

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

C.S. Fuqua
Melodies

We'll walk into this one again and again,
a tap on the top hat,
a tickle of strings,
and all that dirt.

She coaxes symphonies from soil and stone,
her garden sprouting double
with each passing year.
And I? I pluck songs from tradition,
strumming melodies reprised,
reprised still again,
refusing to see the end,
that coda she hums so softly,
unfettered, her fingers buried in soil,
dodging worms that could clean her bones.

She glances up,
a twitch of brow,
a gentle curve of lips,
and I see it all,
rushing headlong toward
that final measure,
that garden richness,
haunting even before
the final note of harvest
resonates to silence
and engulfs the last seed
planted.

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Beauty

Beauty's a word
I've had little luck with,
although it's been tagged
to some of the trinkets I've created,
those dabbles at greatness,
those copies of things greater, worthwhile,
but true beauty has always been
slightly out of reach,
dozens of good tries, but no cigars,
the search for the key ending
long before desire picked the lock,
the true beauty of pilgrimage blossoming
even when the pilgrim has begun to wither.