

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

William Wright Harris
Ode on a Fortune Cookie

Tearing off the plastic
wrapper- a cheap dress.

Crackcrackcracking
the beige exoskeleton.

Fingers plucking out the
piece of divinity-

only to find blank
paper looking back.

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ode to pie a la mode *for jack kerouac*

15 ounces 9" pie crust
6 cups sliced apples
2/3 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/2 tablespoons corn starch
1 tablespoon unsalted butter

a scoop of ice cream

the american night a blanket
jazz leaping off pages
buddha found under a tree
san francisco america reborn
a holy hiking pack
boots mingling mud
drunk again

allergic to cans of tuna

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Van Gogh's Bedroom

A pot to piss or
shave in...
A bed too
small
for any company...
portraits
hanging
on the wall...

Your favorite color
-hope-
shining in rays
through
the window.

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A Pot of Chili

is bubbling
on my stove,
spitting grease
and
tomato sauce, Jack
son Pollack
weaving wind on
my kitchen wall.

Pound saying,
if America has
no place for poetry
then it has
no place for me,
leaving for a cage
in Italy.

Bukowski pointing
his BMW towards
the racetrack to
forget his typewriter
is humming for him
alone
in his LA home.

Poe, drowning in
a puddle in Baltimore;
finally returning
to the sea of Lee.

Wheatley's
lines
bound
in the tanned skin
of an African.
Kerouac leaving

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footprints
and naked plates of
pie a la mode all
over America,
using the night sky as
his blanket.

Dickenson making my
heart
bleed and beat
from her attic,
wearing more white

than
a wedding cake.
Gilbert walking the
streets of Pittsburgh
painting portraits
of Michiko on his
cheek with every
tear.

Frost farming in New
Hampshire, working plow
across earth; working word
across page.

Lowell making Pound's
beard white with
froth in outrage
and perhaps panic?

Longfellow doing
the best he could
with a funny name
and gray halos.

Williams and
cumings delivering

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babies, reinventing the
line
and manunkind in
the Northeast.

These are the chilis,
salt, pepper, and thyme,
the meat and beans
-tomato paste-

an amalgamation
of America,
bubbling on my stove.

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addressing a seashell

your

lines

spiraling

in to

them

selves

all creation can

be expressed by a

line

being born &

dying in

each

stroke

of van

gogh's brush

as the ashes

of my soul

burnt by

each

dawn's emerging

embrace