

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Holly Day
Summertime

at night
the sky stands still
and lets
clouds creep across it, slowly
as if afraid to fall

at night
the sky stands still
and lets
stars poke their way
through its skin
tiny spots of suspended
white light

and clouds crawl along
just underneath, tentative
birds streak overhead
from one end of the horizon
to the other
and disappear
only to be replaced by similar birds
that follow the same path
and repeat

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Sunday Morning Miracles

my son thinks I'm amazing
because I can catch
the tiny spotted toads that swarm the riverbank
with my bare hands

he runs after them as they
retreat into the long wild grasses
smacking his hands together as he
tries to anticipate where they'll jump next

and I
amaze him because I can reach down
slip my fingers under their fragile velvet bodies
and pluck them from the cool green stones
of cattail rushes, finding their hiding places
every time, like magic

remembering myself
at his age
I'm a little amazed at the ease of it all
myself

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

Sunburn

she was begging
for it, and yes
she asked me
to do it, end
all that nothing
I ask you
I asked

how could it be
murder

when there was
no one inside
those vacant eyes
when she was
so ready
to lie back
and play dead

even before
she saw the knife