

## Wilderness House Literary Review 18/4

*Bianca Dotson*

### **Clothesline**

White picket fences, lavender soap  
    dyllic countryside afternoon

Freshly churned butter, red apple orchards  
    haphazard charm aplenty

Polka dot galoshes, teal watering can  
    handmade birdhouse hangs on an old oak

Well-worn rocking chair, bright butterflies  
    the sky seems bluer from this porch

Perfect postcard halved by a clothesline  
    pleasantly ordinary scene

This is beauty that can be held in the palm of a hand  
    simple gifts often unopened

Dear as lunch in a brown paper bag  
    made with a mother's love.

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### Legacy

I live on an island of bones,  
generations of sacrifice keep me afloat.  
The sand is ashes, waves are sweat  
from many sun cycles.

The mountain is a one way road.  
I fear failing and falling,  
but worse is knowing  
my heart will rot at the summit.

Everything ends on top,  
so I try to delay the journey.  
Still, time pulls forward.  
Sometimes my hands bleed against the outcroppings,  
other days I'm weightless.

Can't look down,  
above are seconds dwindling in the sky.  
If I shut my eyes,  
I'll slip amongst the skulls.

I weep for those before me,  
who have already met their fate.  
There is nothing left for me,  
but to continue the legacy.