

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/2

David Woodward
Reflections in Style

style reflects
the overwhelmed
mind
is taken on
highways
faster and
faster into
higher realms of
responsibility
juxtaposed to
inaction to
destruction to
emancipation
wants
the mind
speaks to
body
to function
as it seems
to fit
waists
that expand
and labels with numerical
values
decline
the extra portion
offered
over the airwaves
sound interferes
with sight
images become
distortion of

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senses
confuse
thought withheld
from objectivity
bred the subjects
who displaced
the order
misplaced
lost the waitress
her job
is feeding
her children
to the lions
we seek
their strength
weakens
the light
as darkness
expands
over
smoothly paved roads
we drive
our points
into friends
we treat
as foes
gain
yet
again
complains
the loser
yet
always
yells
the winner

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of bread
of wine
and song is
playing
folklore
and yore
days
reflects
the sun
dial
denial
on trial
we wait
in court
rooms
in tombs
approaches
appearances and
styles
the weathered
people's
veins
bloodied reigns
vapours and
dust
inside the walls
mice crawl
out of
day and into
sight and
might
whispers into
dream
when internets
are on

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the nightstand
heads
on its
own
we do not
borrow
borrow
borrow
is the motto
the debt
we will pay
reflections
in style
we dial
everyone
we know
no one
knows
or how
now came
the brown
cow
all gold
and good and
giddy and
bold
moody and
ditty
one more ditty
please
for one more
please
yet another lease
before
release

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the hounds
yelp after
the fox
laughs
the help
mounts
the horse
gallops
the aristocrat
in fine
tails
the second wave
of servants
of servitude
of servers
that crash
into virus'
goes bacterial
phases
and clauses
written in
plumes
is a French
word
so is café
and fumé
and conversation
which are all
words to
smoke
like Camus
and Sartre
and Simone de Beauvoir
who enters
the poem

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because she is
lovely
and her name is
Simone de Beauvoir
is nice to see
you
in your
delicate dress
with soft satin
hair and fingers
in perfect numbers of
four to go with a very
hard
minded
the liberation
of self
libations
toasted to
the individual
way to the
throne
without a patriarchal
right
to ancestral
land held
in another's
name
changes
the address
and males
to the rescue
with informal
dress
to kill
without gun

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is the challenge
living up
to the
reward
goes the
prize
of ownership
to borrower
to debtor
to bankruptcy
to depression
to suicide
to Sartre
to Camus
to Simone de Beauvoir
& to sex in space
or somewhere else
or someone else
or something to do
like playing dress
up
with a favourite
fable
and seeing how
it goes
and what
they wear
and what they
tear into pieces
the last strands
of all attire
retire to a
lake
partake
of clean

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waters
the lawn
on Sundays
church bells
ring
on Saturdays
mass is
served
collections
distribute
the wealth
held on to
gold plated
dishes
the sermon
talks of
scandals and
sandals
beneath the lighting
of candles
is cleanliness
disguised
under flowing
robes
and milky bathes
softens
the heart
sinks into
brittle
nails
hands
go
together
we weep
during

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the sermon
the coughers
cough
up from their
bellies
the groans
of displeasure
imperfection
talks and
talks
the apparition
within
folly and
Molly takes
your hand
in her
mirror she
sees her
fate
is red
is her wedding
dress
like Peter Pan
the witness
Huckleberry Finn and
Tom Sawyer
evaded capture
and escaped
in a raft
built for two
the house went
up and up
is sideways
sideways
goes the groom

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to his
nuptials
means of
death
the groom's mother
shouts
the congregation
sighs
dark tuxes
rigid and
carbon copy
future plans
to the far off
land of moon
and honey
drips from
golden hair
comes Simone
de Beauvoir
nice to see
you
again
cries
the bride
enough
cries
the groom
dresses back up
the bride
pulls
back down
into a chair
the accused
sits
the witness

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next to a
pulpit
resides
the judge
accuses
the lawyer
objects
the attending
departs
the service
the serviced
the serving
the servers
all French rooted
words
stolen by
ingratitude
left the alter
the church
the congregation
sat
confusion
opened
the gates
and out
walked
the undressed
found
founded,
founders of the
forest
the sun
the moon
and honey,
foundations

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and fountains
of youth and
style
reflected
in the glistening
mirror
of reality.