

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/1

Dan Jacoby
Razor Blade Blue

we lived closer to death
than those who came after
for that we were more alive
the last to remember buttoned-down america
no one will notice our passing
although we rode the big rollercoaster
fought in vietnam, south america, middle east
sweated cuban missile crisis, nuclear air raid drills
we believed
our music reflected that
in the chaos the earth was calm
wars were created by lunatics, not us
hurricanes sporadic at best
it was all an illusion
species driven to extinction by industrial waste
fresh water swamps channeled, polluted by oil spills, salt water
Me Li replaced by mass school shootings
earth heaving to fracking
we all victims, and responsible
this is a collective effort
we pretend not to be ourselves
blame someone else
as we go dirt surfing
we need to acknowledge
our part in this clown car train wreck

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Nightmare

had one
nightmare, in color it was
back at launch site
had just crawled off slick
one-one was dead
door gunner's head gone
most with shrapnel wounds, bleeding
morphine drip on one of the little people
bright light gone out
I'm 76 years old
last night I was 22
all the fear
all the adrenaline
I am exhausted

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On Destruction Of Campaign Signs

there, just yesterday
whisked away unseen
in a bleeding halo,
worn by not too timid anarchists
with no perfection of clarity
just tinker toy thoughts
about victory in mind estates
with burlap sack ethics
right as a tight hat band
just road kill mummies
in coarse cinders of reflection
savoring spider web success
born again by foul, native theology
and mind wearisome ignorance

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So It Goes

traveling macoupin county
along route 108
just coming up out of the many creek bottoms
on new-year's eve
early heavy fog in tatters in the morning breeze
wreath on no passing sign gone now
replaced by a tiny weathered german cross
reminder of loved one who missed the curve in the mist
going to the funeral home
meeting man I played ball with decades ago
making arrangements for mom's funeral
she struggles now with dementia
nursing home one day hospital the next
I follow her travels from small town to city, and back
snow storm bearing down on my home 200 miles away
will make that trip, plow my home out
so my family is not stranded
then I will come back to mom
and so it goes

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Proof Reading

sun is scattering grey clouds
that make up eastern horizon
mallards and teal jump
in crisp fall air
going out to feed
in wheat colored corn fields
lemon sky turns to azure blue
as sun frees itself
from bare timber branches,
distant doppler train horn
howls its approach
to an unmarked crossing
on a high tree covered bluff
just where the grist mill stood
what remains of our spent lives
like stiff fall leaves
thinking we are doing something
by holding on tight
when in reality we are waiting
in a constant roiling breeze
for something in the end
to arrive