

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

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One Word

To behold God in a water drop,
And the universe on a moth's wings,
To enter paradise through your child's pupils,
And see eternity in the foam of seas.

To sense harmony on horses' manes,
And recognize love's portrait on a pine tree,
To bottle peace into a crystal jar,
And contemplate life's whirling force in a cup of tea.

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Somewhere in the Fog

If poetry is a human love
where all fears can hide,
why didn't we feel like it was nearby
when we needed it the most?

If poetry is an entity, which comes across as divine,
don't you find it odd that it resides on Earth?
I mean, wouldn't it be better off somewhere else
where it couldn't hear our cries?

If it's been around us all these past years,
and it has seen us suffer with problems that have made us discontent,
why didn't it come to us back then,
knowing that we were available under the boughs of garden trees?

If poetry is here and so are we
(while we stand with the continuous thoughts of life and death),
how come it hasn't reached out to us like other forms of art have?
Is it possible that our weary spirits have somehow scared it away?

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I am Letter A

I am letter A,
scraping the blistering sand of the desert
with the edge of my bottom legs.

I am letter A,
slouching like a hunchback
who rings bells at the tower of a church.

I am letter A,
pushing myself against the hand of the clock
as the hourglass, the watch and the stone calendar stops.

I am letter A,
melting down to minuscule points
like the lush waterfalls that plummet beside country windmills.

I am letter A:
the first, the best grade, the diploma and your wish!
I am your motivation and the gateway to your yearnings!

I am letter A,
peering through the clouds at all the smiley pretty letters,
seeing how they dance and party in the basket of an air balloon .

I am letter A,
rotting alone in the wide lit sand of the desert,
burning and screaming.

I am A.
I am a letter.
I am a capital letter.

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Parental Concern

She enjoys asking me questions.
My mother - whom I may find in my shoes
if I'm not too careful.

There I was, like a kid in the shell of an adult,
writing poetry for it's what I enjoy,
and then she asked me a dreadful question,
"What do you write that readers don't already know?"

"Mom, don't start," I said as if I'd had this conversation already,
"I have something that no one else has: my view of the world.
People may take pleasure in seeing things differently,
through my eyes and, perhaps, only by chance, they will appreciate it
too."

"I still think it may be rubbish," she said,
"It's no different than a store receipt,
or a grocery to-do list." I stared back at her grimly,
but agreed, "You may be right. I may tell things that have already been
told.

But after I write anything, I make an effort to make my words available to
the public.

Neither receipts nor to-do lists can push their voices out,
because they're not living. Can't you hear me, Mom?
My voice is strong and echoing and lingering..."

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The Body of Art

Art,

I've never seen you like this before,
what did you do to look like this?

I just died a few hours ago
and didn't expect to find you here.

But you remind me of those who are dead,
and especially of the dear poets of our Earth:

Shakespeare, William Blake,
Edgar Poe, and Dante;

I see they have made your ears and mouth,
and that some other artists have assembled your other body parts.