

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Richard Lighthouse

There goes the neighborhood

He drives a trashy red pickup.
Rusted. Clunky noises. Backfires.
Has a 3 day beard.
'bout my height.

Obviously slept in his clothes last night.
Talks a deep southern drawl.
Long pauses. You know the type.
Wears my kinda sunglasses.

Says things like -
How the hell you doin'!
Then waves like a girl at a pony party.

Don't know much.
Don't say much.
Nothin' much new.

Looks a hell lot like me.
There goes the neighborhood.

within not

there is only so much
time.
torn between things done
and yet did not do.

an expanse of time holding
what was not.
willed but un created.
please hold this space

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

open for us. i have moments to fill
buckets of desire
holding my not-whats,
expanses

holding my self.
i have become this delay
containing desire
beyond whimsical reach.

it is within the not.

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tequila mockingbird

all day that song ran
thru his liquored mind.
repeating. provoking. taunting.
spirits to dull the evil spirit

that's why he drinks.
to calm his spirited head.
few understood. or cared.
he was just an old songbird

from rural texas
the crooner in his head
reminding him things he would
rather forget.

there was a time he
wanted to be a lawyer -
like atticus finch
stand for somethin'.

but that's gone now.
like his wife. like his old friends.
the factory keeps him around
as long as his liver.

now he drags his failures
around
like a dead bird. humming
at the absence.

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

every good bottle of tequila
quiets the chirping.
resolves his head
into tangible maybe's

one more sip. a little burn.
a little song.
bueno agave
tequila mockingbird.

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

filling the hole 2

with the noisy chaos of work
crews and a backhoe,
they've dug a large hole in the street.
neighbors gather to watch.

more trucks arrive. messy hardhats
gather and point. a hole of

expectation. so i fill it
with remnants of life

one shovel at a time -
dream fragments. lost ambition.
discarded selves.
emptying the mind's closet.

yellow tape surrounds the caution.
kids offer a wagon to help.
nowhere is life more apparent -
in storage. in memory. in old shoe boxes.

my mental junkyard becomes a memorial.

now everyone wants a hole.