

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Stephen Newton
Bright as a Diner

Headlights in the distance on a dark country road cold wind in bare trees
the scraping sound of dry leaves chattering like handfuls of teeth across
broken pavement a full moon bright as a diner coffee saucer hanging
pendulous above the horizon the faint ticking of a watch inside a flyblown
suitcase that has been forgotten in an attic a suitcase that was left behind
by someone who once rented a room from the widow who can't walk up
the attic stairs so now it sits day and night this suitcase that carries empti-
ness

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Enjoying the Ride

Well OK maybe her life was not a hot air balloon that had been punctured by a distant hunter's stray shot at a rising duck sailing off from the State Fair with the passengers screaming as it started to fall towards a row of trees but it had felt like that recently something out of control and inevitable bright colors stark against the clouds but the strange thing was that there were times when she had been enjoying the ride all the excitement the drama the way that she could feel like someone in a soap opera for a change with the music rising just before the cut to a commercial