

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/1

Michael Jerry Tupa

Flapping Edges

Two agitated streams
quarrel over a lonely rock,
stranded in the river's fork,
knowing not which way to go,
while the billowing lampshade
of yellow dusk
filters the glowing sky.

Day's almost gone.
Dark's spreading peace
calms churning clouds.
Sun's yellow-brown fingers,
crease the western horizon.

Time is carried away
on white-tipped wings
as a lonely bird
flees the flapping edges
of falling night.

Calm Stirrings

Courage on a stormy night,
was she.

The window to a greater light,
was she.

A beacon along the path of right,
was she.

A living psalm of truth and might,
was she.

Calm waters in the turbulent twilight,
was she.

A wind pushing me to a greater height,
was she.

A spiritual telescope extending my sight,
was she.

A symphony of emotions giving me flight,
was she.

A rainbow raising my eyes to horizons bright,
was she.

An angel clothed in glowing white,
is she.