

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

*Martin Willitts Jr*

### **Trilliums**

When we age, something changes,  
like the trilliums, from papery-white to pink.

My slippers scuffle across the floor.  
I count pills and vitamins, wondering  
which is supposed to slow down illness.  
Where did these age spots come from?  
What happen to that carefree boy?  
Who is that stranger in the mirror?  
Why is he mocking me?

If you pick trilliums, you destroy the whole plant.  
It takes a year for them to recover.  
Ever since my body turned papery-white,  
it is taking longer for me to recuperate too.  
These pills do nothing.  
I have no confidence in them.  
I seem to get worse as they increase.

Trillium seeds are spread by ants.  
Where are the ants for me?  
The one thing I have in common with trilliums  
is when they mature, they turn soft and spongy.  
There is no comfort in knowing they can cure bleeding.  
There is no comfort in knowing anything.

There is only comfort in finding them in the fields  
thinking they have opened for me  
just when I needed comfort most.

When we age, something changes.

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### Dutchman's Breeches

I followed a bumblebee through early Illinois spring  
to tuned-down white flowers.

I wasn't sure what I would find.

Sometimes unplanned things are best.

I could have gotten lost, wandering like that,  
in the strangeness of bee-flight.

Sometimes you have to accept being lost

Sometimes we see things as plainly,  
and we still don't see them.

I could have been lost and I simply did not care.

Perhaps, that lack of caring  
is what made it easy to find my way back,

Burrs stuck to me,

thistles racked their pain against my hands,  
and I felt no pain.

I did not care how far in or how far out I was.

Sometimes, you just have to let things just happen  
in order to learn what is important.

The bees had led me to them,

in their own indirect way.

There I was, not in any hurry to get back,

and still I came back with some flowers to put in a vase  
to see every aspect of them,  
with the eyes of bees.

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### **Bloodroot**

Those white flowers with yellow centers, do not last long.  
And like Love, it can be gone before you know it.  
The trick is to enjoy it while you can.

You would think both would last longer,  
but you are never surprised when they do not.  
There are ways of prolonging Love.

I look into your yellow pupils and repeat  
what needs to be said when in Love.  
Three short words, open things up.

Enjoy the moment while it lasts.  
Let's hope it lasts longer than we expect.  
Maybe I have discovered the secret after all.