

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/3

S.M. Gillespie
Realize

And it occurs to me
that the world
is full of crazy people.

And this occurred to me
while I
was far away from home.

Carry
me
away,

to
a
better
place.

'Cause it occurs to me
that the world
is full of crazy people.

Things that I've seen tell me
I've gone
too far away from home.

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Io

There are sights I yearn to see,
This desire, I wonder why?
I wish I was a fighter.

You'll roam, my silent fighter.

I ask myself just who I am,
Confused, confused replies.
I don't know where I'm going.

I can't tell you where you're going.

It's a walk among the darkened streets,
A soft rain against my face.
Who is it that is with me?

I am here, you cannot see me.

I always liked the sound of leaves,
Clapping, crackling in the night.
Applause for long gone heroes.

It is for you, the vault of heroes.

Such promenades fatigue my soul,
Alone, beside the night.
I am not the one who started.

Now that you see, you have just started.

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Five Friends' Imaginations

The PowerPoint is blue on white,
A lecture drones above it all.
And my eyes are drawn to colors.
Blue and white, those breathing colors.

And suddenly, it's not a screen,
I see with dreaming eyes.
Now it's water under twilight.
Towering clouds in summer skies.

The rise and fall of English speech,
It's something different now.
Yes, I hear the sound of natives,
Goaded, hunting, in the night.

And if I travel with them,
Other senses I can't deny.
Feel of feet against soft earth,
Balanced weapon in my hand.

Was I drinking bottled water?
No more, taste does declare.
Spring-fed streams will rush and fill me,
Tumbling down, across my tongue.

Climate control pervades the room,
Sterile air, it dulls the mind.
Give me scent of fire and forest,
Walnut and cedar, I recognize.

Yes, I think I'll go but not alone,
Five friends will skip class with me.
I will sneak out, drifting so slowly.
They'll follow fast, because they know me.