

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/3

George Freek
SOLITUDE

I stupidly holler at a sky
the color of cement.
An echo returns to me,
like an ironic answer.
A solitary leaf falls
from my desolate oak,
fluttering like a
dismembered bird's wing.
It's waited all summer
simply to die.

I VISIT MY GRAVESITE

Dead leaves shudder
as they descend
to their predestined end.

A thick fog hangs
like moss from the trees.

A raven circles the sky,
he seems to stare
into my eye.

I walk to the graveyard,
to observe the place
beside my wife,
where my ashes
will forever remain.

It is quietly serene.
I quietly walk away,
unable to pray.

DUCKS ON THE RIVER

Beyond my window,
ducks sport on the river,
unconscious of their luck.
But storm clouds
loom in the west.
It will kill their fun.
Soon they'll quack in anger,
and complain as I often do
against the fickleness of fate.
Ducks as well as men,
must have their say,
but the things
we complain about
will never go away.