

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1

Michael Amado

Sparrow

Nestling child -
A breeze across the pond,
The life-span of a sparrow,

Not a sign of death.

Older now -
Lamenting his lost slough,
Cry heard by oblivion,

Fleeting mark of life.

All things subsist in the

Sparrow's dart -

Birds diving, fish leaping.

Sparrow's feather falls

Onto the pond . . .

A ripple, then sinks;

Sparrow's gone.

Child's bones house a heart
That grieves absence.

"...**The First Emanation is Light**..."*

**Paraphrase of Paul Foster Case*

Dialysis machine
Pulses soft light on walls of
My bed room, drives fluid
Into my abdomen. Pain grips
My body python-like.
I wonder :
Are deities in the machine?
If so, when the day comes
We all need pacemakers
Will heart then be
Divine? Maybe
People are machines who
Need machines. But cells
Are micro-Gods.
They thwart the darkness,
This harvest season
That promises to bury.
Cells secretly reinvent light.