

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

Christopher Barnes
A Glass Half Full

Main-sprung to buck up
At the fence's frame
I'm indispensable in the elbowroom
Of your love-tale,
A wiredrawn man
In a ballooning coat.

You wag, puppy-rumped.

Tingling, first fruits of thunder,
An ear-witness –
This is one of our pass muster days.

Your virulent morale
Darts me –
I spasm with a flame.

We could sail another desert
Before our nearest loggerheads bring fright.

Autobiography

The tink-tinkle of a music box
The jolt-jolt of a broken ballerina
And to the laughter of a blond boy
The wind explains its leaves

Have you lost your wing, jolt-jolt
Now that your old blue eyes cry?
Is the tink of your life a tangle
Now that your youth has died?