

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

Natalie Balents
Perspectives

the green inspiration -
undulation, elliptical swagger and
the brown expiration –
retraction, chaos collapsing and still
they give
always.

and we
are but ugly fish
gills sewn, tales plit, fins
now as flaccid branches pacing
in our cosmic ocean of ether.

those who wish to conquer
this world would have us
believe
that we are mechanical bees
(we are not even as good as bees)
but if you come
a little closer
i will tell you something they
do not yet know...

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Tracks in the snow

i've been expecting you.

every now and
then...i look

out the window, slow
my breathing,
stare hard into the trees –

i know you are there.

weaving in and out of the
woods like a velvet thread that connects
us all.

as the leaves lay in waiting,
the woodpeckers are not, and
the stones are listening.

i gaze upon your tracks...
so strong and so
perfect.

i want to watch your breath, i want to
watch your wide stomach as it inspires,
and expires, like
us all.

is there room for me
in your den of earth?