

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/3

Lo Galluccio

Where you were a vagrant

you once flicked
sign-language at me like hot ash
and camped out under
a yellow August moon
screaming silently for the sun

Where your car was parked
And decorated by the grafitti
of kids and the semaphores
of old crows – a murder of crows –
he, my new one, now explains
is correct to say --

As you refused to bathe
Or take shelter for a week
Out in this intersection
of brick and pavement
across from a Baptist church

My God, I stalked you
With a tuna melt
And wanted your sanity to return
against your hatred of me

Where you were finally
apprehended by the cops
for being a public nuisance

(after you
asked me to marry you
filthy and drunk on
specious freedom--
the elixir you kept
swallowing)

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There is now--
what has grown out of
the flicked hot ash
and your summer showdown:
A garden of wistful daisies
and wildflowers
long, straight-stemmed
with purple, orange and blue
petal-rays.

Now it is three years later
and you are saved
as the daisies please us
under the juniper tree
you missed.