

Wilderness House Literary Review 2/4

Anne Cammon

General Meditation Camp, Dagshai

Singing, trembling, weeping,
then carrying buckets in the rain.

In the kitchen the women are singing
as they wash dishes upon the floor.
They don't bother
with the mountains outside the spattered windows;
dirty water
is enough, along with the passage
of dishes, tin clanking
from hand to hand
as the song merges,
tremulous and loud,
so that each woman marvels
at the magnitude
of her own voice.

Disappearances

An eerie laughter in the afternoon
drifts across the valley
as birds swoop, dodge,
hover and disappear over the ridge
playing out
the idyllicisms of an earthly life
and the laughter, the way it was
wringing of sex, undeniably fleeting
like all things of this life;
our pleasures, our touches
even our great loves,
buried in the sleep
of another lifetime.

The dissolution
of this frame into black:
the valley, speckled with butterflies
the light green leaves just beginning
to obscure the branches,
the corner of the red roof
from where the woman's laughter comes
bubbling with its
peculiar sexual innocence,
all fading, dot by dot, into black.

Then there is the warmth of spring,
the air, thick like liquid
and even the laughter
disappears.