

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Dennis Herrell
All In A Day's Work

There were babies
 (birds)
in the hanging ferns
outside
little bodies hiding
looking innocent about what had
happened
amongst the greenery
while I was out honestly and helpfully
spraying and terminating millions
of small life forms under strict regulations.

And then inside there were babies
 (birds)
somewhere in the chimney
and their mothers and fathers
maybe a noisy great aunt and
a distant cousin from Paraguay
chirping peeping
 squawking
whining and bickering with
wide open bird mouths for
whatever leftover bugs I missed during the day.

I would not be paranoid about this distraction.
I would sleep
and then arise fresh in the morning
with a permanent solution
for controlling the exploding population
of small life forms.

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Cloud

Freak Out

Turned on

 Psychean clouds

Way out far out

 cirrus

High on sky

 cumulus

Or stretched as stratus

 floating floating

 pillow for the stars

Or escape reality

 shot full of lightning

 as a swift overdose.

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No Known Defects

The instructions that came with my body
did not say anything
about its catching a cold or having a runny nose.

“Your body has been checked
for any possible defects and was
shipped in perfect condition
and complete.”

Nothing was mentioned about hemorrhage
or hemorrhoids(even the spelling looks flawed).

“Your body was inspected by Hortense and
certified defect free.”

Not one syllable(a vowel ordinarily combined
with one or more consonants-- as in bad or sick)
about feeling badly or sickly with gastric problems
and burning sensations.

“Your body must be cleaned and fed on a daily
basis with an intake of eight glasses of water.”

Implied were the words “or else”;
and, of course, there was no warranty,
and certainly no written guarantee of life expectancy.
I was hoping for so much more.