

Wilderness House Literary Review 2/4

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Alarm Clock

just after dawn small feet
climb into bed
next to me
bounce up and down
small hands open curtains

mommy—look!
the sky is pink!
what's that sound?
the birds are singing!

little body down
curls up at my back
waiting for juice and toast
the day begins

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What I am

i see through walls
walk on top of them
grow little flowers all over
and then break down the walls
i am seven years old
dress teddy bears as princesses
wear pink high heels
and steal mom's makeup
i am five years old
fight with dragons
build lego skyscrapers
and fly with birds
i am a single streetlight
at the corner of the corn field
marking where civilization
meets america
i am unstructured and out there
inside and uncomfortable
proposing a turn
not caring whether you follow
can you guess?