

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

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A Peaceful Stillness

Lonely thoughts ascend
Like eagles into the sky,
Soaring in strident winds
Amidst tall trees in a glade,
Pouring forth dark memories
Which the murmuring of
Longing souls cannot deny.

The thoughts increase in
Riotous turmoil atop wandering
Currents in the forlorn caverns
Of hopelessness, exploding
Into crimson dust,

Despair destroys happiness
Without compassion,
Listen not to the lonely
Cries of doom exploding like
Splintered glass, causing
Hollow tears to fall
Like dead leaves in a forest,
Heed only sounds of hope,
They will create a peaceful
Stillness in your aching
Soul.

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As I Sit Alongside a Stream

Wisps of smoke spiraling from an old cigar,
Melancholy music echoing from a radio
Softly streaming rhythms through my mind,
A languid pond motionless as God's silence,
Sits serenely in front of my earthly, gaze.
As a soft warm breeze ruffles the leaves of
White birch trees, thoughts occur and
Reoccur in my wistful mind. Past dreams
Flash in and out of fading memories,
Like colorful fish swimming in a pond,
Pieces of loosened moss,
Float undisturbed in a green serenity.

Small gaudy birds hidden high
In the limbs of tall Sycamore trees
Sway like colorful pixies in
The gentle wind: I ponder on things
Gained, and lost; upon those dreams which
Still echo across my aging, mind.
The Arab spring is waning now,
Democracy is still a fleeting hope, as
Bodies are piled higher in bitter sand,
Now Occupying America is starting.
I wonder as I muse about life, what
Is going to happen to the world,
In this dark era of dissent,
Separation, and
Chaos.

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War's Injustice

Can prayers ascend to heaven?
Poets wonder if they can,
Mothers and children believe they do,
Sinners scream they don't.
Fears from eternally questioning souls
Where lamps cannot lighten worries,
Where death signs their writs of despair,
Pray they will.
In thundering alleys of destruction
God peeks through broken windows
Of our wandering souls,
Where women's tears wet dusty roads,
Flowers no longer grow,
In the coldness of night's death
They shut their perfumed eyes, while
Icy subtle contempt mocks.
The bitter courtesy of life is brief,
Where man's cold hearts reign, and
God's eyes cannot bear to dwell.
No passion from a dark alien grave,
Where woman's troubles are born and
Sorrows flutter, like dried thistles
In the windy ruined roads of sand.
Fixed upon war's devastation, my eyes of glass
Bereft of any remaining tears
Pass judgment upon all, who say war is just!

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Driftwood

Tide tossed memories from my
Wandering mind lie strewn like
Gnarled and misshapen driftwood
Sitting anxiously upon shifting time,
Saline bits of long gone recollections
Washed ashore on salty nightmares,
Creating long lost feelings of
Yesterday's warm and youthful times:
Misshapen, but undistorted they
Form oaken metaphors
For me to grasp in song and verse,
Smooth tangled wooden thoughts written
In the soft warm summer sand,
Future memories, which, will
Become tide tossed
Upon my mind, and
Will, someday,
Be remembered again.

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My Rootless Mind

The lake's orange painted
Summer skin,
Reflecting images from the moon's
Dull spider web beams,
Echoing in the sadness
Of my hollow thoughts,
As I muse alone,
I long for a song
Without, sorrows.

I search among
The thousand liquid lights
In the ebony velvetiness above
For, answers,
I follow my nightmares
Into the shadows
Beyond the safety of my soul, and
Where colored jeweled-feelings
Once gleamed, and crickets sang their
Gleeful songs of gaiety
I find no solace,
Only darkness.

Only amid the happiness
Of long past memories
Of green dells, and
The singing of
Kitschy birds
With gleeful hearts, only
Along side a peaceful stream that
Meanders like my wandering thoughts,
Where my heart controls my brain,
Moreover, only, when there

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Is no darkness, do I find
Serenity, in my rootless mind, but
Now, I find only dull pebbles
Of black sadness strewn
In fallow fields of weeds, and
Dead flowers.

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In Winter's Icy Garden

In winter's icy garden
Love will never grow
Amid barren roses, and
Dead pansies low,
In the icy times
Of our disaffection
Amid the bitter dreams
Of imperfection,
Love will start to die
In the cold earth below,

In the freezing sky stars
No longer glow, and
Dreams of love disappear
As quick as melting, snow,
Sweet memoirs
No longer, Candied confection,
In winter's icy garden,

Your scarlet kisses
No longer flow: Sweet
Caresses no longer
Available for me to know,
Your frigid touches and
Words of defection, emit
Dark rays of impending
Disconnection,
A true omen of all the
Things that sadly go,
In winter's
Icy
Garden.

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The Room's Emptiness

I cloak her inside
My lonely soul,
Now she exists
Only in my mind,
My yesterday's love,
Now pale, now cold,
In the invisible rays
Of the moonless night,
The clock strikes
Stridently, angrily:
In The wee hours
Of the morn,
In the coldness of
My nightmares,
I listen to the
Emptiness of the
Lilac scented room.
I watch as her
Image departs
Into the haze of
The unforgiving
Night, and
Silently weep.