

*Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1*

*Kelley Jean White, MD*

**Midge**

show me the one that leaps  
that spirals  
that plummets  
that rises

remains  
is lost  
is found

**My Son Performs the Role of Christian  
at the Total Eclipse of the Moon**

He is no poet. Doomed to be a beautiful boy. A soldier. Pleased at the chance of swordplay. He has longed for it all his life. First with sticks. Then weapons

practice. His sister is sitting with the eighth grade girls. They have on Santa hats although it is November eighth. One day after her fourteenth birthday.

All the girls cellphones blinking neon colors. All talking at once. Now a row of boys has come to lean behind them. I keep watching over my shoulder. Their

dad is down front with a videocamera. By himself. No need to look again once I know he has not brought a date. I am trying to pay attention to the nuances

of performance. To the poetry. The wit of the play. The backdrop has gotten stuck. Christian is late for his big scene. Cyrano covers well. No loss for words

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**Named**

to whisper white  
white of dishwater  
white of unwashed windows  
white of bandages  
white of scars  
white of phlegm  
coughed in lace-trimmed handkerchief

to wince white  
white of withered wrists  
white of wasted women  
white of wearied wind  
broken on broken branches

to taste white:  
white of whiskeyed breath  
white of winter rain  
white of smoke rings  
white of ice  
white of knives  
white of cold skin