

## Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

*R.L. Swihart*

### **De Selby's discourse on fishing**

Of course there's more to it than the right rock, a little shade,  
and the small bucket of pinched krill

The ear is important: it must be sound. Waves carry particles  
and the shrill voices of breaking mirrors

The mountain sleeps and eats, the ear is on the wall, and meds  
keep the mountain from becoming a volcano

In the 30's I posted dinosaur tracks with human stamps and,  
morrowless, I'm hoping to pocket a Soay sheep

The river's cross-section clarifies a few oblongs of sawed fish  
and the enlightened tip of a broken stick

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### Silence, deep forest

On one hand we shared a parity of influence in Gdańsk: The gray raven and I whisk them through the boiling streets of the Dominican Fair—in and out of the white booths sailing above the Motława and along Ulica Mariacka, past the pavilion exhaling kiełbasa and beer, beneath the shield of the three boars to Düringer's midday procession in St. Mary's.

On the other hand the raven was largely responsible for Sopot: He lands on the shore and spreads his wings: one wing becomes the Baltic and the other sand. I merely follow them up the lighthouse, frame them in the photo before the Crooked House, and proffer the coffee in the Grand Hotel.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to analyze the admix of hands that conducted the finale: They are heading toward Toruń. Before the A1 splits the forest, the forest gobbles up the A1. There is another road: invisible. There is something faster than light. There is a center: everywhere. Two guardians shadow a hallowed patch of ground: a fair maiden with a basket of wild blueberries, another girl gift-wrapped in neon glove and heels. Many fairytales end in a wedding; this one ends with sleep