

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

Mike Berger

Moose

Creeping slowly-closing the distance.
There behind a big rock; it was a perfect
spot. Resting my arms, steadying myself
I took the shot.

The old moose seemed oblivious as he
munched on lily pads. Suddenly, he looked
up; he must have sensed I was there. I took
another shot.

He ambled forward towards me.
Then he turned sideways and raised his
majestic head. His antlers glistening in
the sunlight. I laughed. That old moose
was telling me, "If you're going to take
my picture the least you could do was
to get my good side."

HIKING THE SKYLINE TRAIL

Crisp fresh air is sugar
to lungs dark from smog.
It surprises your nose
with whimsical little tickles.

Boots are the knight's armor,
sentinels guarding your feet.
They thrust off pointed arrows-
the sharp and jagged rocks.

The scenes below wrestle with
your stomach and bowels, The scene
whispers sweet nothings; melodies
fraught with a gentle wind.

Tramping clumps of dirty snow.
Its crust snares your boots.
Each slippery step grabs, and each
step produce a pleasant crunch.

The sun melts into azure sky and
the warmth soften the icy breeze.
Stopping to rest, breath comes hard
this far above the timberline.

You take the chance to commune
with puffy white clouds above.
They smile at you in return.
With your walking stick, you move on.