

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Robert K. Johnson

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING

The love
we discover with our first kiss

flings an invisible blanket
of softness
over everything around us;

after we part at dusk,
all the people I meet

seem not quite real to me
but like characters
in an unconvincing play.

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SUNDAY SCHOOLED

Your blonde hair not yet fixed
--in what style?

your bathrobed body
still waiting for--shorts? a dress?

you sit in an apartment
across the street from mine

on this sunny Sunday morning
and sip--coffee? herbal tea?

stare--heavy with sadness?
lighthearted?

at the far wall
and silently remind me:

I know only an inch
of the infinite world I live in.

FOR MY SISTER

Learning
of your death

I'm filled
with a grief

like pelting rain
that lashes me

hour
after hour.

Deepening
the pain still more

is my fear
that on a day to come,

this teeming grief
will dwindle

to barely a drop,
be replaced

by distractions
bland as sunlight.
Oh, Jean.