

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Elisha Reyes (age 17)

The Cloud Driver

Again surprised by the hallow happy,
I take a breath to see what's happening,
Feeling like a cloud driver,
That takes others on a trip in herds,
To lands unknown by any man,
Except the few that live deep on distant sands.

Crossed with collapse or conformity,
I had to be torn to be seen,
Chased by insanity down three hundred days,
I hope this break lasts in universal ways,
Pumping with the pulse of a soft height,
Creating good in the fading heart,
That can heal this dying boy,
Of a fight with destiny,
So he can paint the newest world with light,
Watching lives of rich and poor collide,
As the ink of desperation seeps into the dying night.

Trying to erase I merely smear it more,
Making once a window a dark wooden door,
That replaces ecstasy with cold confusion,
Like a drone with placed dedication.

He was a politician's son,
Following a road without a single tired grunt,
Adored by every hospital's ribbon,
But weary with these bombarding dreams and visions,
Landing on his mind's eternal plains,
Called to sleep under the starry small pain.

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He ran to the voices saying not to run,
Escaping down streets that say welcome,
To anyone with the strength to warn,
Separated by the brick walls of choice,
So to cross he raises his voice,
Louder than the trees in the middle of spring,
Fighting the foolish orders of the King.

Once a counselor he stands a rebel,
Whose throne is firmly set,
On the tops of a mushroom's stem,
Holding his scepter with a heavy head,
Ruling as far as the glowing ruins,
Strange how perfection meets truth,
Usually in a haunted home's alleyway,
But this royal rebel knew what to say.

He praised the caterpillar's wings,
With smells of smiles in the spring,
That circle the sun in eternity,
Fading in the wind and leaves,
Sent to conquer what guns can't,
Using weapons like an oracle's rant,
Made of bones and a ghoul's eye,
Shattering the broken walls in time,
Frozen in sound it continues to fly,
Around the colored stone's try.

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To be free forever in liberty's height,
Living in the careful cabin's night,
Underground like the pure clouds,
Sucked into isles of endless drought,
With powerful lungs the black hole,
Inhales again to control the next pot of gold,
Worth nothing to a business man's power,
But seen by artist's as a tower.

As precious as a beacon's breath,
It slips into the hypocrite's sifting,
Proving the jester's polka-dot eye,
Aims at our surface's smoky demise,
Helping with a staff made of words,
Able to slingshot dreams into the artist's hurt,
For proof of insanity in the ancient library,
Trapped by the person who hates a fairy,
In their shared political scandal,
That somehow justifies the arresting of vandals.

Using chains made of united lies,
They scatter the luck of a rebellion's rise,
To show you can't fight insanity with sanity,
Sending them down the tunnel of branches,
To find they have never lived before.

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Factory City

holding time with fragile hands,
I pray that I remain in these lands,
vast and abstract it grows,
and without order it smoothly floats,

empty of rape and insecurity,
my world spins in perfect harmony,
as an ancient aura reconciles with the Factory City,
but it doesn't know the City works secretly,

blackening the edges in the cave,
pretending to know how to save,
bending the soaring dots,
a vision confused and in knots,

urgent to breach our harmless gates,
with pressure made of fading fates,
the metal racket tears at the ends,
of my jailed mind's chance to mend,

sent from the mouth of the Factory City,
so hard it hurts itself,
without nature it breathes naturally,
piercing the sounds of help,

so efficient and productive,
it can conquer this world's vice,
never doubting how to conduct,
it has programmed sight,

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following without question,
I offer a simple suggestion,
fall apart so you can find a spirit,
ask the smallest dream what it hears,

but in order to see,
you must exit the Factory City,
and enter the fields of hope,
that lead us onto the happy boats,

travel past the past's current,
don't let the Factory City remain,
for it raises the dead's domain,
the only weapon we can use to protect,

ourselves against such an unworthy prospect,
is a peek into pandora's box,
unraveling the cartoon house made to rule.