

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

Tomas O'Leary
Right Now

An octopus a spider and a string quartet
were taking lunch together on the pastor's lawn, when
out of the hedge in a spiraling dive shot Moses --
Great Dane on his daily mission of free association.
With affectionate main force Moses tossed
the heavy table, sneezed the spider to the stars, swamped
saliva on the octopus. "If all is as it seems,"
crooned the full quartet in harmony,
"we must play something racy, something
tuned to these times, right now!"

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irene koronas

dear tomas this is for your mooses

a dog without a tail
mooses romps unimpeded by leash
he licks any ones appearance
and women gesture, pushing
his nose from their crotch

here doggie, children shout
and mooses loves small.
his backside swings
to and fro as children
kiss and he licks all
the food left on lips

but mooses can't write a poem.
the only refrain he growls, for
those not meant to be near his bowl

oh mooses, mooses is such
a good dog, he'll answer
to any command, chase
any ball. a great dane is he

you may wonder what happen to his tail.
a saint bernard mistook it for a stick,
caught it mid swing...
running back to his master,
lord byron, he drops the tail at his feet

poor dog was happy
to lend his tail to the man who
knew everything, lord byron slammed that tail
across lassie's head.