

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Janet Butler
snowfall

massy whiteness builds
in rounded forms
all sharpness tendered
by voluptuous purity

snowy breasts bellies hips
lush to fullness
thicken to satiety
lying in bloated after-pleasure
abundant
on the startled city

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Horsepower

Late Saturday afternoon and traffic swishes by
murmurs of well-oiled engines that roll,
fat cats, smug with horsepower reined in
but chomping, a hundred hooves waiting
that push on gas to send them rumbling
wild over grey asphalt trails,
pulled by sunsets to far countries
limned against a darkening sky.

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Venus

She wakes, shakes her head
and soft curls ribbon the morning sky
pale yellows against cool blues.

She rises and leans, full-breasted, against earth,
her creamy paleness a shudder of white
those distant hills dream on.

Her star gleams then disappears in seas of light
leaving us dazed longing night.

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Watercolor: Sorrento Harbor

Pull me in.

Ravish my spirit with transparencies
shimmers of color on pale paper
shaped by brush

strokes of quiet thought
layered in patience to perfection
penciled boundaries vision
fleshed to form.

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I dreamt I was a Chinese poet II

I dreamt I was a Chinese poet,
and while the whirlwind beat around me
I dreamed a dream
of silence, rich and thick.

This dream was promise,
a tease to tempt me.

It led me outdoors, under skies wet
with night, a moon full, fresh, plump,
the air perfumed with thought.

I let night seep me, fill me, take me,
I scented stars and bowed to God -

I dreamt I was a Chinese poet,
and filled another glass.

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Wolf

I am shadow.

I roam lands on light feet,
gliding a labyrinth of forest
with ease, tugged by odors full of promise.

Shaped by deities who chiseled my fine bones,
keen eyes, perfect nose,

I hunt.

Prey, crazed by fear, eludes me
momentarily.

I stalk, sister to winds
that flutter a forest with fear.

I watch.

I settle in shadows.

I await my companion, Death.