

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Julie Stuckey

COLLAGE [A FOUND POEM]

Rubin Museum of Art Events Brochure : Brainwaves

Have you ever dreamt of GETTING TO THE EDGE OF FOREVER?
out there movement TALKS ecstasy
Are our Minds really radical?
Why does A Crack in the World move us?
How can THINGS TO COME begin better?
How do we find The Alternate Universe?
Does The Inner chaos have meaning?
What does peace smell like?
Who is GOD'S woman? IT COULD CHANGE YOUR MIND
What does life know about WISDOM?
Seed the wise mind
Meetings of VISIONS makes us THE COSMOS
Where stepping inside a DESTINATION MOON Is Sacred
What Hour makes life SOLD OUT?
How did we get THE ADVANTAGES OF brains?
Is there mindset for worship?
WHO SPEAKS FOR EARTH?
the cosmos?
What do we cope with?
THE BACKBONE OF NIGHT TALKS
Happy Is all

First published in *Moonshot*, Issue 3

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Another Departure

I take *your* back with me.

I take each leaving back, follow your
back into the places where you
leave again and again.

Hear me, my daughter:

I always have your back.

I give you my word – I take back
my distance.

I summon the furies
long held back on your behalf.

I watch your steps into tomorrow,
feel your groping into darkness.

I take those voyages, too.

Which is the country that you desire?

I walk back to the threshold,
see back to the beginning.

I give back the uncountable sorrows.

Come back, my love. This is simply
the way.

Quotation from *Distribution of Poetry*

by Jorge de Lima trans. from the Portuguese by John Nist

This poem received an Honorable Mention in the Punumbra
Literary Contest/ Seven Hills Review, September 2011

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Seeking Sun

It is autumn and everything is golden.
Warm copper-tinged days fill with
flying geese and red berries.
Gardens release final bursts of abundance
amid riotous displays of crimson asters.
The moon traces high across brittle, tawny fields
in this season of dormancy.
Bees retreat into catacombs of amber nectar,
huddling to fan their queen even as
brittle bee-husks are swept from the hive.
Shadowed eastern banks remain frigid
as days shorten and give way to evening chill
We lift our faces seeking out
the waning sun's healing warmth...
preparing for the darkness to come.

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Return from Sudan

I meet you on train's platform –
hold tight and hold on.

You long time away
while we kept on here
huddled by our small hope
that you would return
to us unchanged ... an impossibility
which grew with each brief call ...
spare details of a fiery life
smoking us in worry and unease.

Long exhale and sprung tears
(breath of mine I had not known
was held these two long years) –
I absorb your burnt offering,
warily eyeing sparks
kicked up on the heels of departing trains.

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Resting in Stillness

They say there are only a few places left
where you can get away from
manmade noises and listen to earth's true breath.

I confess to a deep longing
in search of just such a place
where I can leave all this busy noise
behind and rest in the sounds of stillness.

Yet here I am caught up in the daily effort
to learn new ways of being attentive –
alert and mindful in this jumbly world
full of noise and commotion and connection.

If I were to visit such a place ...
would my incessant mind cease its turnings?

Oh, to be so aware.