

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/1

Jeremy Nathan Marks
Juncos

I spy tiny birds scattered
among railyard litter
the smudged plumage
of last night's fire stirring
underfoot my eyes miss kernels
they unearthed tiny sticks stipple
snow you must scratch against
stone for warmth each beak piercing
the aluminum sky like flint.

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Ice free Erie

A cat with no claws bats
at sand cliffs like some flippered
mammal tasseling the whiskers
of an ancient fish practically larval
in its mud nest. Gimleted by men
who once walked their whiskey across
congealed rivers to avoid paying customs
the sturgeon watch them drown their inventions
since there is no ice only wonder at this melted
surface.

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Will it ever be cold again

I remember cold so thick
we hid our sex the hand staying
each stamen

Every limb was numb
then spring would come
flies could open their facets
and taste the sluice of skins

In this pageant of sorting out
mouths sucked juice from our lips
until we swelled with fever
alike once more by their twist

Will it ever be cold again
frigid enough to encourage
such abandon.