

**Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4**

*Dennis Daly*  
**Chasing the Moon**  
*For Jen*

Swept along the backstreets of space, we stalk the moon:  
The mewling magician of light, the jostler of moods.  
Your arms thrown about my neck, anchoring me  
To your heart-seed of awe: the gravity and thrill,  
The danger of this game life; we take the corner  
Much too fast at thirty. I brake, knowing better.  
You glimpse it again at the next three-decker turn:  
A momentary hover, a whirling blizzard  
Topping a telephone pole, like a pinwheel.  
Then, indrawn into the symmetry of an oak's grief,  
It floats out, eyes red, limning another gable.  
Both of us, brimmed with laughter, blow a kiss,  
Conspire a simple rhythm, a child's playful concoction  
To this strangely singular, compelling vision,  
This messenger from the near past, who sprints above us now  
Busting open a fragile cloud like a lion  
Through a paper hoop. I veer to the right, accelerate  
Up a hill. "There it is!" we both shout out loud,  
Lounging for a second, softening the black seascape  
With a dappled highway of gold fleck—then on and on  
It scribs over the ceaseless waves churning in  
From that vanishing point of all hope and becoming.

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

### In the Turbine Factory

#### *I*

A blazing vault of lamps  
The overhead crane whirrs;  
Its rotor-burden slung  
Underneath, a polished  
Cylinder, a body  
Powered forward, casting  
Pterodactyl shadows.

#### **II**

Rows of drill and boring  
Machines. Each conscribing  
An alcove of Allen  
Wrenches, clamps, and grease-stained  
Blueprints (the instructions  
For a species future?  
Or a week's worth of work?).

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

### The Cooking Pot

Disinterred by some wretched boy  
It collected the helpless fragments  
Of humankind from the burnt-out valleys  
And held them by a gravity,

Stronger than blood. Without it they died,  
Bark- gnawing in the forests, starving  
In the paddies, unable to make  
Edible the gut-tearing plants.

After a while, their bellies filled, they  
Marveled at its texture, the beauty  
Of its hollowed-out, its reasoned shape.  
In the end they worshipped it.