

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

Marina Blokker
Winter Solstice

Evening desk strewn
with written words,
the flickering screen
connect us,

then static, abrupt cutoff
while speaking over air,

Are you there?
Are you out there somewhere?

Beliefs torn as easily as tissue,
remembrances are just fictional
tricks of memory.

This present moment
the instant perceived,
is already the past.

Pages and photographs,
remnants worn soft,
retold stories of wanderings,
promises in the desert, the new land,
a flame, a star.

By firelight, sip smooth wine.

Soundless snow falls,
decaying earth, fresh anew.

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January Trek

Steel silence waits,

wise ones vanished, hibernate,
fearful smoke lines narrow,
squeeze from chimneys,
betray dens, hidden life within.

Sudden *snap*, a tree contracts.

Encased, I moon walk on white,
disrupt scene, crunch of my boots
rips sticky on velcro ground,
breath surges in my parka hood.

Suck of air in, *uuhh*
push of air out, *hhuu*
arctic flow sears my lungs,
eyes sting, stiffen, skull aches.

Frozen globules cling to scarf
wound over my mouth,
spine shivers as neck
feels icy fingers creep.

Exhausted, hands, feet bloodless,
nearest snow bank whispers
come rest, beckons me with
sure promise of drowsy oblivion.

I dare not stop.

Vision blurs, know this
drumbeat of slow walk winds down.

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I push on,
a little farther now,
just a little.....

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**SEACHANGE
at Botanical Beach**

Brine recedes in this tide pool,
the deep pulls back.
I seek to dive beneath soft stones
or slick kelp. But you urge me
risk this shift of the moon.
Hold fast, suctioned
to dark rock as the pond drains.
The sea will return.

And in its' ebb and flow,
though surging waves lash
me, or sun bake me, courage
pulses through me with salinity,
oozes amniotic, wet.

I will survive each seachange
until a rogue wave collects me,
fragments me, to float along
in the foam of a swirling tide.