

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Diane Webster

RAINBOW PRISM

Rainbows collide
as the prism hanging
in the window sways
and spins morning sun
around the room
like confetti exploded;
like snow in a snow globe;
like candy flung in a parade
with everyone running,
snatching for the prize.

PAINTED NAILS

Fingernail polish suffocates, weighs
my fingers like tiny plastic bags
tied around each digit with rocks
to drown the unwanted
until with teeth I chisel a breach
in the paint big enough to chip
and scrape with other nails
in cooperative disrobing
so fresh air reaches the surface
in a shiver of naked pleasure.

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LAZY OR GOOD?

Using a push broom
with one hand she sweeps
the sidewalk in front of the store,
not raising dust
if she's strong enough
to raise dust
by her push power
or careful to not mix
dust particles into pedestrian air.

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CURTAIN SAFE

Opening the curtain startled
by the ash tree's leaves and limbs
jumping up and down in wind
like a naughty boy desiring
the little girl's attention inside
until both grow up and childish
antics transform into stalking,
and curtains collect dust
on perpetually closed pleats
never to feel breezes again.