

**Wilderness House Literary Review 18/2**

*Duane Anderson*

**Beheaded**

Where have the thoughts gone?  
South for the winter,  
seeds not planted,  
therefore, no harvest.  
Sometimes they disappear  
to places unknown,  
and no matter what you do,  
they are nowhere to be found.  
This is one of those times.

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### A Light to Fill the Lamp

Each day  
as the sun pokes out his head  
from night's curtain  
he opens his eyes  
so others may see.

It blows away the dust  
on which we walk  
revealing the trail  
our feet have lain.

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### Words

Fresh words, stale words,  
what do I know about words  
having never learned all of the  
words in my world, nor a task  
that will ever be achieved.

Words in my world.  
I seek words of truth  
rather than words of lies.  
Teach me to speak  
the words worth knowing.