring them to their knees.  
God is nowhere to be seen.  
The moon moves up the sky,  
draped in icy lace,  
then drops like a rock,  
Falling forever,  
without style or grace.  
I think this world  
is a sinister place.