

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

Chris Crittenden

Fly

whiny pip
ensconsed in speed,
lives like a rollercoaster,
zooms and flips,

mocking my arthritis
and the curdled milk
in my unifacted eyes.

look at it run,
a leopard's grace,
over a conquered hill
of roast beef,

smooth in its blue,
proud of green sheen,
rich with ocular coffers
of rubies.

i'll never be so free
or uncanny
or gymnastic
or elated

or fed.

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Winter Gales

kick and trouble.
lords of mean
decreeing with sleet.

somehow they snuck
into my aorta, swirl there.

my flesh a rigor mortis
that walks.

all the dead lips
that tear through trees
i can translate.

shrieks, philippics, curses,
and raves.

feel that first howl,
before animals or destiny.

how lucky the smiles seem
on the other side of the pane.

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House Pet

the spider
hangs like a bindi
on a brow of ledge,

oblivious
as any ornament,
though just as fair.

a hint of style, purpose,
and vogue.

god might just ask,
why did you ignore
this precious dot?

and i might reply,
too many little fiends
to know.

seven sets of wings
have gone between
the eight legs,

and that was just one yesterday
of writer's block
and idyll stare.

the spider,
more than any shitzu,
is a house pet.

it just showed up one day,
naturally,
and knew it was home.

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Years

dust runs thick on the dresser,
supposedly
a gift from my skin.

place to etch haiku
or sanskrit
like a nameless monk.

lax vellum,
it needed years to rest,
exiled from weather or pain.

no hoopla of gossip
or politics.

no visual mayhem
or the butchering sound
of TV.

peaceful, instead,
as winter late.
telling as a cerement.

a record of epitheliums
that needs a careful brush--

as if ghosts,
after decades of silence,
hissed.